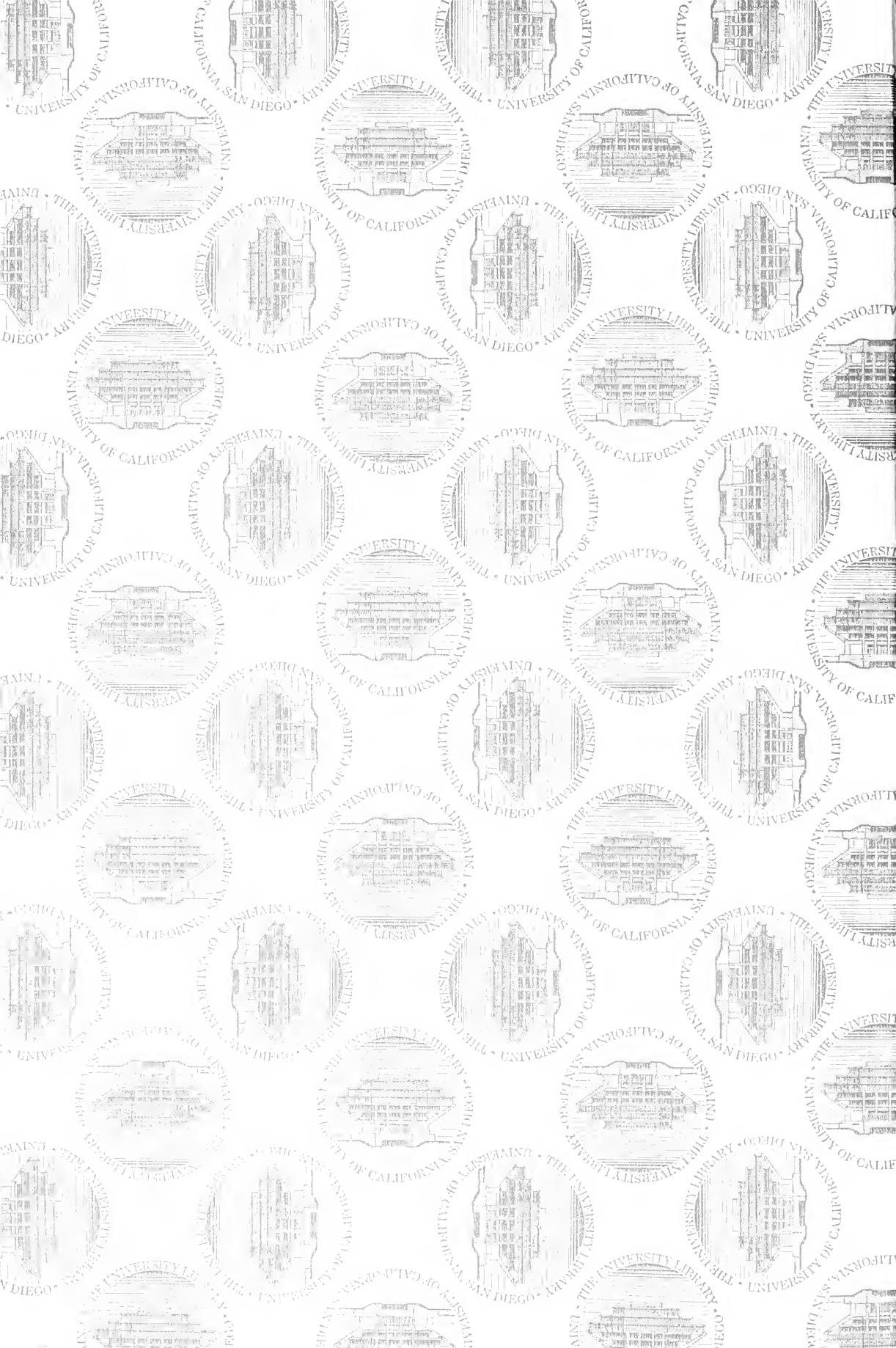


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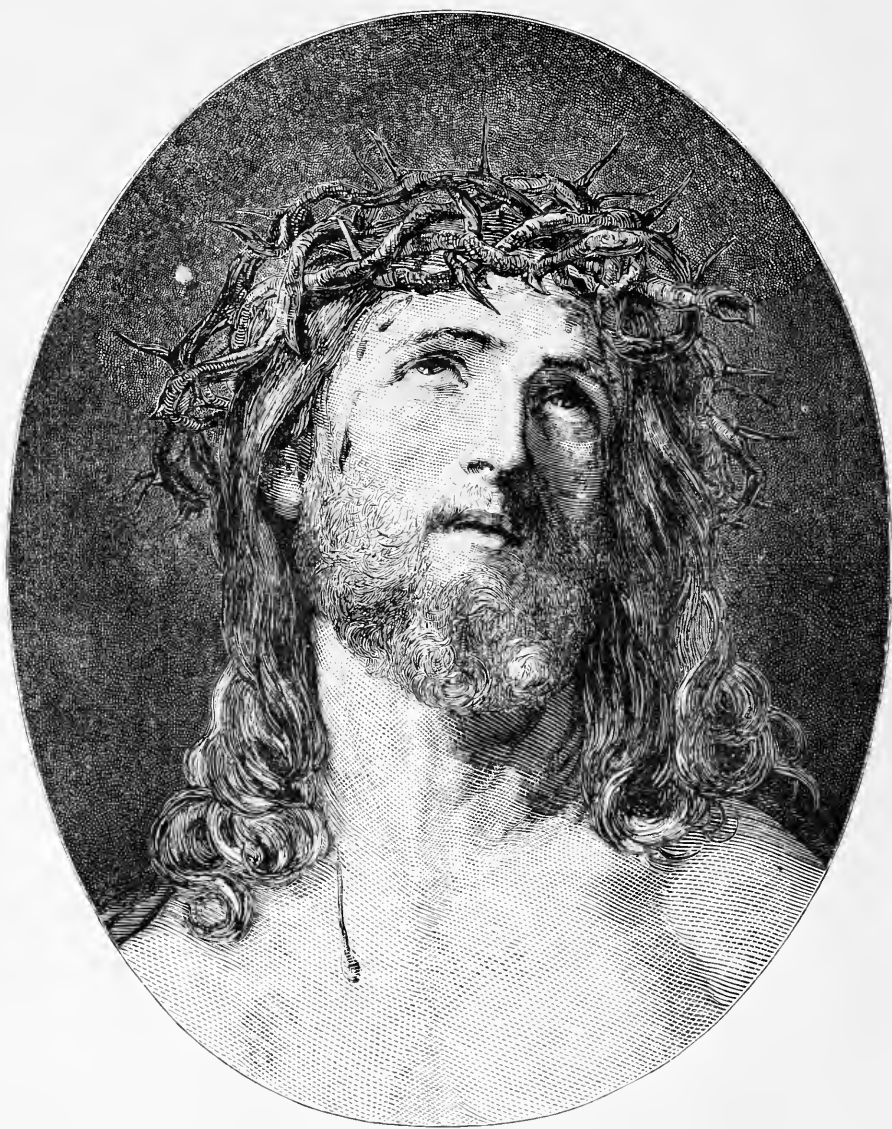
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"THE THORNS ARE ON HIS BROW."

VIA DOLOROSA



The Illustrated Book

of Sacred Poems

edited by the Rev Robert D. Bammer, MA
vicar of St Michael Coventry: editor of 'Lucra Anglicana', &c.

all ye
works of the Lord bless
ye the Lord praise him and
magnify him for ever

Cassell, Pether and Galpin,
London and New York

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THE
ILLUSTRATED BOOK
OF
SACRED POEMS.

EDITED BY
REV. ROBERT H. BAYNES, M.A.,

Vicar of S. Michael, Coventry; Editor of "Lyra Anglicana," &c.

Illustrated by

J. D. WATSON, H. C. SELOUS, E. M. WIMPERIS, H. PIXIS, M. E. EDWARDS, R. P. LEITCH,
W. SMALL, R. T. PRITCHETT, T. MACQUOID, J. W. NORTH, &c. &c.



LONDON AND NEW YORK:
CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN.

LONDON:
CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE WORKS,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

AND

MOST REVEREND

THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,

THIS COLLECTION

OF

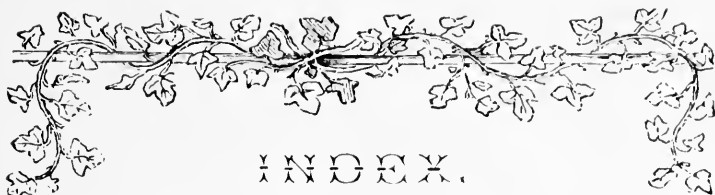
Sacred Poems,

WITH HIS GRACE'S KIND PERMISSION,

VERY GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY

Is Inscribed.





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INTRODUCTION.

IT is now nearly six years since I ventured to use the following language in regard to Hymns, and the influence they exert amongst the widely-scattered members of the one great family of God:—

“It would be almost impossible to overrate the value of really good hymns for private as well as public use. Next to the Bible itself,

Introduction.

hymns have done more to influence our views, and mould our theology, than any other instrumentality whatever. There is a power in hymns which never dies. Easily learned in the days of childhood and of youth; often repeated; seldom, if ever, forgotten; they abide with us, a most precious heritage amid all the changes of our earthly life. They form a fitting and most welcome expression for every kind of deep religious feeling; they are with us to speak of faith and hope in hours of trial and sorrow; with us to animate to all earnest Christian effort; with us as the rich consolation of individual hearts, and as one common bond of fellowship between the living members of Christ's mystical Body."

I feel now far more strongly than ever the simple truth of these words; and if any proof were needed of the statements they contain, it would be found abundantly in the ever-multiplying collections of hymns and sacred songs which issue from the press, and in the favourable way in which such collections—if they have the least claim to any worth at all—are continually being received.

And if it be true in regard to all real Poetry that it directly tends to elevate the mind, and to fill it with new images of beauty and fresh thoughts of truth, it is especially the case with Sacred Poetry that while it soothes it strengthens, and effectually helps us in the work and warfare of our daily life.

The object of the present Collection is to supply new material for the solace and the help of Christian hearts. We all of us have some spare moments—specially in the intervals of holy Service on the first Day of the week—which we may employ both wisely and well in drinking in some refreshing draughts from these fountains of delight. A good hymn, a sacred poem, once stored up in the memory, becomes to us "a joy for ever;" and therefore any attempt to place within the reach of even the lowliest homestead in our land such sources of wholesome and beautiful thoughts as those, to whom God has given the ability, enshrine in the earnest and loving words of Christian Song, cannot surely be altogether in vain. The labour involved in preparing this Collection has been to me a most pleasant labour of love, and I venture to commend these Sacred Songs, many of which appear for the first time, to the hearty reception of all those to whom true Sacred Poetry is dear.

R. H. BAYNES, M.A.



THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF SACRED POEMS.

VIA DOLOROSA.



SEE my Lord, the pure, the meek, the lowly,
Along the mournful way in sadness tread ;
The thorns are on His brow, and He, the
Holy,
Bearing His cross, to Calvary is led !

Silent He moveth on, all uncomplaining,
Though wearily His grief and burden press ;
And foes—nor shame nor pity now restraining—
With scoff and jeering mock His deep distress.

'Tis hell's dark hour : yet calm, Himself resigning,
Even as a lamb that goeth to be slain ;
The winepress lone He treadeth, unrepining,
And falling blood-drops all His raiment stain.

In mortal weakness, 'neath His burden sinking,
The Son of God accepts a mortal's aid !
Then passes on to Golgotha, unshrinking,
Where Love's divinest sacrifice is made.

Dear Lord ! what though my path be set with sorrow,
And oft beneath some heavy cross I groan ?
My soul, weighed down, shall strength and courage
borrow,
At thoughts of sharper griefs which Thou hast known !

And I, in tears, will yet look up with gladness
And hope, when troubles most my hopes would drown ;
The mournful way which Thou didst tread with sadness,
Was but Thy way to glory and Thy crown !

REV. RAY PALMER.





OUT OF SIGHT.



LIKE graves beneath the feet,
Where men from street to street,
Through some neglected graveyard pass ;
Names footworn from the stone,
And nameless turfs o'ergrown
With the broad dock-leaf and rank grass ;
So are the many woes
No wailing words disclose :
They lie about our path unnamed, unknown.
We with quick step go by,
Careful or careless eye,
And sigh for sorrows that we call our own.

Out of Sight.

Like nests built overhead,
Above the paths we tread,
Where spring-tide boughs expand their shadowy wings,
Amid the chestnut blooms,
And tossing lilac plumes,
Hidden, though lying near, fair treasured things !

So are the many joys
That, without sound or noise,
Enrich the world, and make life's memories dear ;
Or if they wake to song,
We know not that for long
The singer, silent then, was dwelling near.

Oh, leisure of the heart !
Strange lore thou dost impart.
The old man lingering by the graveyard wall,
Whose working days are o'er,
Remembering days of yore,
Many a nameless grave by name can call.

And children who may lie,
While sunny hours go by,
Watching the flight of cloud, and bee, and bird,
With heart and brain at rest,
They know the hidden nest,
And saw the blossoms fall when young wings stirred.

Oh, leisure of the heart !
Perchance the better part,
The better knowledge they have sought and won,
Who sit with watchful eye,
While others toiling nigh,
Cry out, "Thou leavest me to serve alone !"

ELIZABETH H. WHITEMAN.



THE DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

RICHARD WHATELY, D.D. Born 1787. Died 1863.



FAST falls the October rain, and dull and leaden
Stretch the low skies without one line of blue ;
And up the desolate streets, with sobs that deaden
The rolling wheels, the winds come rolling too.
Faster than rain fall tear-drops—bells are tolling ;
The dark sky suits the melancholy heart ;
From the church-organs awfully is rolling
Down the draped fanes the Requiem of Mozart.

Oh, tears, beyond control of half a nation,
Oh, powerful music, what have ye to say ?
Why take men up so deep a lamentation ?
What prince and great man hath there fallen to-day ?

Only an old Archbishop, growing whiter
Year after year, his stature proud and tall,
Palsied and bowed as by his heavy mitre ;
Only an old Archbishop—that is all !

Only the hands that held with feeble shiver
The marvellous pen—by others outstretched o'er
The children's heads—are folded now for ever
In an eternal quiet—nothing more !

No martyr he o'er fire and sword victorious,
No saint in silent rapture kneeling on ;
No mighty orator with voice so glorious,
That thousands sigh when that sweet sound is gone.

Yet in Heaven's great Cathedral, peradventure,
There are crowns rich above the rest, with green
Places of joy peculiar where *they* enter,
Whose fires and swords no eye hath ever seen.

They who have known the truth, the truth have spoken,
With few to understand and few to praise,
Casting their bread on waters, half heart-broken,
For men to find it after many days.

The Death of Archbishop Whately.

And better far than eloquence—that golden
And spangled juggler, dear to thoughtless youth—
The luminous style through which there is beholden
The honest beauty of the face of Truth.
And better than his loftiness of station,
His power of logic, or his pen of gold,
The half-unwilling homage of a nation
Of fierce extremes to one who seem'd so cold.
The purity by private ends unblotted,
The love that slowly came with time and tears,
The honourable age, the life unspotted,
That are not measured merely by their years.
And better far than flowers that blow and perish
Some sunny week, the roots deep-laid in mould
Of quickening thoughts, which long blue summers cherish,
Long after he who planted them is cold.
Yea, there be saints, who are not like the painted
And haloed figures fixed upon the pane,
Not outwardly and visibly ensainted,
But hiding deep the light which they contain.
The rugged gentleness, the wit whose glory
Flash'd like a sword because its edge was keen,
The fine antithesis, the flowing story,
Beneath such things the sainthood is not seen ;
Till in the hours when the wan hand is lifted
To take the bread and wine, through all the mist
Of mortal weariness our eyes are gifted
To see a quiet radiance caught from Christ ;
Till from the pillow of the thinker, lying
In weakness, comes the teaching then best taught,
That the true crown for any soul in dying
Is Christ, not genius ; and is faith, not thought.
Oh, wondrous lights of Death, the great unveiler,
Lights that come out above the shadowy place,
Just as the night that makes our small world paler,
Shows us the star-sown amplitudes of space !
Oh, strange discovery, land that knows no bounding,
Isles far off hailed, bright seas without a breath,
What time the white sail of the soul is rounding
The misty cape—the promontory Death !

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Rest then, oh, martyr, passed through anguish mortal,
Rest, then, oh, Saint, sublimely free from doubt,
Rest then, oh, patient thinker, o'er the portal,
Where there is peace for brave hearts wearied out.

Oh, long unrecognised, thy love too loving,
Too wise thy wisdom, and thy truth too free !
As on the teachers after truth are moving,
They may look backward with deep thanks to thee.

What measure shall there be to Ireland's weeping ?
What are her best ones to so dear a head
But clouds their faint light after sunset keeping—
But ivy, living when the oak is dead ?

By his dear Master's holiness made holy,
All lights of hope upon that forehead broad,
Ye mourning thousands, quit the minster slowly,
And leave the great Archbishop with his God.

VERY REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, M.A., *Dean of Emly.*

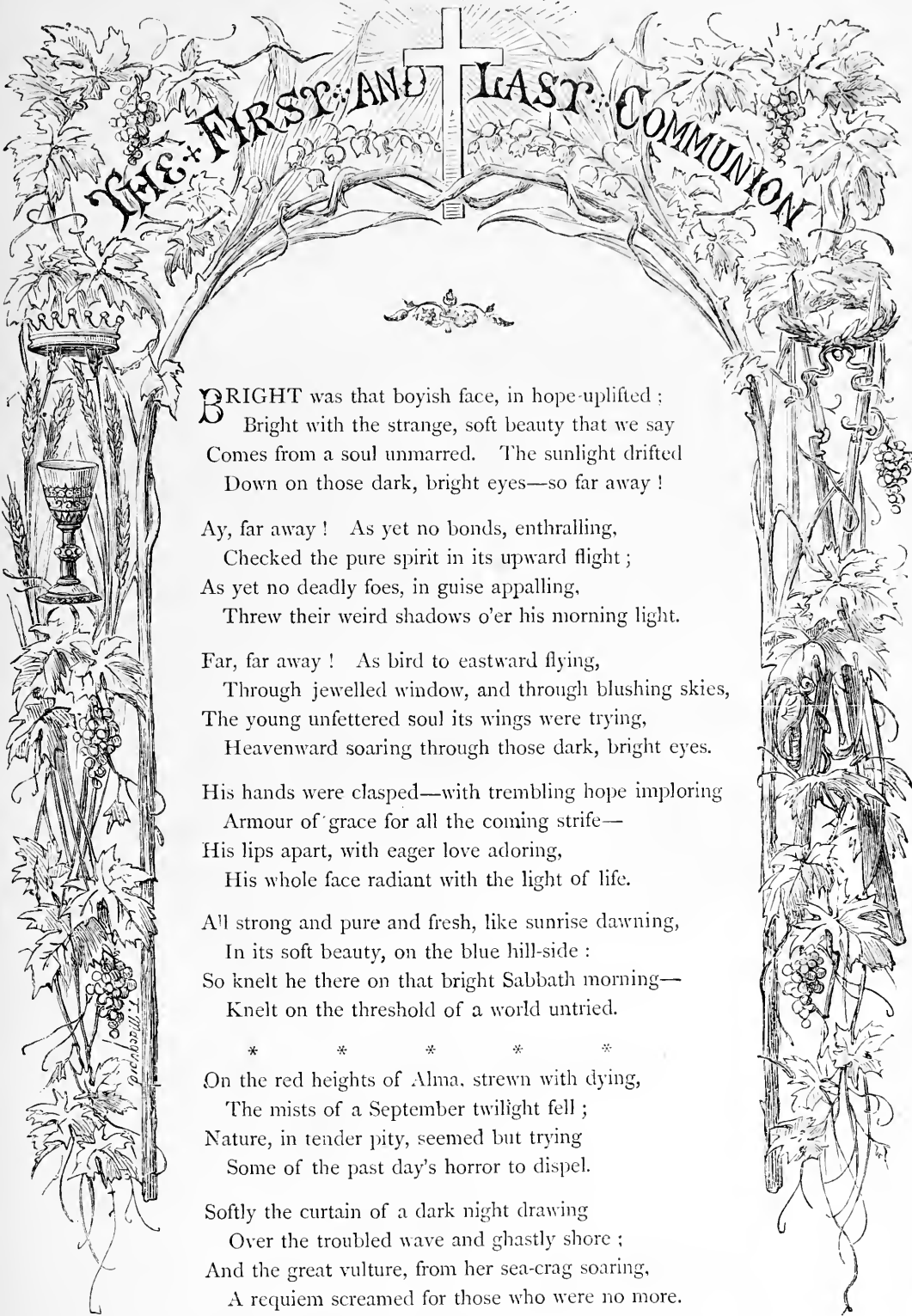


After Communion.



HY should I call Thee Lord Who art my God ?
Why should I call Thee Friend Who art my Love ?
Or King, Who art mine only Spouse above,
Or call Thy sceptre in my heart Thy rod ?
Lo, now Thy banner over me is love,
All heaven flies open to me at Thy nod,
For Thou hast lit Thy flame in me a clod,
Made me a nest for dwelling of Thy Dove.
What wilt Thou call me in our home above
Who now hast called me friend ? how will it be
When Thou for good wine settest forth the best ?
Now Thou dost bid me come and sup with Thee,
Now Thou dost make me lean upon Thy breast—
How will it be with me in time of love ?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



THE FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION

BRIGHT was that boyish face, in hope-uplifted ;
Bright with the strange, soft beauty that we say
Comes from a soul unmarred. The sunlight drifted
Down on those dark, bright eyes—so far away !

Ay, far away ! As yet no bonds, enthralling,
Checked the pure spirit in its upward flight ;
As yet no deadly foes, in guise appalling,
Threw their weird shadows o'er his morning light.

Far, far away ! As bird to eastward flying,
Through jewelled window, and through blushing skies,
The young unfettered soul its wings were trying,
Heavenward soaring through those dark, bright eyes.

His hands were clasped—with trembling hope imploring
Armour of grace for all the coming strife—
His lips apart, with eager love adoring,
His whole face radiant with the light of life.

All strong and pure and fresh, like sunrise dawning,
In its soft beauty, on the blue hill-side :
So knelt he there on that bright Sabbath morning—
Knelt on the threshold of a world untried.

* * * * *

On the red heights of Alma, strewn with dying,
The mists of a September twilight fell ;
Nature, in tender pity, seemed but trying
Some of the past day's horror to dispel.

Softly the curtain of a dark night drawing
Over the troubled wave and ghastly shore ;
And the great vulture, from her sea-crag soaring,
A requiem screamed for those who were no more.

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Gently, like watching eyes, the stars were shining,
Out of the darkness stealing, one by one ;
And on the rushing tide, as pearls entwining,
Or falling tears, their tender glances shone.

And there, amid the heaps of dead and dying,
Propped on a stone by the swift river's side,
That fair, frank face—so ghastly white—was lying,
And life was ebbing out—like Alma's tide

Floating out seawards. And his mortal anguish
Drew burning lines across that boyish brow ;
Those bright, dark eyes had long begun to languish,
And even the strong arms were useless now.

Beside him one—a grey-haired priest—was bending.
Whisp'ring in solemn tones the well-known prayer ;
And God, whom he had loved and served, was sending
Angels to comfort and to bless him there.

From his parched lips the old, old words were drifting,
Words that had been the light of other days ;
And there once more, his eager soul uplifting,
He gave his all—his last sweet note of praise.

'Twas then he raised those bright, dark eyes in gladness,
In thankfulness and love unspeakable !
The presence of his Lord dispelled all sadness,
And joy alone was his—unchangeable !

So there all peacefully he now is lying—
There, in his lowly grave beside the shore—
Waiting until the hope that cheered him dying
Changes to sight—in Heaven for evermore !

ADA CAMBRIDGE.



The Ice-bound Ship and the Dead Admiral.

THE ICE-BOUND SHIP AND THE DEAD ADMIRAL.

A LYRICAL FRAGMENT.



* * * * *

THREE things are stately found —

Yea, four (one saith) be comely in their going,
The lion, and the he-goat, and the hound,
And, with his flying flags, and bugles blowing,
The king, in harness, marching mailed and crowned :

Stately is each of these ;
But statelier still the battle ship,
When o'er the white line of the heavy seas,
Like stars o'er snow-crowned trees,
Storm-swayed and swung, its bright lights roll and dip.
And statelier yet again

The spirits of our sailor Englishmen,
Well pleased with their own ocean's manly roar ;
They only fear the shore.

* * * * *

These things are stately found ;
But when the lion slowly, slowly dies,
Never waxing well of his deep wound ;
When the he-goat on the golden altar lies,
Fastened to it for a sacrifice ;
When the baying of the hound
Never more beneath the hunter's glad blue skies
To the merry, merry bugle shall make full answer rise
On the field, or by the yellowing forest skirt,
Dying of a deadly hurt,
From the storm of chase apart,
With a horn thrust in his stout old heart ;
When the king who march'd forth mailed and crowned,
With roses rain'd from balconies, and clarions' ringing sound
Hath red drops upon his battle shirt.
Bleeds away into his silver mail,
Sees his banners like a tattered sail,
And the oldest captain's check turns pale ;
When those desperate horsemen charge and fail,
And himself is taken by the foe and bound :—
He-goat, lion, king, and hound,

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Statelier far and nobler are ye found—
Statelier far and nobler thus—
Beauty and glory are less glorious,
Less beautiful than sorrow grand, and true ;
The steadfast will is more august than Fate,
And they who greatly suffer are more great
Than they who proudly do !

* * * * *

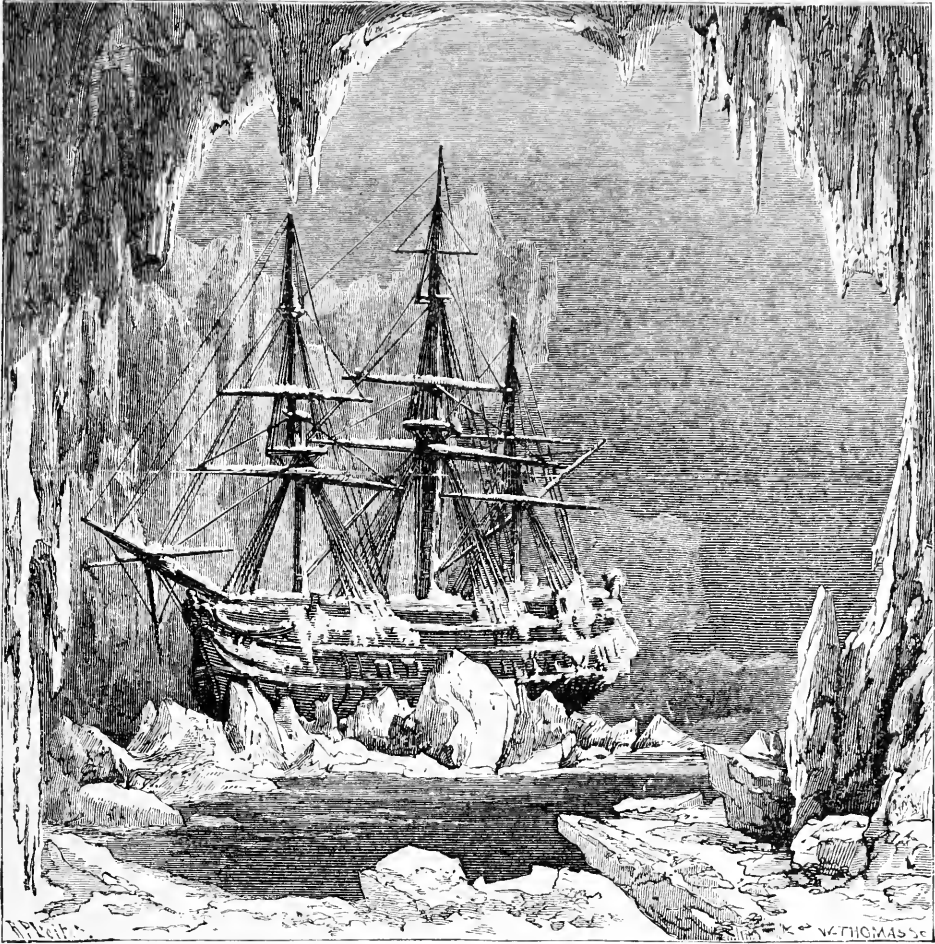
And when the man-of-war
No longer takes the tide on her dark hull,
Nor, like a sea bird, dippeth beautiful,
Bows under to the green seas rolling far ;
And heareth never more the hardy tar.
The wind that singeth to the Polar star
Humming and snoring through rigging and spar ;
But like a grand and worn-out battle car,
The good ship rests, with crystals round the keel,
And frost-flowers hanging from the wheel.

And when the man-of-war
Rests ice-bemarbled, she is statelier there,
As the crusader carven still and fair,
With those white hands of prayer,
Is holier than the soldier fiery-souled
Glimmering in steel and gold,
Oh, red cross knight ! Oh, red cross ship ! enough ye both have toiled.
And the funeral bell hath tolled,
And wave and battle both away have rolled,
The ocean's billow and the banner's fold,
The great white horses and the rider bold.
Ah ! sea and war have now no troubling breath.
Brave knight ! good ship ! ye surely are assoiled
By the great pardoner—Death !

* * * * *

Stately ! but statelier yet,
What time the winter thy good ships beset
With ice-mailed meshes of his awful net,
And wondrously the summer sun went down,
Tiaraed with the shadow and the flame—
And night with horror of great darkness came
On her black horse, a veil upon her face,
Riding above his sunken crown—

The Ice-bound Ship and the Dead Admiral.



But day's white palfrey kept not equal pace.*

Seal and bear, and walrus brown,
Were heard no longer on the floe,
Sledge or kayak of the Esquimaux
Come there never to that land of woe.
Ptarmigan and grouse were flecked with snow,
All the ivory gulls flapped far away ;
Fox and hare, turned white and silver grey,
Crept in silence closer to the day.
Silence—silence—save the ice that growled,
Save the wind that hammer'd the stiff shroud,

* And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace,
Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white.
SPENSER—"Faerie Queen," canto vii.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Or like lean dogs through the darkness howled,
Hunting on some weird and wolfish cloud.
Ah me ! the wise men tell,
Who read the dark speech of the fossil well,
How in some age Æonian
The mild moons, as 'twere queens at play,
Shook out their splendours, like a silver fan,
And delicate ammonites boated in the bay,
And on the beach, through crimson-creeper'd plant
And rainbow-colour'd shell, there trod the elephant.
At last an orange band,
Set in a dawn of ashen grey,
To things that winter in that dreadful land
Told, like a prophet, of the sun at hand ;
And the light flickered, like an angel's sword,
This way and that athwart the dark fiord :
And strangely-coloured fires
Played round magnificent cathedral spires.
Grandly by winter of the glacier built
With fretted shafts, by summer glory-tipped,
And darkness was unmuffled and was ripped
Like crape from heaven's jewelled hilt.
Oh, those grand depths on depths that look like Fate,
Awfully calm and uncompassionate ;
Those nights that are but clasps, or rather say,
Bridges of silver flung from day to day ;
That vault which deepens up, and endeth never,
That sea of starlit sky,
Broadening and brightening to infinity,
Where nothing trembles, suffers, weeps for ever.
But still the ships were fast in the ice-field,
And while the midnight Arctic sun outwheeled,
Thicker and thicker did Death's shadows fall
On the calm forehead of the Admiral.
Oh, Admiral ! thou hadst a shrine
Of silver, not from any earthly mine,
Of silver ice divine—
A sacrament, but not of bread and wine.
Thou hadst the Book, the stars, in whose broad skies
Are truths, and silences, and mysteries—
The love, which whoso loveth, never dies.
Brave hearts ! he cannot stay :
Only at home ye will be sure to say

The Ice-bound Ship and the Dead Admiral.

How he hath wrought, and sought, and found—found what ?
The bourne whence traveller returneth not !—

Ah, no ! 'tis only that his spirit high
Hath gone upon a new discovery,
A marvellous passage on a sea unbounded,
Blown by God's gentle breath ;
But that the white sail of his soul hath rounded
The promontory—Death !

* * * * *

How shall we bury him ?

Where shall we leave the old man lying ?
With music in the distance dying—dying,
Among the arches of the Abbey grand and dim,
There, if we might, we would bury him ;
And comrades of the sea should bear his pall ;
And the great organ should let rise and fall
The requiem of Mozart, the Dead March in *Saul*—

Then, silence all !

And yet far grandlier will we bury him.
Strike the ship-bell slowly—slowly—slowly !

Sailors ! trail the colours half-mast high ;
Leave him in the face of God most Holy,
Underneath the vault of Arctic sky.

Let the long, long darkness wrap him round,
By the long sunlight be his forehead crown'd.
For cathedral panes ablaze with stories,

For the tapers in the nave and choir,
Give him lights auroral—give him glories,

Mingled of the rose and of the fire.

Let the wild winds, like chief mourners, walk,
Let the stars burn o'er his catafalque.
Hush ! for the breeze, and the white fog's swathing sweep,

I cannot hear the simple service read,
Was it "earth to earth," the captain said,
Or "we commit his body to the deep,

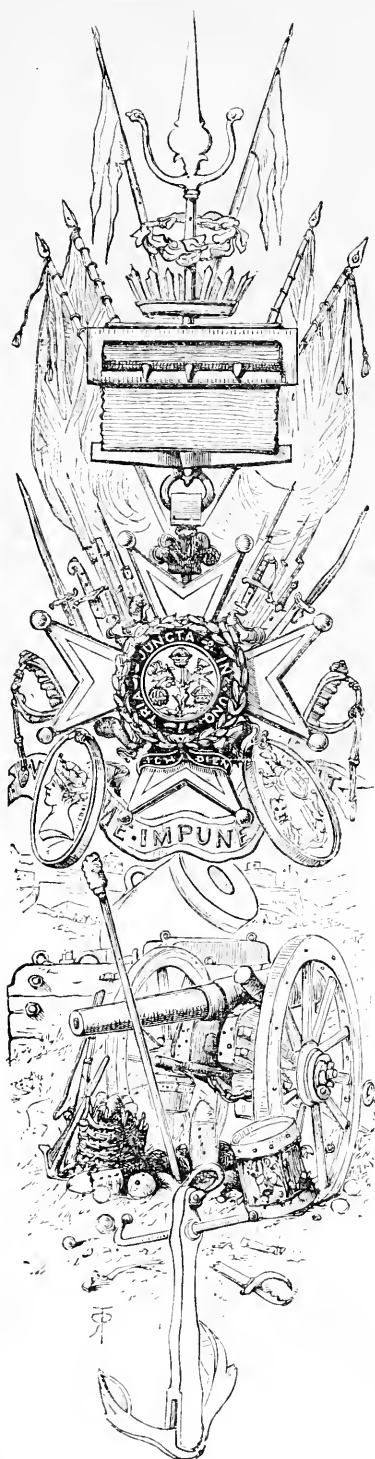
Till seas give up their dead ?"

* * * * *

Well pleased our island-mother scans,

As mothers of heroic children use,
In things like these her silent Inkermanns,
Her voiceless Trafalgars and Waterloos.

Oh, trenches of the winter wild and black !
Oh, Balaklavas of the rolling pack !



Oh, combats on the sledge, or in the yards,
Magnificent as marches of the Guards !
Oh, dreader sights to see, and sounds to list,
Than Muscovite and gun, grey through the morning
mist !

Ye tell our England that of many a son
Deep agonies are suffered, high deeds done.
Whereof is sparing memory or none,
That have eternity and deathless land
Before the starry threshold of our God ;
And evermore in such she learns to read
The pledge of future deed.

* * * *

Hush ! be not overbold,
Who dares to talk about success
In presence of that solemn blessedness ?
Who, but God, dares to give a martyr gold ?
Oh, high and stately things,
Are ye dead—defeated—still ?
Is the lion silent on the hill ?
Doth the he-goat lie before the fane,
All his glory dashed with a red stain
Dropping from the heart's deep springs ?
Is the good hound mute upon the track ?
Is the mail'd king borne through tears that fall like
rain,
Drums and banners muffled up in black ?
Is the war-ship frozen up for ever ?
Shall the sailor see home's white cliffs never ?
Hush ! Oh, leave him in the darkness of the land,
Cover'd with the shadow of Christ's Hand ;
Leave him in the midnight Arctic sun,
God's great light o'er duty nobly done,
God's great whiteness for the pardon won,
Leave him waiting for the setting of the Throne,
Leave him waiting for the trumpet to be blown.
In God's bosom, in a land unknown.
Leave him (he needeth no lament)
With suns, and nights, and snow,
Life's tragedy is more magnificent,
Ending with that sublime and silent woe.
'Tis well it should be so.

VERY REVEREND WILLIAM ALEXANDER, M.A.,
Dean of Emly.



SIDE by side—in the bright morn of childhood
 When we were young ;
 And, sharing grief for a beloved one taken,
 Her requiem sung.

Side by side—when riper years advancing
 Bid graces bloom ;
 And from the dead a bud of life uprising
 Flowered o'er the tomb.

Side by side—in the dark hour of trial
 To help and cheer ;
 The sorrow-freighted barque o'er trouble's sea
 To guide and steer.

Side by side—in the glad scenes of pleasure
 Our joys to share ;
 Dissevered, ever grieving : but united,
 All gladness there.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Side by side—our hearts together twining
Mingle in one ;
One aim, one object, and one expectation—
One, only one.

Side by side—in adoration kneeling,
One prayer ascends ;
ONE Everlasting hears, and in His mercy
One answer sends.

Side by side—throughout life's day declining,
Till sinks our sun ;
Through good report and evil, ever trusting,
Our hearts still one.

Side by side—within the grave's dark chamber,
Waiting to rise,
When the loud trump of universal waking
Shall rend the skies.

Side by side—in never-ending union
With saints above ;
Hymning the Pæan of Eternal Goodness
And deathless love.

B. COURTENAY GIDLEY.

THE LAPIDARY'S DAUGHTER.



U P at Septmonçel in the Jura, where
The lapidaries work, the damsel dwells,"
Mine host made answer, standing by the bridge
Over the Saône at Chalons : " When her sire
Comes here to seek the jewels for his trade,
She bears him company, to show us all
How fair a flower can blossom in the snow."
" Is it far hence, this village ?" said the youth.

The Lapidary's Daughter.

"A thousand kilomètres, sir, and more
Above the sea; full ten beyond St. Claude
By the new road, albeit but two, they say,
As a bird flies." Whereat the traveller
Bade him "Good day," and loitered from the inn.

Beyond the land of vines, beyond the heights
Where the last chestnuts wave their giant arms,
And flowers still smile in upland valleys deep;—
Beyond the nether ridge where the land slopes
Back to its centre, and one hears the voice
Of Brienne roaring in his narrow walls,
And filling all the low Jurassian chain
With noise of torrents;—far beyond St. Claude,
That still old city lying in the gorge,
Mitred and crosiered, like an abbot dead
Cut out in stone upon a tomb;—far up
On the high Jura, where the great brown pines
Clasp the scant earth, and lean from cliff to cliff,
Septmongel lies, a village in the clouds.

Strange how the footsteps of man's luxury
Climb into God's wild nature: mid the pines,
The snow-peaks, and the torrents dwell a race
Cunning of hand to carve the jewel out
Of the blank stone—topaz, or chrysolite,
Or the green emerald, or from Orient brought,
Kept for the bishop's finger, that rare gem,
The delicate-tinted purple amethyst.
In the low chamber lined with rough-hewn wood,
Where day by day the lapidary sees
His frugal fare, rye bread and thin blue milk
Strained from the cheese that seldom decks his board.
Are gems to set a monarch's crown ablaze,
Or glitter on the bodice of his queen.
And while the poor man sitting at his wheel
Cuts scanty out the pittance that supplies
His modest needs, he holds within his hand
The worth of millions. Outside his poor home
Are snow, and clouds, and freezing winds; within
His poverty, his labour, and the gems.
The civilised drives out the natural.
Taste, luxury, art burn out material night,

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As light burns out the darkness by itself.
The red man cannot live beside the white ;
His glory dwindles, and his race decays.
And so the softening touch of some great art,
Though it but graze the border of his state,
Shall drive the coarser nature out of man,
And teach him taste, and lead to thought refined.
He cannot hold a jewel in his hand
But something of the better mind of courts
Shall fill his soul with untaught courtesy ;
A sound of rustling silks, and ermine trailed,
Shall seem to hang about his rugged home ;
And in his heart a sense of costly trust,
Of proud possession that yet is not his,
And fills his mind with thoughts above himself.

So the Septmongelais is kind and grave ;
Meek, but not cringing ; full of self-respect,
As one that works with God's most precious gifts,
And most esteemed of man in every age,
And knows himself more noble than his craft.
For not for him the influences work
That harden and demoralise ; his heart
Is pure and simple, tender as a child's,
Full of all generous pity for the weak,
And comfort for the injured. 'Tis his faith
To help the suppliant, of his mountain home
To make a shelter for the fugitive,
And then defy the world to drag him forth.
Nor worthy trust alone in things without,
But more within, good father, faithful spouse ;
For him no factory opens, calling men
To herd together o'er a hundred looms,
Forgetful of their children and their wives.
He works at home, and loves his simple hearth,
And makes it blest ; he is the gem unset,
The tender purple of the amethyst,
The ruby's light, with no factitious aid
Of sycophant gold to show the jewel off.
Such was Lamenaïs, father of Clemence ;
Clemence, whose innocent beauty looking out
From eyes as bright and shy as are a fawn's,

The Lapidary's Daughter.



Had so beguiled, at Chalons by the Saône,
The traveller, that he turned, and climbed the Jura.

High was her nest : a moan of murmuring winds
Through peaks snow-laden, sighing as they came ;
The far-off howl of wolves, and further still
The roar of Flumen thundering to his mills,
Had lulled her childhood many a long cold night,
When on the frozen street the moonbeam played
And on blank casements, and the church stood white,
Laying the shadow of her wooden cross
Over the sleeping town. On summer days
A visit to the valleys where the flowers
The latest lingered in some high deep cleft,

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Hemmed in by guardian rocks from wind and frost,
Like a sick child that cannot die for care ;
Or from the slippery platform, won with fear,
A venturous peep at Flumen's wall of waves
Tumbling sheer over their tremendous ledge ;
Sometimes to wander mid the great brown stems
Of pines that clasp the rocks with crooked roots,
Or to sit looking through their windy tops :
These were her childhood's pleasures ; or perchance
A place in the procession winding slow
Up the uneven street, with simple pomp
And chant, on some high Feast-day of the Church.
When older grown, she sat beside the wheel
Cutting the stone, that from its polished face
Gave forth no tint, and shot no shade of light,
Deep as her glance, or radiant as her smile.

The little brother slumbered in his crib ;
The gay clock ticked against the wainscoting
Carved out of mountain pine ; the noon was hot,
And all the narrow casements were ajar ;
No breath to move the curtain ; lazily
A creeping sunbeam touched the secretaire
Of polished chestnut-wood, and lingered round
The two rough wheels that, for the daily toil,
Stood in its light, and drew a sudden flash
From the blue sapphire fixed into the wand
That lay in Clemence' hand. Sweet Clemence sang,
Soothing her labour's long monotony.
Alone she sat, save for the slumbering child.
That day the unfrequent factor to St. Claude
Had brought the rude material, the brute form
Their patience must make costly : father, son,
And mother went, and sisters in their teens,
They climbed the downward path ; and Clemence sang —

Turn, turn, O wheel, and cut the stone,
Form glorious sapphire while I sing ;
Turn, wheel of trial, wheel of life,
And form the jewels for our king.
Blaze, blaze, bright jewel, in mine hand,
A precious thing in rugged spot ;
Burn, hope, and faith, and noble deed,
The jewels of our lowly lot.

The Lapidary's Daughter

Turn, turn, O wheel, and form the gems
For robe, or ring, or coronet;
Turn, wheel of trouble, wheel of toil,
And fashion jewels fairer yet.
Wait, wait, bright sapphire, till thou flash,
The pride of some imperial town;
Wait, living gems; wait, human hearts;
Till CHRIST shall set you in His crown.

She paused—a shadow fell into the room,
A shadow that she knew, and her heart beat,
And her hand stayed, still poising the blue stone,
But never touching now the biting steel.
For was not this the stranger that had come
Up to Septmøngel many days ago?
And lingered as the bee in springtime hangs
Over a clover bed, and singles out
One special honey-flower? Many times
Had he not danced with her, and pressed her hand,
And walked with her from church, and heard her sing,
And told her of his home in that bright isle,
Whose sons are nobles? Had he not alone
Breathed in her ear of that delightful land,
And of the long rich flats, and golden hollows,
Golden with grain, and orchards red with fruit,
And stately rivers with an even tread
Growing 'twixt grassy banks; and forest trees
More graceful than her pines, with drooping boughs
That laid aside their burning Autumn garb,
And donned a delicate green in early Spring;
And flowers that bloomed in sunny garden grounds,
And looked a very little while on snow?
Had he not whispered how 'twere sweet to break
Away from winds and mountains, and white peaks
(Herself the only nightingale that sang
In that cold wood, a wood without a tree),
Into a calm of woodlands, and green bowers
Broken with music; sweet to live and love
Where life should need but love, and love should live
While their hearts beat.

And she had heard him speak,
Not knowing half the evil of his words.
Nor he meaning it all, perchance; but blind

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With passion, cheating partly his own soul,
And saying inly, she should meet no harm.
But as the small bird when the storm is nigh
Sets all his little ruffled feathers up,
And angrily awaits, a round rough ball,
The pelting of the rain-cloud ; some quick sense
Of danger to the innocent maiden came ;
And as he spake she gathered up her thoughts.
She had much need ; with a few plausible words
Of careless preparation he revealed
How by the presbytère beyond the church
The horses waited that should bear them down,
With clanging hoofs and clattering of bells,
Into the valley, whence the snorting train
That mocks at time and space, should carry them
From vain pursuit, from mountains and from bonds,
Even to the borders of that wide salt sea
That held his white-cliffed island in her lap—
Him happiest of men, and her set free,
Too beautiful a bird for such a cage,
Narrow, and coarse, and full of sordid cares,
And thankless toil ; but in that other world
She should move nobly among trees and flowers,
And never soil her dainty fingers more,
Nor vex her soul with thinking of to-morrow,
And be the fairest of a lordly line,
And wear upon her slender neck such gems
As now she moulded with her hand, and have
No care, but love and pleasure all her days,
And he would be all ties on earth to her,
Father and brother, and a dearer name.

He ceased ; there burned a light behind her eye,
A little tremble fluttered in her throat.
“ Nay, but I cannot go with you,” she said ;
“ These mountains would reproach me, and the eyes
Of all the children with regretful gaze
Would follow me for ever ; most of all
My mother’s and my father’s, he whose cares
I share and lighten, sitting at his knee,
Hearing him tell old tales of the good men,
Good men and true, who sought our mountain hold
Out of Franche-Comté from the Spanish yoke ;

The Lapidary's Daughter.

No yoke would they, for conscience or for neck :
Hearing him tell me, too, the law of GOD,
Of truth, and peace, and filial piety ;
And of the CHRIST upon His golden Throne,
Who shall come back for us at trump of doom,
Lying due east, with faces towards His coming,
Up in the graveyard yonder ; when the toil
And stir of life is over, and its joys :
For life hath many joys, not sad my lot.
If I should burst the little subtle webs
That bind me to this hut, each broken thread
Would rend away a pleasure from my heart.
And if you call my life a weary life,
'Tis wrapt into its future, like yon ruby
That flashes a new shade with every cut ;
For some queen's finger ground in this poor place.
And souls, perchance, may wear bright tints in
Heaven

From graces wrought by poverty and toil.
And if you say that far-off land is rich
Where you would take me, and a place to love ;
Ah ! but 'tis not the Jura : there's no seam,
No chasm upon the face of that peaked hill
That fronts this window pane, but is my friend.
No land on earth could ever be to me
What this land is. What are your trees and flowers
To this vast nature of the snow and pine,
And the eternal glacier ? dear to home,
To patience, and to labour, dear to me ?
And if you say that other home is fair,
And I shall be a queen among your kin
(Too soon a queen, and long before my time),
For what am I to change my social place
By one rash move, and step upon a stage
Superior, and with different delights
And different duties all unknown to me ?
I am not trained to be a noble's wife,
To sit in idlesse in a painted room ;
(Should I not miss the whirring of my wheel ?)
I am not trained to meet the sea of thought
That sets about your island ; where, they say,
The tide of civilised life is ever up,



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Even to high-water mark, and hath no ebbs,
No low flat sands, where ignorant poor souls
Like mine may wander, picking up small shells,
As I do now—mean little pleasures scorned
Of higher intellects.

“ And if you say
That I shall some day want another love
Than father-love, for so GOD's law has said,
Well, sir, it must be here, among these walls,
In this old town, where poor men chisel gems,
And die, and live content beside their wheels.
I have no yearning for that higher place,
No fire within me fusing in one mass
Child loves and home, a thousand golden links.
Here, where my mother to her father's hearth
Came back a wedded wife, and dwelt in peace
And kindly interchange of common love,
And heard her children lisp in her own tongue
The gabbled nothings that a mother loves ;—
Oh, sir, I pray you, do not tempt me more ;
There are wild echoes out about these cliffs
That never seem to rest, but rise, and rise,
If but a herdsman wind his horn, or shrill
The woodman calls his comrades home at eve.
And such an echo many times a day,
Roused by a hundred passing thoughts, would ring
For ever and for ever in her heart,
The false Septmonçelaise, who could forsake
Home, and true love, and her appointed place,
Without a father's blessing.”

Earnestly

Thus answered she. The gilded clock ticked on,
The little brother sat up in his bed,
With great round eyes that wandered round the room,
Seeking for her whose face was turned away.
A shadow fell on the rough narrow street,
Fell quickly, passed as quickly, never more
To linger by that lattice, never more
Seen on the plateau up by Septmonçel.
And Clemence, with a tear, not of regret,
But pitiful, and womanly, and kind,
Looked through her casement into the hot day.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

Faith.

F A I T H.



WE need no change of sphere
To view the heavenly sights, or hear
The songs which angels sing. The hand
Which gently pressed the sightless orbs erewhile,
Giving them light, a world of beauty, and the
friendly smile,
Can cause our eyes to see the better Land.

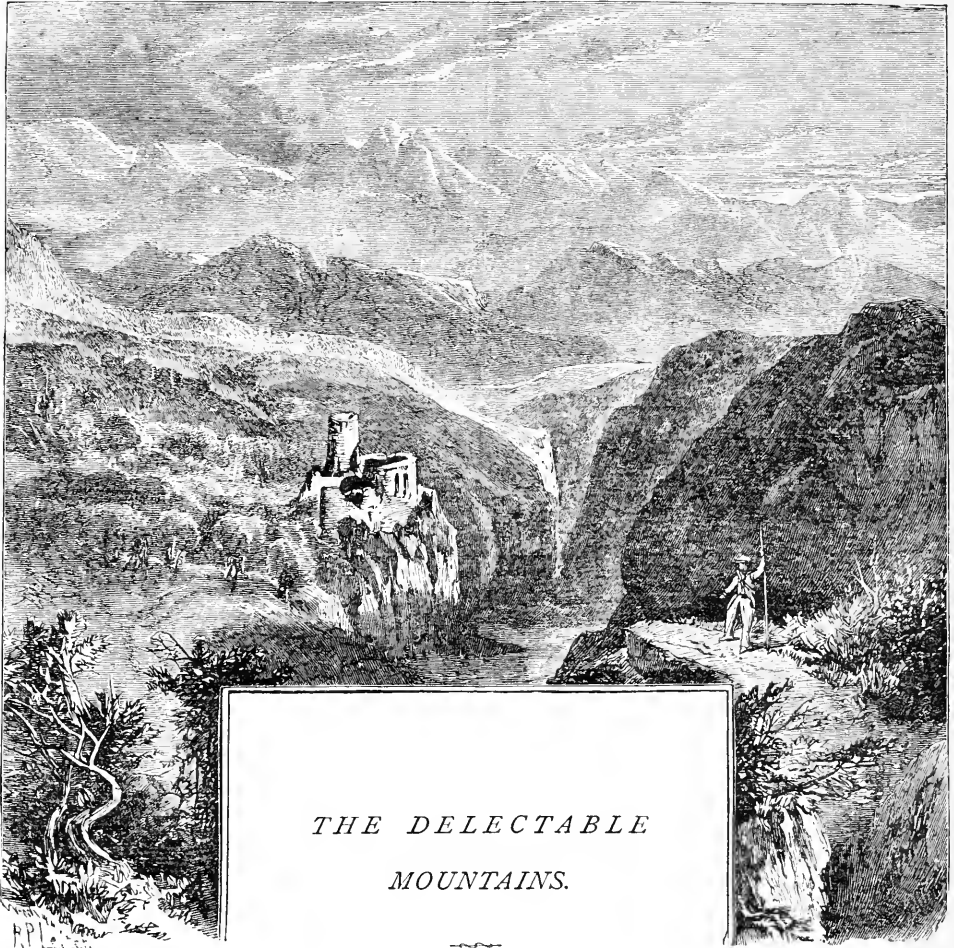
We need no wings
To soar aloft to realms of higher things,
But only feet which walk the paths of peace,
Guided by Him whose voice
Greets every ear, makes every heart rejoice,
Saying, Arise, and walk where sorrows cease.

Visiting spirits are near :
They are not wholly silent, but we cannot hear
Nor understand their speech.
Our Saviour caught his Father's word,
And men of old dreaming and walking heard
The breathings of a world we cannot reach.

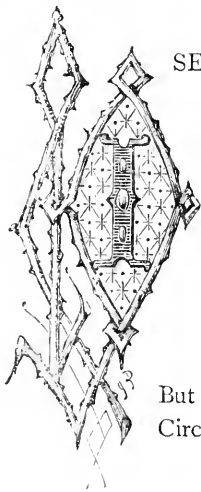
They mounted to the skies,
And read deep mysteries.
While yet on earth, they placed a ladder there,
Like Jacob's, that each round should lead,
By prayer outspoken in a word or deed,
The soul to heights of clearer, purer air.

They saw no messenger of gloom
In him whom we call Death, nor met their doom
As prisoner his sentence—but naturally, as bud unfolds to flower,
As child to man, and man to angel.
They recognising Death, the glad Evangel,
Leading to higher scenes of life and power.

JANE BUDGE.



*THE DELECTABLE
MOUNTAINS.*



SEE them far away,
In their calm beauty, on the evening skies ;
Across the golden west their summits rise,
Bright with the radiance of departing day.
And often, ere the sunset light was gone,
Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,
As with new strength ; all weariness and pain
Forgotten, in the hope those blissful heights to gain.

Heaven lies not far beyond,
But these are hills of earth ; our changeful air
Circles around them, and the dwellers there
Still own mortality's mysterious bond.

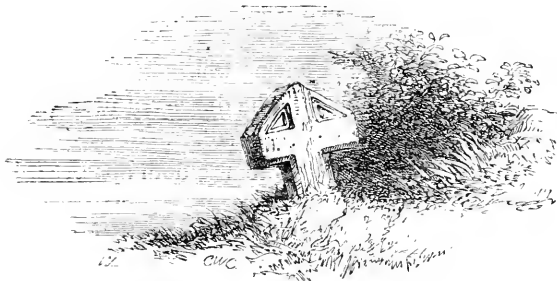
The Delectable Mountains.

The ceaseless contact, the continued strife
Of sin and grace, which can but close with life,
Is not yet ended ; and the Jordan's roar
Still sounds between, their path and the celestial shore.

But there, the pilgrims say,
On these calm heights, the tumult and the noise
Of all our busy cares and restless joys
Have almost in the distance died away.
All the past journey a "right way" appears ;
Thoughts of the future wake no faithless fears ;
And through the clouds, to their rejoicing eyes,
The City's golden streets and pearly gates arise.

Courage, poor fainting heart !
These happy ones in the far distance seen
Were sinful wanderers once, as thou hast been—
Weary and sorrowful, as now thou art.
Linger no longer on the lonely plain ;
Press boldly onward, and thou too shalt gain
Their vantage ground, and then, with vigour new,
All thy remaining race and pilgrimage pursue.

Ah ! far too faint—too poor—
Are all our views and aims ; we only stand
Within the borders of the Promised Land :
Its precious things we seek not to secure ;
And thus our hands hang down, and oft, unstrung,
Our harps are left the willow-trees among.
Lord, lead us forward—upward—till we know
How much of heavenly bliss may be enjoyed below !



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PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.



HE Past behind us lies,
A region calm, and changeless, and serene ;
Memory the lamp supplies,
By which we see whatever once hath been.

'Thine is a mighty fief,
Oh, living, inextinguishable Past !
The Present's reign is brief,
But thine seems formed for evermore to last.

The Present is but half
Our own—we cannot do that which we would ;
Who of Life's goblet quaff
The sweetest drops, have done but what they could.

But, oh ! the Past, the Past !
There may we look, when weary and heart-sore,
For joys too bright to last,
Kept safely on its never-changing shore.

And stretched before us lies
The dreamland of the Future, bright and fair ;
How clear the mountains rise,
How beautiful the rivers flowing there !

The desert traveller lone
Fainting for lack of water, deems his eye,
In the far distance on,
The freshly-sparkling fountain can descry.

Then, with reviving will,
He hastens on—but yet he draws not near—
Further and further still
That blessed spring of promise doth appear.

And pining for those streams,
He lays him down to die, while he can hear
His feverish fancy dreams,
The sound of gushing waters in his ear.

The River of Life.

And thus far off we see
Bright streams, and toil that they may be attained ;
And thus at last, may be,
Die with our thirst unslaked, the fount ungained.

Yet, no ! the desert hath
Many a sweet shaded well, beside whose brink
The pilgrim on Life's path,
Toil-worn and weary, may bend down to drink.

And though the founts be few,
And Hope deceive him with her melody,
Faith's prophet-finger true
Points onward, whispering of what yet shall be :

Telling him of the wave,
The stainless wave of the Life-giving river,
Flowing beyond the grave,
Of which one draught shall quench his thirst for ever.

JANE BUDGE.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.



HERE is a pure and peaceful wave
That rolls around the Throne of Love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above ;

While streams which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
O'er weary lands to stray.

The pilgrim, faint and nigh to sink,
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refreshed beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.

There, oh, my soul, do thou repair,
And hover o'er the hallowed spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing.

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There droop that wing, when far it flies
From human care, and toil, and strife.
And feed by those still streams that rise
Beneath the Tree of Life.

It may be that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide has driven,
Which, passing from the shores above,
Have floated down from Heaven.

So shall thy wounds and woes be healed
By the blest virtue that they bring,
So thy parched lips shall be unsealed,
Thy Saviour's praise to sing !



THE RESTING-PLACE.

“Because I live, ye shall live also.”

ALMLY the Paschal moonlight now is sleeping
On mossy hillock and on headstone grey ;
Where the Church still has in her faithful keeping
Such as, while living, in her pure arms lay.
Ah ! loving and beloved, we know ye rest,
E'en in the grave, upon her hallowed breast.

Where is that cumbrous robe, the fleshly matter,
Which held the spirit in such painful thrall ?
A little dust, which but a breath would scatter ;
Darkness, and void, and silence—this seems all.
Yet somewhere—safe—the waiting body lies,
While that freed spirit is in Paradise.

Ah ! in that Day, when earth is all refined
From death and sin, the darkness and the stain—

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When Eden's perfect beauty is enshrined
In unmarred purity and light again ;
Transfigured, and "exceeding white as snow"—
But still that body—it will rise, we know.

The self-same lips that hymned the Easter story,
With heart of Easter gladness, here may sing
The song of angels, in the angels' glory,
Around the throne of our Almighty King.
The same feet which this ancient pavement trod,
May walk for aye the heavenly courts of God !

Oh, blessed day, which saw the Saviour risen !
Which told to all the world that wondrous news—
"The grave is not the body's endless prison,
And man no more in vain for pardon sues.
From Adam's curse, by Christ's death, thou art free,
For God accepts this sacrifice for thee."

"Peace be with you ;" by *Him* those words were spoken,
After that glorious victory had been won ;
After the angel gave that blessed token
To her whose favoured lips had called Him "Son."
Ah ! where were peace, if every trembling breath
Strengthened the fetters of an endless death ?

Where were the peace, if that dark cloud of mourning
O'er Calvary's awful hill ne'er passed away ?—
If our deep night had never known the dawning
Of that mysterious Resurrection day ?
O Christ our Lord, Thou didst indeed release
Thy sinful children, and didst give them peace !

And now we know that Thou art throned for ever,
True God and yet true Man, in heaven above ;
That now no power our life from Thine can sever,
That nought shall rob us of Thy gift and love ;
That Thou, within the veil, dost intercede
For all who suffer and for all who need.

That Thou art with us *here*, too, in our sorrow—
With us to help in every time of strife,
Dost give to each dark day its joyous morrow :
Dost make us strong with Thine own love and life.

The Holy Catholic Church.

And if *we* love, shall we not come to Thee,
And share Thy glory and felicity?

Ay, when the grass upon our grave is sighing
In the cool wind and Easter moonlight fair,
The mortal dust, beneath the violets lying,
Shall rest in hope and rest in safety there,
Till Thou shalt come with thy celestial train,
And our bright spirit take its own again.

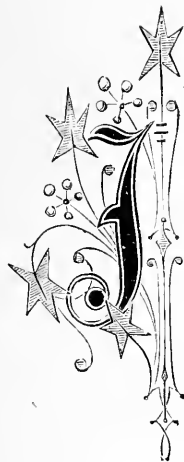
"After Thy likeness," in its sweet perfection,
Shall we awake in that eternal day;
All—save the sin—shall have its resurrection,
Clothed in Thy glorious immortality.
So shall we stand Thy radiant throne beside,
And then, oh, then, we shall be "satisfied!"

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"That He should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad."—*S. John xi. 52.*

I.



SHALL see them—I shall know them—in the fulness of the time,
In the glorious New Creation, in the everlasting clime,
My brethren loved and longed for, whose hope with me is strong,
Looking forward through the ages for the ending of the wrong:
The names that light all story as a bright and guiding star,
And the lowly, loving spirits that follow from afar,
Fellow-helpers, fellow-workers in the one advancing cause
That o'er-rides, o'er-rules all forces, that comprehends all laws,
That from its seed-germ groweth to a wide world-shadowing tree;
From the small rill spreads and deepens to an all-encircling sea:
The noble and kingly-hearted, the grand and godly men,
Some apostles, and some prophets, for the saints' needs now as then;
And the gentle and beautiful souls, that, hid in their shady retreat,
Scatter forth their fragrant graces, and tune their orisons sweet:
I shall see them—I shall know them—and one mark of birth and blood
Shall be this: the might of evil overcoming by the good.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

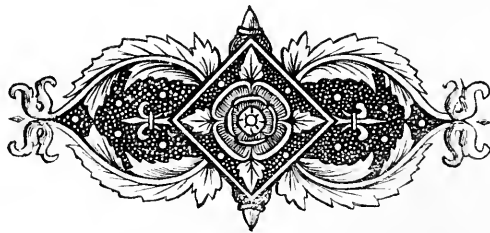
II.

Scattered now, in divers guises, seldom each the other knows ;
If, perchance, they met and mingled, 'twere as strangers or as foes ;
For the light that shines within them, piercing through the outer veil,
Falls oblique, and lies distorted, on our nature false and frail :
And the forms of things deceive us, and we quarrel o'er our creeds,
While each true heart receiveth the one Truth his spirit needs ;
And the iron laws of custom and of class still keep apart
Souls, that, sailing o'er this ocean, might commèrece as mart with mart ;
And the alien garb estrangeth, and the foreign tones repel,
And the wide land lieth between us, and the pathless billows swell :
And the multitude are lying on an unknown distant shore,
Waiting all their time appointed, till the twilight years are o'er—
Till the dead clasp hands with living, good and evil cease their strife,
And the world's tired pulses quicken to a new and endless life.

III.

Fancy fails, and thought, to fathom all the depth and height of good
Life shall gather from that union, when we meet as brothers should :
When, clear from all disguises, all the mists of sense apart,
Thought shall change, and love shall traffic, mind with mind, and heart with heart ;
When no truth shall clash with other, no jarring aims divide,
But all paths, one centre seeking, shall range sweetly side by side ;
By the giving and receiving, by the running to and fro
Of the thoughts on that smooth pathway, to what heights shall manhood grow !
With our eyesight purged more thoroughly by the euphrasy of love,
With our hearts made ever lighter by the sunny air above.
Through all limits still advancing from the farthest yet more far,
Counting all our years by thousands, all our journeys star by star,
We shall rise and soar for ever, through the ever-widening zone
Of life from life outspringing, till we know as we are known.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.



Christ by the Sea.



CHRIST BY THE SEA.



THY ways were in the haunts of men,
The city's lanes, the rustic glen,
The desert wild, the mountain sod ;
But most the murmur of the sea
Thy footsteps drew—meet path for Thee,
O Son of God !

Perchance a brief repose was found
In that interminable sound,
Hushing all voices save its own ;
Even as in some o'ercrowded street
We plunge, and find its noise most sweet,
Then most alone.

Perchance it was Thy music, played
By hands unseen, that o'er it strayed.
God's harp of multitudinous roll ;

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To mortal ears the waves' low moan-
To Thine, some heavenly undertone
To soothe Thy soul.

For Thou wast weary with the sighs
Of sorrowing earth ; men's harsh replies
Struck, sword-like, through thy finer sense ;
And weary evermore to spend
On hearts that could not comprehend
Thy love intense.

And life, with common wants of men,
Its narrower paths, and straitened ken,
Thy greatness all too low did bind :
But Nature, in her larger reign,
Might seem some moments to unchain
Thy captive mind.

The wide, unfathomable deep,
Unchanging type that mortals keep
Of what outlies the bounds of time,
Nearest to infinite—might well
Suit with Thy thought, who could'st not dwell
Out of that clime.

And haply, at the day's soft close,
While sought Thine own their calm repose.
This path, alone, Thy footsteps trod ;
All night, from mortal hindrance free,
Thy soul outpouring by the sea,
In prayer to God.

The day's hot glare beheld thee far
Healing all pains ; but eve's cool star
Still drew Thee to thy loved retreat ;
The waters knew Thee—every wave
Waited Thy coming—proud to lave
His Sovereign's feet.

And if that small, blue, oval field
Might scarce (thou think'st) occasion yield
To thoughts, more meet for ocean's roll,
Still was that watery strength confined
Emblem of Him, whose form enshrined
An infinite Soul.

Thoughts of Consolation.

"There shall be no more sea!" Thus sings
Heaven's final seer—vague sound, that brings
A harmless, half-regretful sigh ;
I would not, in the earth new dressed,
That aught His sacred feet have pressed
Should wholly die.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.

THOUGHTS OF CONSOLATION.



NEED not so much for those who are at rest,
Their days of anguish and of risk are o'er ;
No powers of evil can their souls molest,
They thirst not now, nor hunger any more.
No longer by the winds and waves distressed,
Safe they are landed on the happy shore!
And oh, would'st even thou who lov'st them best,
Their vessel to the uncertain floods restore—
See them again ascend the billow's crest,
And o'er them hear the cruel tempest roar ;
Think, rather, how securely they are blessed !
Doubtings and fears might try thy heart before,
But now thy loving soul may heavenward soar,
And see them gathered to their Saviour's breast.
Think of the tears by the Redeemer shed—
The living sign of perfect sympathy—
Beside the grave of one but lately dead,
While mourners stood in hopeless sorrow by.
Oh, surely many a heart in agony,
And many a watcher by a dying bed,
In griefs which God alone could fully see,
Has learned from these to lift the sunken head,
By thought of these true tears been comforted,
And found the "light in darkness" presently !
So, when we stand beside the new-filled grave,
And mourn with bitter tears for "them that sleep,"
Surely we know that He who came to save
Weeps with us there, and bids us "not to weep."

J. R.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

L E N T.



HOW long and deep the shadows of our Lent,
Flung o'er its penitential forty days,
With here and there a ray of sunshine sent
From Sunday's gladness and its burst of praise.

Our sins and sorrows, like some surging tide,
Wave after wave, beat o'er our struggling life,
The deeds of darkness that we fain would hide—
The broken vow, the fainting in the strife.

Helpless and sad, O Christ, we come to Thee !
Thou for our sake wast to the desert led,
Unharm'd Thou crost temptation's stormy sea,
That we, Thy children, might be comforted.

In all points tempted, e'en as we are now,
O Man Divine ! like to Thy brethren made,
The thorny crown girdled Thy sacred Brow,
That weary hearts might look to Thee for aid.

Thy cross, upreared on Calvary's altar high,
The nail-print and the Side so rudely riven,
The mid-day darkness and the piercing cry,
Tell the glad story of our sin forgiven.

Thus to our hearts the long, long gloom of Lent,
Leading us on to Easter's brightest glow,
Becomes a living type and sacrament
Of all God's discipline of love below.

The bitter first, and then the endless sweet,
The hard rough way, and then the golden floor,
The fiery furnace, then nor sun nor heat,
The Cross, and then the Crown for evermore !

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.





THE RIVER PATH.

*N*O bird song floated down the hill.
The tangled bank below was still ;
No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.
The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew ;
For from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

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But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified. —

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom :
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;
The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long slant splendour downward flowed.

Down glade, and glen, and bank it rolled ;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side !

" So," prayed we, " when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

" And the night cometh chill with dew,
Oh, Father ! let Thy light break through !

" So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide !

" So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth ;

" And in Thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below ! "

J. G. WHITTIER, 1860.

A Thought of Heaven.

A THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.



THE dust beneath Thy feet—
The grass beside Thy throne—
But to be near to Thee ;
I ask for that alone.

Let me but hear Thy voice ;
Let me but see Thy face.
Then give no other meed,
And give the lowest place.

'Tis not the pearly gates,
Or walls of precious stone ;
Or radiancy of light,
Or rainbow round the throne ;

The river crystal clear,
The streets of purest gold —
These do not stir our hearts
With longing love untold.

It is not these that bring
The tears into our eyes—
The sacred tears that tell
Of speechless sympathies.

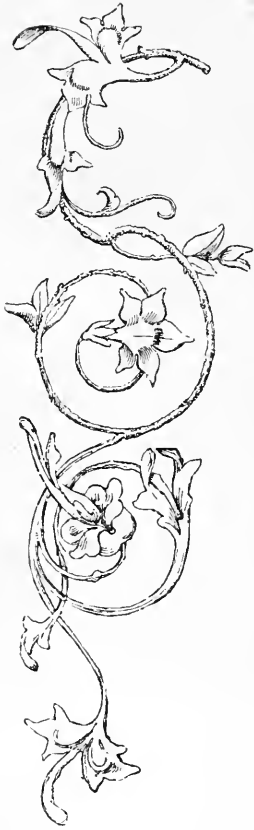
The robe, the victor's palm,
Knowledge, and bliss, and light ;
The rich rewards of Saints,
The crown with jewels bright—

To glories such as these
Let other souls aspire ;
Thyself, Thy love, my Lord,
Is all that I desire.

“With Thee,” and “Where Thou art !”
What but Thy love, my Lord,
Had known what joy to us
In these dear words is stored ?



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Who but Thyself could know
How small a thing would be
Life, even life in Heaven,
To us afar from Thee ?

Ah ! who that once had known,
E'en in this wilderness,
The sweetness of Thy love,
Would be content with less ?

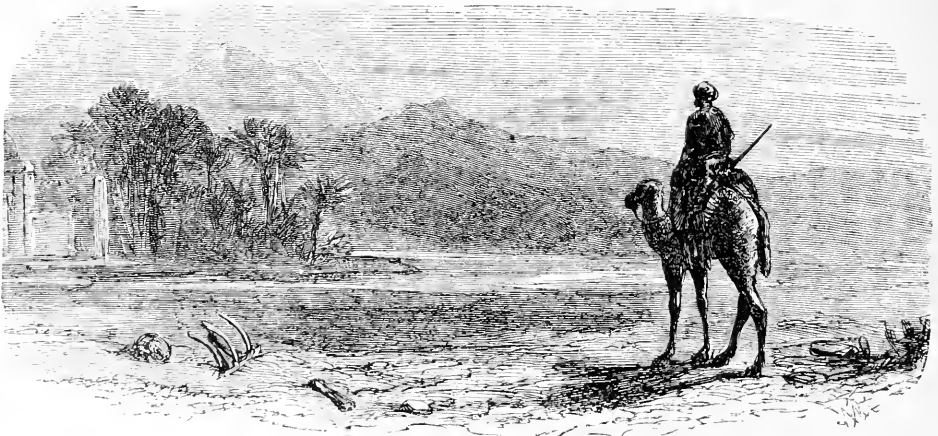
Dear is Thine altar, Lord,
And dear the lowest place,
Where I may kneel and take
The pledges of Thy grace.

And dear those lonely rooms,
Where Thou to me hast given,
In silence and in shade,
The bliss and light of heaven.

My Lord, my only One,
Who sought me and Who found,
To Thee my heart looks up
When shadows gather round.

Ah, when wilt Thou return ?
Come, O Redeemer, come !
Take what Thy love has bought,
Take Thy redeemed home !

J. R.





COMMUNION + HYMN +

FATHER, for Jesu's sake,
Low at the footstool of Thy throne I pray
That Thou, into Thine arms of love, to-day
My trembling soul will take.

Thine eyes can see, I know,
• How many a dark and fearful spot of sin
Stains the white garment Thou didst clothe it in,
Once undefiled as snow.

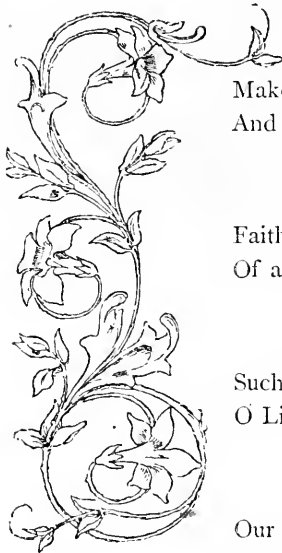
I dare not come alone
Into Thy presence, for that sin to plead ;
But there is One Who waits to intercede,
Whose merits will atone.

Into the holy Place
He takes the incense of our common prayer,
Which, mingling with His own, ascendeth there
• Up to Thy throne of grace.

All too unclean it is,
Too cold and weak, above this earth to rise,
Save He, in love eternal, sanctifies
And hallows it with His.

Therefore accept from me,
Through His hands, now, my weak and wavering will ;
And deign my heart's deep longing to fulfil,
As it seems best to Thee.

Pour down Thy healing light
Into the dark depths of my soul this day !
Dissolve the mists and shadows ; and I pray
Let it no more be night.



Spirit of love, reveal
All hidden sins against Thy Blessed Name,
That I may weep for them in utter shame,
As in Thy Church I kneel.

And now, O cleanse them out ;
Make fair again Thine olden dwelling-place ;
And let the fruitful streams of love and grace
Compass it round about.

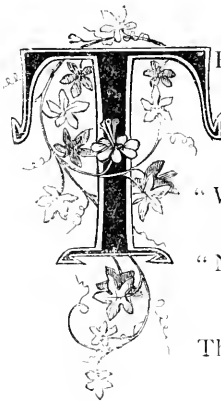
Lord, with repentance, give
Faith, deep and pure, that nought may undermine
Of all that's evil in this world of Thine ;—
Faith that shall breathe and live

In loving labour sweet,
Such as He left us to do here for Him ;
O Light of light, shine on the pathway dim,
Which bore His blessed feet !

Pour from the hallowed cup
Our dear Lord's stainless life into mine own ;
Put it to my soul's lips—so thirsty grown !—
And let them drink it up.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

ADVENT.



HIS Advent moon shines cold and clear,
These Advent nights are long ;
Our lamps have burned year after year,
And still their flame is strong.

“ Watchman, what of the night ? ” we cry,
Heart-sick with hope deferred.
“ No speaking signs are in the sky,”
Is still the watchman's word.

The porter watches at the gate,
The servants watch within ;
The watch is long betimes, and late ;
The prize is slow to win.
“ Watchman, what of the night ? ” but still
His answer sounds the same ;
“ No daybreak tops the utmost hill,
Nor pale our lamps of flame.”

Advent.

One to another hear them speak,
The patient virgins wise :
"Surely He is not far to seek ;
All night we watch and rise.
The days are evil, looking back,
The coming days are dim ;
Yet count we not His promise slack,
But watch, and wait for Him."

One with another, soul with soul,
They kindle fire from fire ;
"Friends watch us who have touched the goal ;
They urge us, come up higher."
"With them shall rest our waysore feet ;
With them is built our home—
With Christ!" "They sweet, but He most sweet,
Sweeter than honeycomb."

There no more parting, no more pain ;
The distant ones brought near ;
The lost so long are found again—
Long lost, but longer dear.
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor heart conceived that Rest ;
With them our good things long deferred —
With Jesus Christ, our Best.

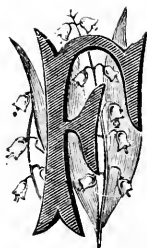
We weep, because the night is long ;
We laugh, for day shall rise ;
We sing a slow, contented song,
And knock at Paradise.
Weeping, we hold Him fast Who wept
For us, we hold Him fast ;
And will not let Him go, except
He bless us first or last.

Weeping, we hold Him fast to-night :
We will not let Him go
Till daybreak smite our wearied sight,
And summer smite the snow.
Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove
Shall coo the live-long day ;
Then He shall say, "Arise, my Love,
My fair One—come away."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



INVOCATION.



FROM the shadows of the earth,
From the lore so little worth,
From the weariness of mirth ;
From the snares that round us fall,
From the pleasures that enthral,
From misgivings that appal ;

From the griefs that fret and wear,
From the anguish hard to bear
And not sadden to despair ;

From the friendships that mislead,
And in last and sorest need
Fail us like a broken reed ;

From the loves that chill and tire
(Passionate heats that die in ire,
Blasted blooms of high desire ;)

Lamb of God, we look to Thee,
Once of woman born as we,
Sweetness of Divinity.

Tender art Thou, Lord, but strong,
Watching steadfast, waiting long
Wayward souls to save from wrong.

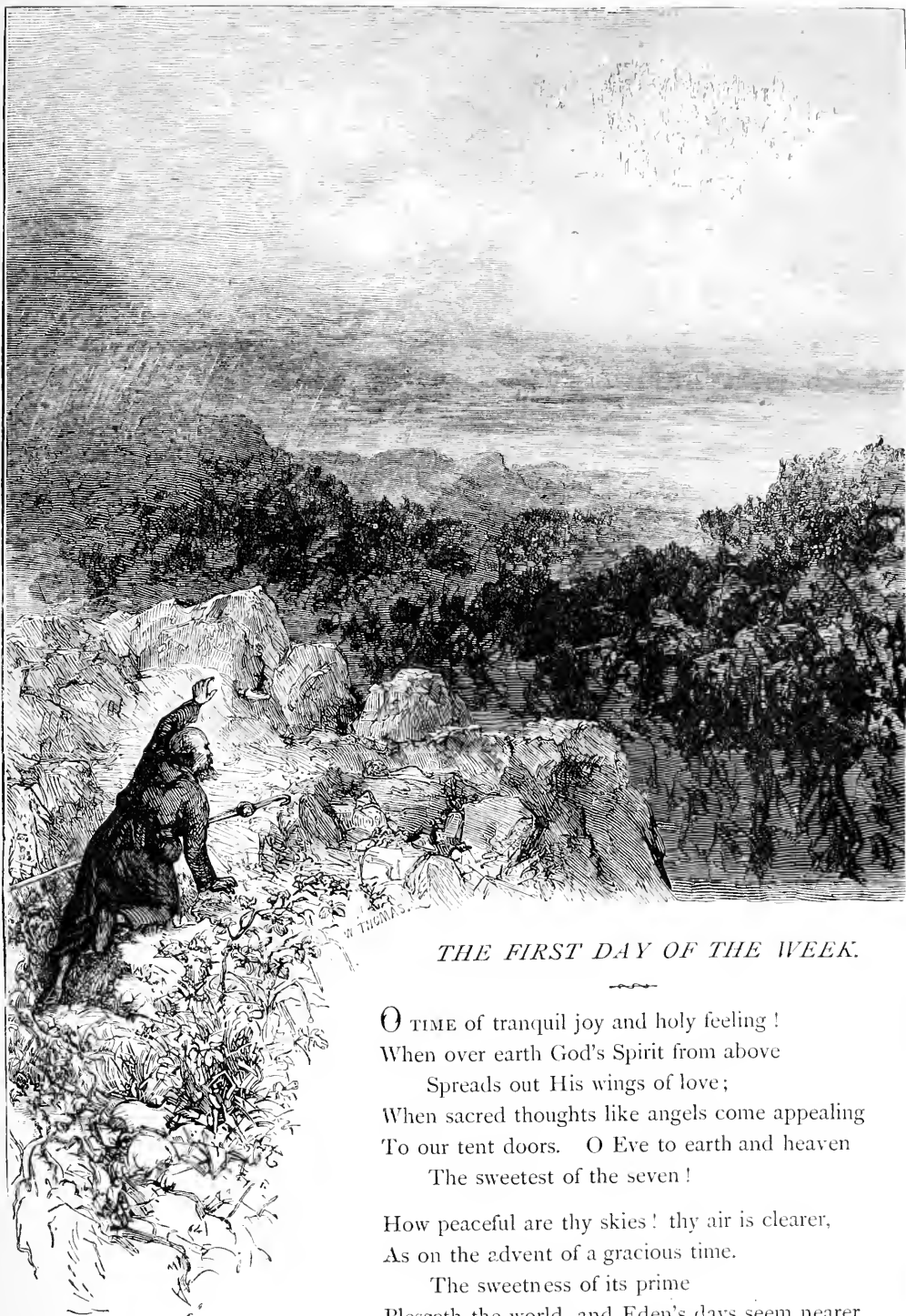
When the storms of misery blow,
When the suns of gladness glow,
Sober bliss and temper woe.

When the Powers of ill are rife,
And our faith faints in the strife,
Leave us not, O Lord of Life.

When we walk in doubt and fear
Valley of the darkness drear,
With Thy rod and staff be near.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.





THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK.

O TIME of tranquil joy and holy feeling !
When over earth God's Spirit from above
Spreads out His wings of love ;
When sacred thoughts like angels come appealing
To our tent doors. O Eve to earth and heaven
The sweetest of the seven !

How peaceful are thy skies ! thy air is clearer,
As on the advent of a gracious time.
The sweetness of its prime
Blesseth the world, and Eden's days seem nearer.
I hear, in each faint stirring of the breeze,
God's voice among the trees.

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O ! while Thy hallowed moments are distilling
Their fresher influence on my heart, like dews,
The chamber where I muse
Turns to a temple ! He whose converse thrilling
Honoured Emmaus, that old eventide
Comes sudden to my side.

'Tis light at evening time when Thou art present.
Thy coming to the Eleven in that dim room
Brightened, O Christ ! its gloom ;
So bless my lonely hour, that memories pleasant
Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast
Which many days shall last !

Raise each low aim, refine each high emotion,
That with more ardent footstep I may press
Toward Thy holiness.
And, braced for sacred duty by devotion,
Support my cross along that rugged road
Which Thou hast sometime trod !

I long to see Thee, for my heart is weary :
Oh, when, my Lord, in kindness wilt Thou come,
To call Thy banished home ?
The scenes are cheerless and the days are dreary,
From sorrow and from sin I would be free,
And evermore with Thee.

Even now I see the golden City shining
Up the blue depth of that transparent air ;
How happy all is there !
There breaks a day which never knows declining—
A Sabbath, through whose circling hours the blest
Beneath Thy shadow rest !

REV. J. D. BURNS, M.A.



The Hour of Death.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.



HUS would I die
When sunset, waning in the sky,
Falls on my bed—
Falls, like a glory, round my head,
To hush its latest agony.

That cloud of gold
Which all earth's sorrow seems to fold
In its strange calm—
That sense of peace and rest, the charm
It ever has—so new! so old!

Flushing with red,
As on a white robe it is shed,
And violet;
Like flowers with early dewdrops wet,
Hung round the tombstone of the dead.

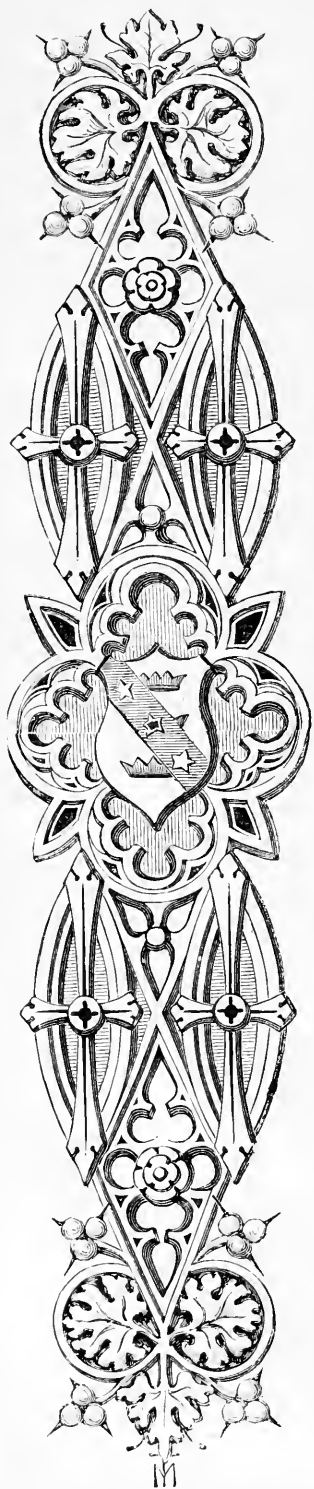
The sky above,
In the sweet peace that we most love,
All deeply blue,
Save, in the distant east, a few
Soft clouds—like wings of a stray dove.

This earth of ours,
With all its autumn fruit and flowers,
So rich! so rare!
As mine own life may then be fair,
When it too spans its bright, brief hours.

All light and peace!—
That tells a day of toil may cease,
That grief is past,
That I may lay me down at last—
In that first hour of my release.

The quiet close
Of an unrestful day, that rose
All dim and grey;
So mine own soul would pass away,
In faith's bright evening of repose.





And I would stand
Upon the border of that awful land
Not all alone !
The face that I so loved—the tone
Of blessing, and the clinging hand—

May it be there !
That sweet, sweet love of mine—so fair !
Which God's love gave
To be mine own beyond the grave,
As mine amidst my sorrow here.

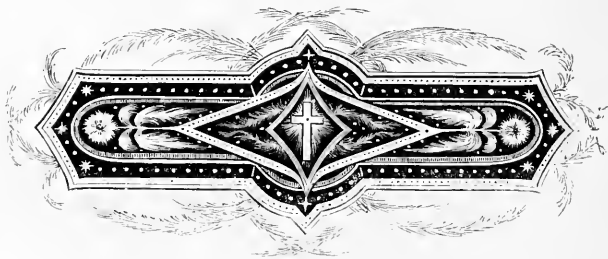
I would receive
From all the dearest ones I leave
The last mute kiss ;
And then perchance some taste of bliss
From my still lips to theirs would cleave.

Some ray of light,
Celestial glory, pure and bright,
As I might see,
Be left—a holy memory
Of hope and comfort in their sight.

Oh ! I would die
With the Redeemer standing by,
O'er me and mine
To breathe His Presence so divine,
That last dread hour to sanctify.

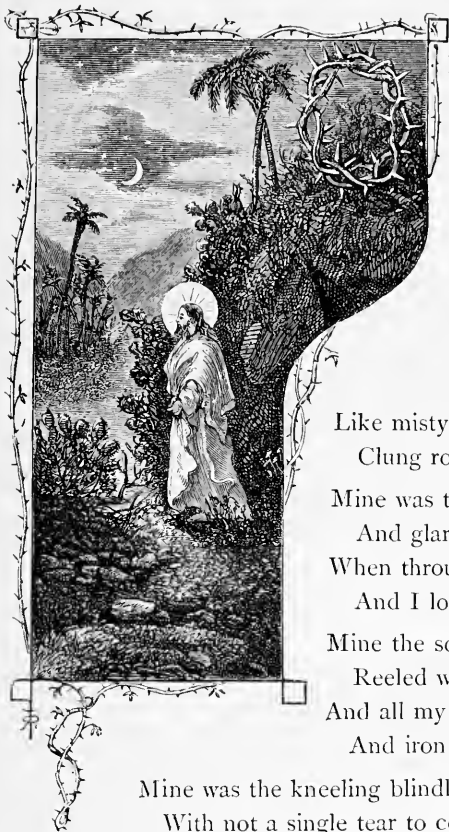
Just then to know
Of our communion here below—
How close it is !
And how, through that deep love of His,
Death but more firmly keeps it so.

ADA CAMBRIDGE



Gethsemane.

G E T H S E M A N E .



H, moonlit garden, solitary Lord,
I too mine hour of agony have known
O' slumbering friends upon the dreary
sward :

Amid life's gloom I kneel with God
alone.

Mine was the midnight, when Hope
seemed a dream ;

When the dread future, wrapt in lurid
cloud,

Like misty shadows looming on dim stream
Clung round my spirit in an icy shroud.

Mine was the madness when foul faces came,
And glared upon me with a passionate eye ;
When through my bounding brain there leapt a flame,
And I longed only to sink down and die.

Mine the soul's agony, when dreadful thought
Reeled wildly o'er my tempest-tossing mind,
And all my life with hellish fear was fraught,
And iron death-bells tolled on every wind.

Mine was the kneeling blindly through the night,
With not a single tear to cool my pain ;
Mine the death-grapple of the Wrong with Right,
Mine the red dawn above a lurid pain.

Mine the deep joy, soft angel-words to hear—
“ Kneel on—kneel on, and pray the selfsame prayer.”
Upon my fevered brow fell Heaven's love-tear,
Far from my spirit fled the fiend, Despair.

To-morrow, I can hang upon Thy cross.
Take Thou the nails and hammer in Thine hands :
I care not how the mob beneath me toss,
If but the Crucified beside me stands.

THOU wilt not go away when, through the gloom,
Steals treacherous Doubt, with lying Judas-kiss.
I do not dread the silence of the tomb,
For any death, if shared with Thee, is bliss.

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Gethsemane ! Joy hath not flowers so sweet
As those which cluster on thine olive slope :
Beneath the crimson sheen of Jesus' feet
Springs up the blossom of a deathless hope.

Oh, not as I, but as Thou wilt, my Lord !
I will not put aside Thy cup of pain ;
Sorrow is turned to gladness at Thy word.
And life's Gethsemane becomes a gain.

REV. ALAN BRODRICK, M.A.

THE SYMPATHIES OF CHRIST.



NE Person in two Natures—God and Man ;"
On this high rock Thy Church's feet are set ;
So at Chalcedon her confession ran,
And so she owns Thee yet.

But oft the mind, in this our pilgrim state,
Truth in two aspects can but dimly see ;
And, in our weakness, oft we separate
What thus are joined in Thee.

So, knowing all God's worship to be Thine,
We strain our souls to praise Thee, Light of Light ;
But Thou art not less human than Divine—
Thy Manhood claims its right.

We say, " He searcheth all things—through and through,
Scans what arose from nothing at His call ;
Therefore He knows our sorrows." True, O true !
But, Brother ! is that all ?

Thou took'st on Thee this flesh and soul of ours ;
And they, by that assumption glorified ;
And now, enriched with yet sublimer powers,
For ever Thine abide.

And therefore, O most merciful High Priest !
Thy human heart is strong to sympathise
At once with all Thy chiefest and Thy least—
All meet those pitying eyes.

The Sympathies of Christ.

All claim alike the fulness of Thy care,
That rests on all as each, on each as all ;
The world-wide Church—a little one at prayer—
A village bier and pall ;

Watchers that strive for hope when hope is none ;
Spirits worn out with lonely grief or pain ;
Each tearful mother pleading for the son
She ne'er may greet again ;

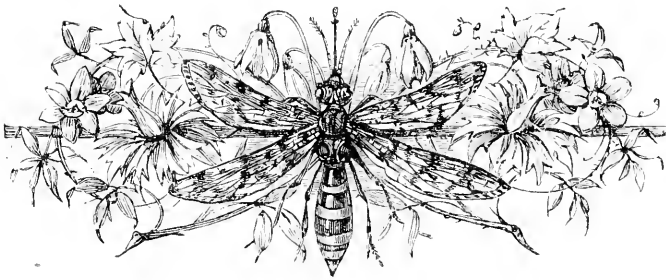
The faithful met to share the Sacrifice ;
Pastors in toil, and minds oppressed with doubt ;
Wanderers that groan, " I will, I will arise,
He will not cast me out : "

All these, and every soul Thy Blood has bought,
May find in Thee a perfect human Friend ;
To each the vastness of Thy human thought
Doth full attention bend.

And as Thy Flesh is ne'er bestowed in part,
So comes entirely, simply, as a whole,
This real Presence of Thy mind and heart
To each believing soul.

So let us welcome this surpassing grace,
This wondrous fruit of Incarnation's tree ;
Spring forth to meet Thy brotherly embrace,
And yield our hearts to Thee.

REV. WILLIAM BRIGHT, M.A.,
Fellow of University College, Oxford.



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A DESERTED HOUSE.



HAVE no guest-chamber to offer, Lord,
No furnished upper room to bid Thee to ;
The dwelling that I have might be abhorred
If other eye its wretchedness should view.

I would not scorn the building—it is Thine,
Thou mad'st it for Thyself, and mad'st it fair ;
But ravenous beasts, through carelessness of mine,
Have seized and used it for their unclean lair.

The walls, that glorious pictures should adorn,
Are well-nigh hid with worthless imagery ;
The snowy, silken curtains droop forlorn—
Alas ! that soiled and tattered they should be !

And overlaid with rubbish and with dust
Is the white beauty of its marble floor :
Yea, it might fill a stranger with disgust,
For miry feet have trod it o'er and o'er.

The windows that Thou mad'st like diamonds pure,
So to admit unchanged the spotless light,
Alas, are dim, and clouded, and obscure—
'Tis hard sometimes to know the day from night.

I have no guest-chamber to offer, Lord,
No furnished upper room to bid Thee to ;
Unless Thou wilt Thyself the power afford
To sweep its floor, and deck its walls anew.

Earth's meanest hovel would with glory shine
If Thou wert there,—would be with splendour gilt :
Filled with Thy Presence it would grow divine,
Then how much more this house which Thou hast built !

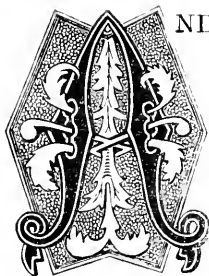
JANE BUDGE



The Rest of God.



THE REST OF GOD.



ND yet once more I dreamed. The ages hoary,
Had vanished like the vapour ; Time had run
His race, and rested. All the mingled story
Of Life and Death was done.

But Life was born anew, and Death for ever
Was buried and forgotten ; and I seemed
Like one returning to his childhood. Never
Was brighter vision dreamed

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Than mine : a world in new-wrought lustre glowing,
Fresh from its fiery bath, like virgin gold,
Or maiden star, no stain of mixture knowing-
Cast in a perfect mould.

Lapt in soft airs lay its green slopes outspreading,
Large landscapes, severed by no envious seas ;
A Paradise all over : silver threading,
The rivers coursed the leas,

And intertwined, and rang sweet changes, falling
In bosks and combs (that evermore had made
A covenant with summer), to the calling
Of doves from out the shade.

I heard a voice, as of great waters, crying,
"The Lord God is come down to dwell with men ;
To wipe away their tears, to end their sighing,
Creating all again."

And lo ! far off, in purest ether shining,
The summits of a City large and fair
I spied ; and, on a silver cloud reclining,
Methought I journeyed there.

As near I drew, burst on my dazzled vision
A light as of all jewels ; clearer far
Than moonlight, or than sunlight—more Elysian
Than of heaven's brightest star.

Her walls of gold, her gates of pearl were fashioned,
Her every street with hyaline was paved ;
And at each gate, with looks of love impassioned,
His wand an angel waved,

I saw no temple there, for all was holy ;
The Lord God was its light ; its very air
Was love and worship : all the region wholly
Was vocal with one prayer.

And every breeze that made the air to quiver,
Came fragrant from the trees of life that grew
On this side and on that a crystal river,
That rolled that City through.

And every sound on that sweet quiet breaking,
Was of some heart, where, housed in happy throng,
Thoughts tuned to psalms, or louder praises waking
All minstrelsy, all song.

"I am with Thee."

But while each sense with full delight was burning,
Amidst this wilderness of bliss I pined,
And sought my fellows, with the olden yearning
To commune with my kind.

And, as I gazed, I heard a sound of singing,
Of waving pinions, and of rustling feet ;
And a bright crowd, their easy way half-winging,
Swept down the golden street.

But who shall tell the rapture, and the longing,
Which thrilled my soul those creatures fair to see,
That such, no law of that bright country wronging,
My kindred yet might be ?

But, as I looked, on all those radiant faces
One Name I saw, one nature wrought and wreathed ;
Pure beauty, truth unsullied, faultless graces
From every feature breathed.

Then, waxing bold, I cried, " Oh, glorious strangers,
Who, who are these in sun-bright garments clad ?
What land is this, where all the happy rangers
For evermore are glad ?

" Speak !—for its weight of joy my spirit weepeth !"
I heard a voice once more, which seemed to say,
" Lo ! Earth hath entered into rest, and keepeth
Her endless Sabbath Day."

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, D.A

"I AM WITH THEE."



IN lonely hours, when all seems drear,
When all bright gleams depart,
No kindly voice or smile to cheer,
And sighs unbidden start,
Sink not, oh, weary soul ; but turn
Thee to that loving Breast,
Where all their comfort mourners learn,
Where is thine only rest.

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More than a father's tender care,
Or mother's yearning sweet;
More than a friend's devotion, there
Shall thy deep longings meet.

There shalt thou find a peace, a calm
No worldly joy bestows ;
There taste of purer, sweeter balm
Than from earth's fountains flows.

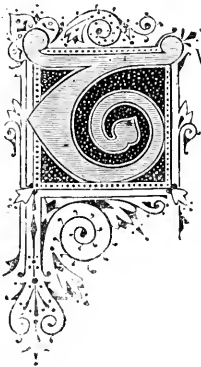
What grief can find an entrance sure
Where Jesus doth abide ?
Or pining loneliness endure
At His beloved side ?

O Thou true Treasure of my heart !
More than whole worlds of bliss,
More than my life to me Thou art—
With Thee what can I miss ?

For ever let me hold me fast
By Thee, my God, my might :
Thou art Thy children's own Repast,
Their dearest, best Delight.

CAROLINE SELLON.

THE EARLY SACRAMENT.



WAS early morning, in the winter-time,
The sun just struggling through dark rifts of cloud ;
The air was filled with music, sweet and loud,
That echoed from the church-bells' pealing chime.

I entered quietly, by chancel-door ;
More dear than ever did the old Church seem,
Like vision faint of Heaven discerned in dream.
Deep shadows lingered on the marble floor.

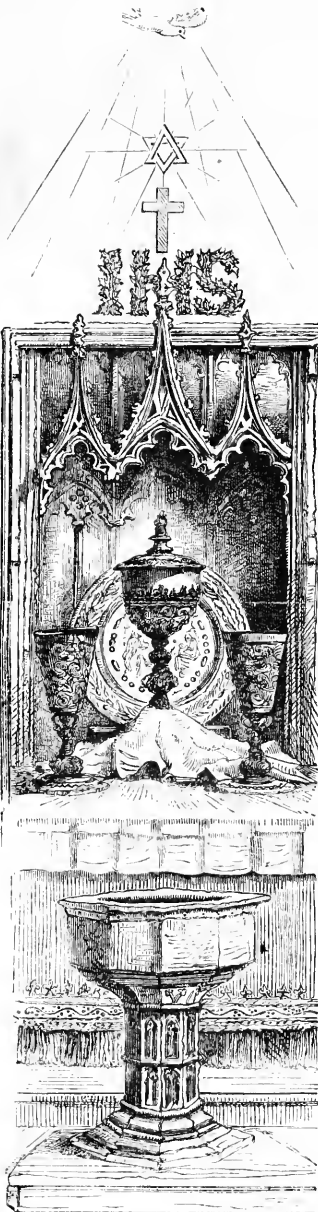
The Early Sacrament.



While from each window, with its golden glow,
Some blessed story of the Gospel shone,
Bidding each weary pilgrim journey on
To that Bright Land they all at last shall know.

The Feast was ready, and the Table spread
With heavenly Food, in presence of our foes ;
There for the faint the Cup that overflows,
And for the hungry soul the living Bread.

I knelt before His Table, longing there
Deep draughts to drink from out Salvation's well ;
Praying the Christ within my heart to dwell,
And make it evermore His temple fair !



And as I knelt, a gladness o'er me came,
Not all of earth, but calm, and full of rest ;
And, like St. John upon the Saviour's breast,
I felt the sweetness of that blessed Name.

O Feast of love and solace ! what they lose
Who turn away from Banquet so divine !
Who leave untasted Heaven's most strengthening Wine
And Manna !—God's own Bread from Heaven refuse !

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.

THE BAPTISTRY.

ONE winter eve, at twilight, when the sound
Of sorrowful winds scarce troubled Nature's rest,
As she lay sleeping, with her hair unbound,
Holding her grey robe to her shining breast,

I entered through a low-arched oaken door,
Circled with curious sculpture ; and I crept
With slow, hushed footsteps, o'er the shadowed floor,
Where organ-notes in sudden silence slept.

Far down the aisle, where darkness seemed to brood
With such wide-spreading wings, and where the sigh
Of murmured prayer scarce came, until I stood
In the deep stillness of the Baptistry.

There, in the dim side-chapel, no bright glow
From jewelled windows on the wall was shed ;
No sunbeam rested on the font below,
Nor kissed those mighty circles overhead.

Soft lines and curves went upward, and were lost
In solemn shadow and in dreamy space ;
Only the level floor was faintly crost
With glimmering brightness from the holy place.

And, as I listened, I heard music sweet,
Trembling and swelling through the soundless air ;
Threading dark circles, as if an angel's feet
Were bidden to bring its message to me there.

The Baptistry.

Ah ! and the echo of those anthem notes
Wanders and whispers in my heart for aye :
In all my life the mystic language floats,
Fitful and faint, as in my ears that day.

One whom we knew had entered into rest ;
Calm on the pillow lay his hoary head !
And through that music spoke, in accents blest,
Our holy Mother's voice—hallowing the dead :

Telling of perfect peace, of labours done,
Of long years' sorrow turned to joy at last :
The quiet sleep, when battles all are won—
The hush of evening when the day is past.

I looked upon the font, and mused of all
Its wondrous meaning, till my thoughts grew dim,
And vast, and shadowy, as these columns tall—
Morning of life for me—death's night for him !

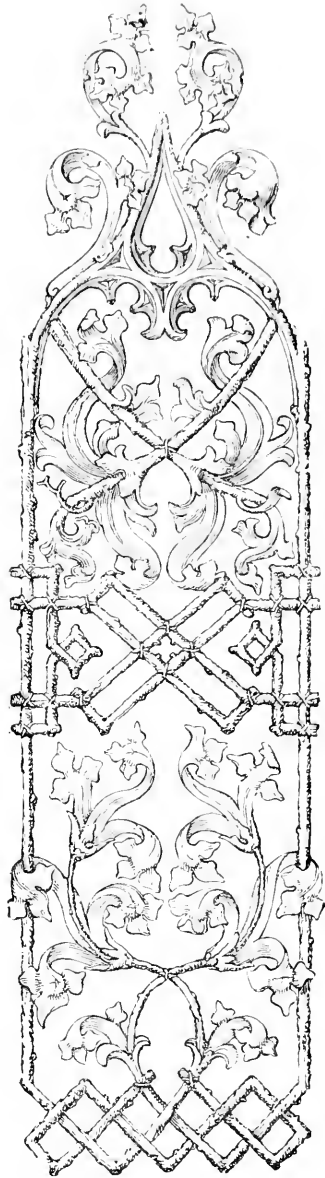
How fancy tried to span that awful space
Between the two—between the here and there !
To bridge the nave—up to that blessed Place
Where light and song streamed on the chancel-stair

Dim recollections drifted through my brain—
Echoing footfalls of past childish years,
When the baptismal robe had less of stain,
E'en though unwashed by penitential tears.

I saw the gloomy shadows o'er my head,
And sighed to think how I had suffered loss ;
I saw the soft light, and was comforted,
Knowing it shone straight from the chancel-cross.

A few more steps, until I stood below
The towering minster coronet again,
Where on my face that pure and gentle glow
Fell, like a pitying kiss in time of pain.

Down to my feet it streamed ; a passage dim,
With hosts of phantom-shapes on either side,
It drifted through ;—as songs of seraphim
Breathe through our mourning hearts at Easter-tide.

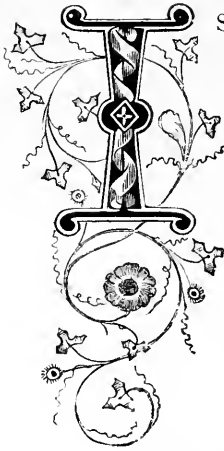


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Looking up then, I seemed to see my life—
A long, dim vista, where the rays descend—
Where light and darkness wage continual strife;
But only light—the full light—at the end.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.



SEE Thee, Saviour, as Thou satest there,
In drouth and weariness, the well beside—
A single palm-tree shields Thee from the glare.
I see the Syrian woman, wonder-eyed,
Before Thee stand—
The empty pitcher hanging from her hand.
I hear Thy words of warning mercy flow,
Soft to the sinful while they chide the sin;
I watch the graveness of her wonder grow
As rises high an answering voice within,
And straight she learns
Her need—and for the draught diviner years.

It was in eastern summers, long gone by,
Thou askedst water from the olden spring:
Desiring eyes beheld Thee—Thou wert nigh
To those that languished, heavenly boons to bring;
But now no more
Treadest the Shechem vale, the Jordan shore.

It was in Hebrew history, long gone by,
And Thou wert walking toward the Cross-crowned goal,
A human sympathy was in Thine eye,
A lonely sorrow in Thy burdened soul,
And Thou didst bear
For the world's weal a doom which none might share.

Still is the blessèd story Gospel-good—
Thou by the wells of life art waiting yet
For peace and pardon to be sought and sued,
And troubled men may still their guilt forget,
And slake their pain,
Quaff light, and hope, and love, nor thirst again.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.



SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

O forth ! though weeping, bearing precious seed ;
 Still sow in faith, though not a blade is seen.
 Go forth ! the Lamb himself the way will lead,
 The everlasting Arms are o'er thee spread,
 And grain shall ripen where thy tears have been.

Take up thy burden, bear it joyfully ;
 Fear not sin's darkest cave to enter in.
 Though fierce thy foe, yet Israel's Lord is nigh,
 And o'er thy fellow-men He hears thee sigh,
 Seeking for Him thou lovest a soul to win.

Go forth ! there is no shadow on thy brow,
 No tear that rises, no swift cry to bless
 The seed thou bearest, but He heedeth. Thou
 Shalt soon rejoice—light breaketh even now :
 On to the mark of thy high calling press.

The pastures of the wilderness may mock
 Thine earnest labours. Look thou to the hills :

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God shall the chambers of His dew unlock,
Till living water from the smitten rock
With fertilising streams each furrow fills.

Fret not for sheaves : a holy patience keep ;
Look for the early and the latter rain,
For all that faith hath scattered love shall reap.
Gladness is sown : thy Lord may let thee weep,
But not one prayer of thine shall be in vain.

'Tis thy Belovèd gently beckons on ;
His love illumines for thee each passing cloud.
When yon fair land of light at last is won,
And seed time o'er, and harvest work begun,
He'll own the fruit that shadows now enshroud.

Behold ! the Master standeth at the door !
Cry for Sabaoth's Lord ! raise thou thy voice !
Short hour of labour, soon shall it be o'er :
The dawn is breaking, night shall be no more ;
Then with Thy harvest, Lord, Thou shalt rejoice.

ANNA SHIPTON.



THE GOLDEN CENSER.

STAND in the choir, and watch the sunset blushing
O'er the cold marble of the pillars there ;
While the soft organ-note all thought is hushing
Into the low, sweet melody of prayer.

Just raise your eyes to where the light is shining,
From the Queen's window to the oaken screen ;
See those rich colours with the cross entwining,
And all that dazzling flood of gold between.

Look how it touches with its radiant finger
A shining robe, or upturned boyish face,
Then passes on, as though it loved to linger
Amid the beauty of that holy place.

The Golden Censer.

Follow its course, e'en till the soft gleam, dying
Upon the chancel-step, is seen no more—
Just where the light of your life should be lying,
Close to the threshold of the golden door.

Ah, see those massive pillars, fair, but hoary ;
The delicate carving on those solid walls ;
And those bright panes, through which the morning glory
And dreaming moonlight ever softly falls.

See, too, the fine-wrought tracery abounding—
The matchless jewelled altar-coronet,
Where those last rays of sunset-light, surrounding,
Gleam on the gems that are so thickly set :

Reminding one of all that wealth adorning
The fair, great Temple that King Solomon built,
Whose splendour God ne'er looked upon in scorning,
Though it was shadowed with our own world's guilt.

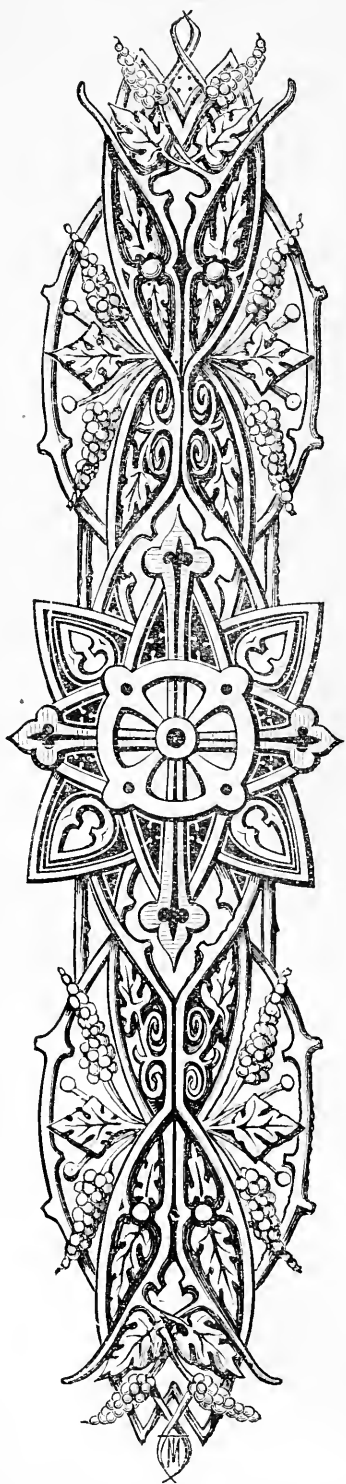
And say, is it not beautiful, this censer,
From which the daily prayer and praise ascends—
Rising from weary hearts with hope intenser
Than all the fear and doubt with which it blends ?

Is it not fair, this shrine of alabaster,
Which holds the perfume that He loves so well ?
And should the Temple of our mighty Master
Be made less fair, wherein he deigns to dwell ?

Shall we begrudge His own created beauty
That precious ointment for His sacred feet ?
Is not our fondest wish, and proudest duty
That all we offer shall be rich and sweet ?

ADA CAMBRIDGE.





SUBMISSION.

“O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.”—
Psalm lxxv. 2.

FATHER, I come to Thee,

And kneel in lowliness before Thy shrine :
My soul anew would consecrated be ;
My aims, my hopes, my wishes all be Thine.

Let every storm be stayed,
Each throb of selfish care forgotten be ;
My heart, no more of earthly ills afraid,
Resigns its all to Thee !

Calm dawn of peace,
Oh, bless, my soul, once more a welcome guest ;
Bid each rude chord of worldly passion cease,
And sorrow bring no more its dark unrest.

Thou before Whom
The purest angel veils his radiant face,
To Thee, the High, the Holy One, I come,
Pleading for strength, for mercy, and for grace.

Thou who dost see
The agony a human heart can bear,
In loneliness I yield to Thy decree—
In loneliness beseech Thy hand to spare.

Weary of life, the wounded spirit faints,
Yet bows in confidence beneath Thy rod ;
The hour will come when, freed from earth's restraints,
My soul shall know Thee nearer, O my God !

A little way
Still reaches onward in this human strife ;
Press on, my soul ! for an eternal day
Shall consummate the close of mortal life.

Imperfect though my prayer,
My heart its future state resigns to Thee.
If but Thy favour I may seek to share,
My lot whilst here can never hopeless be.

I would not weary be ;
For sorrow ceases when the goal is won.
I would with joy be what Thou makest me :
Father, in earth as heaven, Thy will be done !

Left Behind.



LEFT BEHIND.



E whisper, "It is over now for thee,"
Standing in presence of the holy dead :
Over the pain we long have wept to see,
Over the struggle dread.

Over the wistful looking back to life,
The daily haunting of the word, "Farewell,"
The secret woe of flesh and soul at strife
No utterance might tell.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Over the speechless heavenward appeal,
When past and future urge their strange alarms,
And the faint soul must lower sink to feel
The everlasting Arms.

Over for us, alas ! upon the stair
No more we hear their footsteps come and go,
No more their voices when we meet in prayer,
Accordant, sweet, and low.

No more their beauty-loving eye discerns
The green wheat springing in the fields afar,
The haunt of purple briony, or ferns,
The first pale evening star.

No more their magic memory wakes to words,
Poems and legends heard in bygone days,
And caught upon the wing like singing birds,
Or snatched like hedgerow sprays.

No more their eyes light up to meet our joy,
Nor their caressing hands allay our pain,
And chase the petty torments that annoy
Our busy heart and brain.

No more they make their life's experience ours,
To keep like jewels they have won and worn,
Saying, " Here grew the wheat, and here the flowers,
Here lies a hidden thorn."

Over ! no more ! oh, words, for us ye strike
The key-note of bereavement's funeral song,
Which, high or low, all voices sing alike
In solemn choral song !

Over ! no more ! oh, words, for them ye sound
The key-note of a calm, triumphal hymn,
Where voices of the angels are not found,
Nor heaven-born seraphim !

A song for those that, safe from sin and loss
Beyond the sea, are resting on the shore—
Who, 'neath the crown, look backward to the cross :
Over ! No more !—no more !

ELIZABETH HORSLEY WHITEMAN.

" Mary ! " " Master ! "

" MARY ! " " MASTER ! "

ST. JOHN XX. 16.



ARY!"—that voice is ever in mine ears,
When Carmel's oak-wood glistens through the morn,
Floats back again an echo of lost years,
I see myself once more a mark of scorn.
" Master," I sail across life's stormy tide,
Yet o'er its waves I clasp the Crucified.

" Mary!"—I hear His mother's virgin name,
Oft on His lips its music wont to play ;
I see myself the same, and not the same,
As when I met Him on that glorious day.
" Master!"—my soul sped forth on one wild cry :
" A devil chains me ! Free me, or I die ! "

" Mary!"—I recollect His wondrous grace,
Wreathed in a rainbow arch of holy tears,
That fled like sunlit rain along His face,
I recollect a flight of lonely fears ;
" Master," no fairer dream henceforth I know
Than Thy love ; dawn above my midnight woe.

" Mary!"—in olden days, when I was young,
And found some beauty in the dreariest scene,
When fancy left for me no tale unsung
Of all things brave and gay that once had been,
" Master!"—I listened for my lover's feet,
And felt that any death for him were sweet.

" Mary!"—I was not beautiful, yet life
In burning Eastern fire ran through my veins ;
He left me to a woman's anguished strife—
On the dry rock the torrents' scar remains.
" Master," 'twas Thine to love—to love in vain ;
Mine, too, the eloquence of master pain.

" Mary!"—God made all beautiful but me ;
I lacked Time's fleeting trick of lip and eye :
Yet tracked I genius through His mystery ;
Who could do more than live, and droop, and die ?
" Master!"—I fled along Despair's salt creek ;
My thirsty sorrow rose in one wild shriek.

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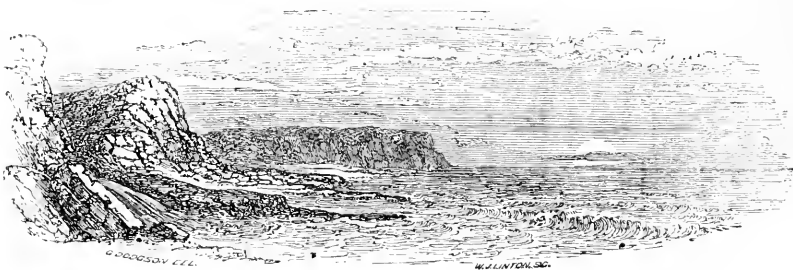
"Mary!"—the sere sedge lapped the briny yeast ;
 Crept o'er the steamy flats the sluggish tide ;
Flapped the gorged sea-bird from her carrion-feast :
 I twined a sea-weed chaplet for a bride.
"Master!"—amid dead pools I lost my way ;
One like a shepherd led me from Death's bay.

"Mary!"—a little lamb lay on His breast ;
 I heard His whisper musically kind.
O'er all my fevered brain there stole a rest—
 The shout of baffled spirits smite the wind.
"Master," Thy shepherd staff still decks Thy hand ;
Lead me on, even to my Fatherland.

"Mary!"—how often, 'mid each haunted night,
 I heard Thee whisper round my wakeful bed ;
When spectral horrors rose in ghastly might
 I heard Thy guardian angel near me tread ;
"Master," I give my woman's heart to Thee,
Take it, and veil it, Lord, in purity.

"Mary!"—His own He calleth still by name ;
 His voice they know, and ever follow Him.
Jesus, sweet Shepherd, 'mid all time the same,
 Awake through all my soul Love's lofty hymn.
"Master," whom have I on this earth but Thee ?
Oh, for Thy summer roses o'er earth's wintry lea !

REV. ALAN BRODRICK, M.A.



In an Attic.



IN AN ATTIC.



HIS is my attic room. Sit down, my friend.

My swallow's nest is high, and hard to gain ;
The stairs are long and steep ; but at the end
The rest repays the pain.

For here are peace and freedom ; room for speech
Or silence, as may suit a changeful mood ;
Society's hard by-laws do not reach
This lofty altitude.

You hapless dwellers in the lower rooms
See only bricks and sand and windowed walls ;

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But here, above the dust and smoky glooms,
Heaven's light unhindered falls.

So early in the street the shadows creep,
Your night begins while yet my eyes behold
The purpling hills, the wide horizon's sweep,
Flooded with sunset gold.

The day comes earlier here. At morn I see
Along the roofs the eldest sunbeam peep ;
I live in daylight, limitless and free,
While you are lost in sleep.

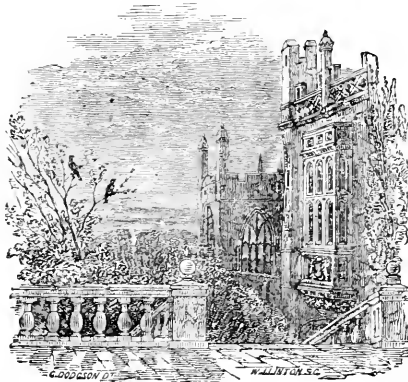
I catch the rustle of the maple-leaves,
I see the breathing branches rise and fall,
And hear, from their high perch along the eaves,
The bright-necked pigeons call.

Far from the parlours with their garrulous crowds
I dwell alone, with little need of words ;
I have mute friendships with the stars and clouds,
And love-trysts with the birds.

So all who walk steep ways in grief and night,
Where every step is full of toil and pain,
May see, when they have gained the sharpest height,
It has not been in vain.

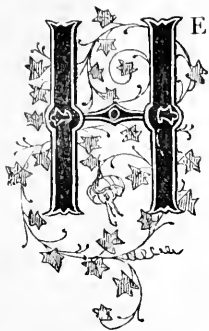
Since they have left behind the noise and heat ;
And, though their eyes drop tears, their sight is clear :
The air is purer, and the breeze is sweet,
And the blue heaven more near.

ELIZABETH AKERS.



"And there was no more Sea."

EASTER-EVE.



He resteth. It is Sabbath now ;

His Father's perfect work is o'er—
The riven heart can throb no more,
And painless lies the piercèd Brow.

Beneath the linen's reverent fold
Dead silence seals His lips of grace :
Marred beyond all, that holy Face
Only His angels now behold.

Without, the world of deadly strife—
The Roman watch, the sealèd stone ;
Within He lies, Who is alone
The Resurrection and the Life.

O God, the rest remains with Thee ;
Thine Holy One is guarded well !
Thou wilt not leave His soul in hell,
Nor shall His flesh corruption see.

Now teach us in Thy loving fear,
How loss is gain, and gain is loss.
Our sins be fastened to His cross—
Our evil self be buried here.

REV. H. G. TOMKINS, M.A.

"AND THERE WAS NO MORE SEA."

REV. xxi. i.



HERE shall be no more sea.
O mightiest image of unrest and change,
That through thy world-wide halls dost darkling range,
Deep must the calm seem, and the comfort strange,
Where thou mayst never be !

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There shall be no more sea.
No wistful looks of eyes that look in vain
Across the white waves of the wasteful main,
No inconsolable, heart-breaking strain
Of sea-born misery.

There shall be no more sea.
No fear wild-fancied, no suspense are there,
No desperate hope, no panic-passioned prayer,
No final knell of uttermost despair
And forlorn agony.

There shall be no more sea.
No fair aims fickle as an ocean scene,

The Storm on the Galilean Lake.

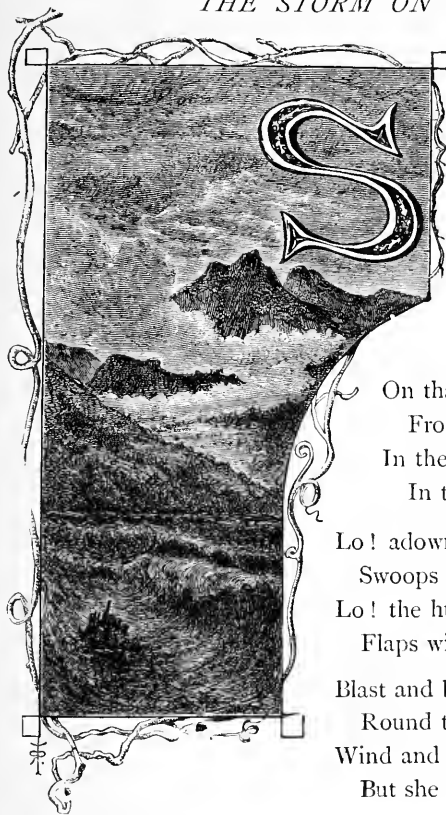
No fitful faith, with lapses foul atween ;
But proven love, triumphant trust serene,
And perfect purity.

There shall be no more sea.
No sea—no night—no storm—no blind farewell,
No gloom o'er fond hearts from death-shadows fell,
No baleful possibilities to quell
The glory and the glee.

There shall be no more sea.
No dread of loss, no memory of wrong,
No crownless brow in all the blood-bought throng,
No sea-like sadness in the choral song
Of general jubilee.

JOSEPH TRUMAN

THE STORM ON THE GALILEAN LAKE.



HONE the sun no more on purple mountain,
Lush gay greenery, and tangled thorn,
Bird of brilliant plume, and silver fountain,
Oleander's rose, and golden corn.

Lay the fair lake stretched in tranquil slumber ;
Closed was now her eye of heavenly blue :
O'er her watched the stars in countless number ;
Round her Night its sable mantle drew.

On that dark expanse went, gaily gliding,
From the western shore a fisher-craft—
In the slumber of the mere confiding,
In the evening breeze which blew abaft.

Lo ! adown yon rift which glooms above her
Swoops from his drear wild the eastern gale :
Lo ! the hungry waves her bulwarks cover,
Flaps with dirge-like sound the shattered sail.

Blast and billow round that barque are raging ;
Round that frail barque blast and billow rave ;
Wind and wave 'gainst her wild war are waging ;
But she bears the Lord of wind and wave.

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With the long day's heat and burden weary
 (Shepherd good, tending His suffering sheep),
Worn, I wis, with many a night-watch dreary,
 'Mid the turmoil Jesus lay asleep.

Slept the Lord on that rough fisher-pillow :
 Round Him broke the sad upbraiding cry
(For their barque was sinking 'neath the billow),
 "Carest thou not, oh, Master, that we die?"

Soft as murmur of the evening breezes
 O'er the stillness of the summer sea,
Heard they then the mild reproof of Jesus—
 " Fearful hearts, why trust ye not in Me ?"

O'er the turmoil hath His voice resounded,
 And the Word of God hath uttered " Peace !"
And the raging waves have shrunk confounded,
 And the threatenings of the wild wind cease.

Wondered then those men who saw His power :
 Whispered they, affrighted, " Who is He
At Whose voice the mighty storm-blasts cower—
 At Whose will is stilled the surging sea ?"

Freed that frail barque from her tribulation ;
 Her, wild wind and wave no more molest :
They who sought the Lord, and found salvation,
 In the haven where they would be, rest.

So, amid life's storms if terror seize us,
 Heard His mild reproof, as air of balm :
So rebukes our foes the voice of Jesus,
 And the soul fares on in holy calm.

So, from Passion's and from Care's molesting,
 From the turmoil of the deadly strife,
To the haven where they would be resting,
 Bringeth He the voyagers of life.

REV. JOHN HOSKYNs ABRAHALL, M.A.



Pity Me, Lord.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

“ And when they found Him not, they turned back again unto Jerusalem,
seeking Him.”



AMONG my kinsfolk, and my friends,
I sought for Christ, but found Him not.
The joy of earth in sadness ends,
The love of hearts is oft forgot.
Each hath his own familiar cares,
And others' burdens lightly bears.

I sought for Christ, but found Him not ;
Sorrowing, O, whither shall I turn ?
Lo ! Zion's gates, yon hallowed spot,
Where praise and prayer like incense burn
Back to Thy temple I'll repair,
Secure, with joy, to find Thee there !

I seek for Christ, but find Him not,
Even there, as yet I hope to find.
This long day's march, life's pilgrim-lot,
Rolls on, and He seems oft behind.
But I shall find Whom here I love
In God's Jerusalem above.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B A.

PITY ME, LORD.



DITY me, Lord, I am a little child,
Turn not away from me Thy loving face,
Death's muffled tread creeps heavy o'er the wild,
Fear's thousand phantoms throng in frantic race.
Pity me, Lord, I am Thy little child.
Thy piercèd Hands fall gently o'er my head,
Thou breathest near the kindest kiss of God ;
Why must I sigh my life out for my dead ?
Why writhe in passion-tears beneath His rod ?
Pity me, Lord, I am a little child.

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Last night I felt the storm roar thro' the trees,
Rang the rough rain against the peevish pane,
My soul sailed forth across the gusty seas,
And tracked my sailor-boy along the main ;
Pity me, Lord, I am a little child.

But ah ! wert Thou all night outside my door,
And I so noisy with love's selfish fears ?
Why heard I not Thy patient knock before,
As the dull lamplight flickered through my tears ?
Pity me, Lord, I am a little child.

Come in, my Lord, I dread to be alone,
My fairy palaces are lost in dust,
Hope's morning gladness from Time's stream hath flown,
All the love-worship of my soul is hushed ;
Pity me, Lord, I am a little child.

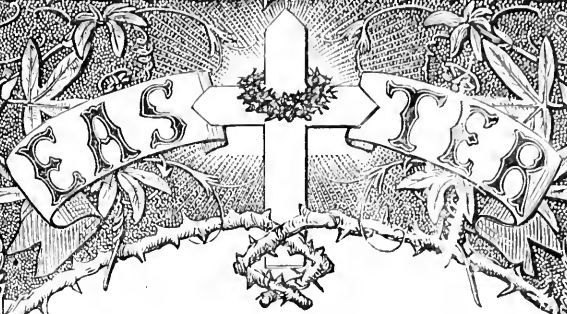
I have been young and strong, and fought my way
Across the bleakest moor and wildest hill,
Stern thunders crash, ye steely lightnings play,
My song no more may stormy triumphs fill.
Pity me, Lord, I am a little child.

My marble shrine is empty of its god,
A broken-hearted man I wake to weep,
I, a sad mother, pace Care's wither'd sod,
And vainly beg a kiss of mocking sleep ;
Pity me, Lord, I am a little child.

Life's room is very dark, pale faces peer
About the dreary curtains of my bed,
And all whom I have loved seem very near,
My brain still beats the music of her dead ;
Pity me, Lord, I am a little child.

He took me in His arms—the stream sang on,
Blue with forget-me-nots, true-hearted stream—
A Father's loving Eyes upon me shone,
Doubts of God's pity fled, a ghastly dream.
Keep me thine ever, Lord, a little child.

REV. ALAN BRODRICK, B.A.



AS Spring's sweet breath after long wintry
snow,

As land to voyager o'er pathless sea,
As daybreak after weary night of woe,
— Is Easter joy to me !

All Lenten shadows over ! and the light
Around us and within so sweet and strong,
Teach us, O risen Master, how aright
To sing our Easter song.

We stand to-day beside Thy open tomb,
We gaze on "linen clothes" with reverent heed,
And hear the angels whispering thro' the gloom,
"Not here—but risen indeed !"

And all the story of Thy love divine
Throbs through our hearts, longing, O Christ, for
Thee.

The bitter chalice, with the deadly wine,
Was drained to set us free.

The grave is dark no more ! a stream of light
He, rising, left behind for all His own.
Death's chain is broken by His arm of might,
And rolled away the stone.

Now Easter-light flushes the morning sky,
Thy Form we see, all changed, and yet the same.
Master ! we kneel before Thee ; hear our cry,
And call us each by name.*

When evening shadows lengthen all around,
And we to Emmaus take our weary way,
With us, O risen Saviour, still be found,
And turn our night to day.

W. L. THOMAS.

* "Jesus saith unto her, Mary."—John xx. 16.

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And from Thy radiant throne of light above,
Oh, send us, till our desert wanderings cease,
Thine own best legacy of tender love,
Thy sweetest gift of peace !

Then, at the last, when all shall wake who sleep,
Made like to Thee, in raiment white and fair,
Oh, bid us welcome to Thy home, to keep
Our endless Easter there !

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.

CONSOLATIONS.



WHOU askest a word of comfort : may our Saviour,
Dear friend, His word of comfort speak to thee ,
Compass thee round with His abiding favour,
And still thy solace and thy guardian be.

Along thy path of life may He attend thee.
Fear not, nor let the eye of faith grow dim ;
For He is near thee, He will still befriend thee—
He is thy Saviour ; put thy trust in Him.

Loving He is, and merciful. In meekness
Wait thy appointed time—thy lot fulfil.
He knoweth all thy trials and thy weakness ;
His voice shall cheer thee : "Troubled heart, be still."

Once, when the stormy wind, in anger sweeping,
Lashed with white surf that bark on Galilee,
He, whom the trembling ones thought deeply sleeping,
Rose, and His word rebuked the raging sea.

So now ; to thee, who in thy dark hour fearest,
Lest He should heed thee not, He gently saith
(Oh, may God give thee comfort as thou hearest !):
"Why art thou fearful, thou of little faith ?"

Consolations.

Shalt thou not see the tempest's blast subsiding—
The sunshine breaking o'er the billows' crest ?
Shalt thou not find thy rescued vessel gliding
Gently into the haven of her rest ?

Yes ; after winter comes the sweet spring weather,
And after storm shines forth the sun's bright rays ;
So grief and joy go hand in hand together,
The voice of mourning yields to songs of praise.

And if the past have left its thoughts of sorrow,
The present hath its own good work to do ;
The night of pain shall bring the joyful morrow :
So God hath spoken, and His word is true.

Think, then, of Him, who, though so far above thee,
Looks down with pity, hears each prayer and sigh ;
Though all forsake, that Heavenly Friend will love thee
His ear is ever open to thy cry.

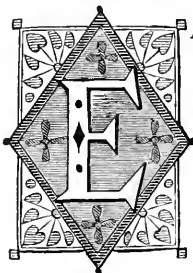
Each good resolve, each holier aspiration,
Each humble prayer for mercy and for peace,
He knows them all, and He will bring salvation,
And, in His time, will bid thy sorrows cease.

So may God give thee hope, and peace, and blessing ;
In Him all faith, to man all charity ;
And thus His pardon and His love possessing,
Happy the future of thy life shall be.

REV. G. W. BRAMELD, M.A.



EARTH AND HEAVEN.



EARTH, with all its sin and sadness,
Pain and sickness, grief and care ;
Heaven, with its unspoken gladness,
Light and love, and all that's fair ;
How the two contrasted stand—
This dark world, and that bright land !

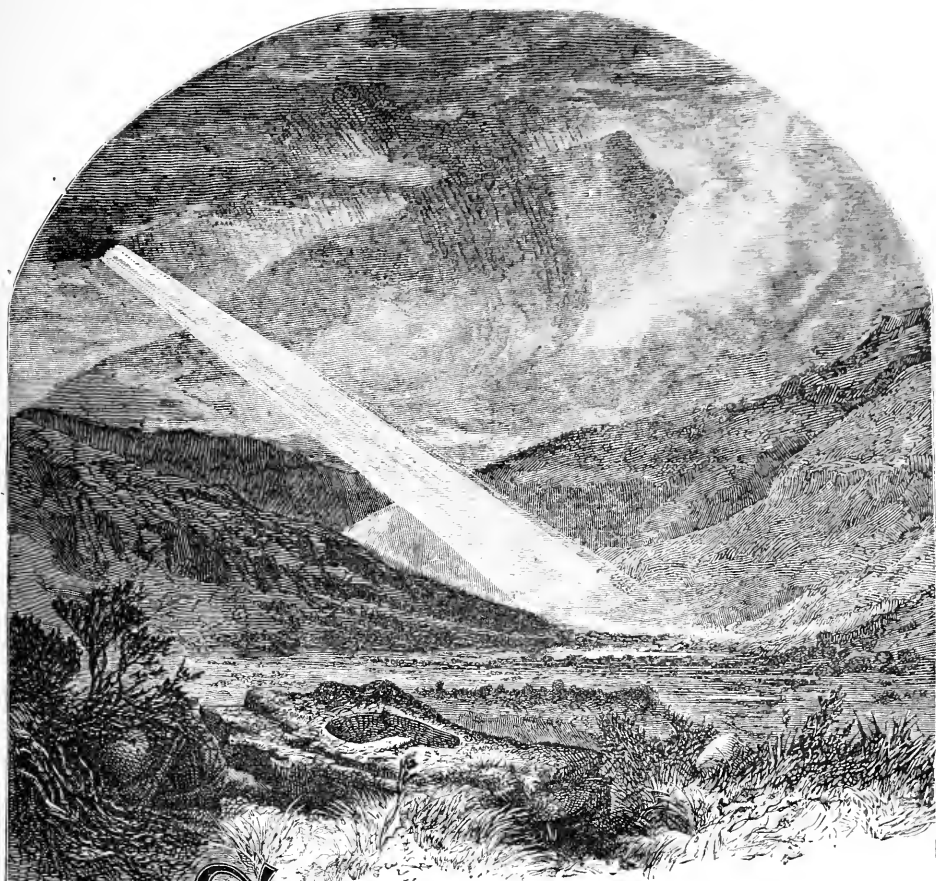
Here the eye grows dim with weeping ;
Here the cheek is wan with woe,
For the loved ones who are sleeping,
For the hopes that are laid low ;—
In the light of heavenly ray
Tears of earth are wiped away.

Here our toilsome way pursuing,
Compass'd round with many foes,
Pleasures are not worth the wooing,
Thorns are found with every rose ;
There the sorrowful are blest ;
There the weary are at rest.

Here a lonely watch we're keeping,
On the battle-plain of life,
Lest the foe should find us sleeping,
And unfitted for the strife ;
There the war and conflict cease—
Heaven is rest and endless peace.

Here our painful cross we're bearing,
Where our Master leads the way ;
Here the shame and grief we're sharing
That for us upon Him lay ;
There we lay our burden down—
Change the cross into the crown.

Here the parting word is spoken,
Where our hearts the closest cling,
And upon the spirit broken,
Like a knell its accents ring ;
There, before the Saviour's throne,
Parting is a word unknown.



WHIT-SUNDAY.

*S*PIRIT of God, in all Thy might
Descend from heaven, as rushing wind!
In Jesu's name
Let fall Thy flame
That we celestial grace may find,
Rejoicing in Thy holy light,
With loving heart and perfect mind.

Oh, hallow Thou the broken Bread ;
The Cup of blessing blessed make ;
In living faith,
As Jesus saith,
May we the heavenly Feast partake—
His Blood for us so freely shed ;
His Body broken for our sake.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Thou who o'er Jordan-stream didst light
In likeness of a spotless dove,
Now, give new birth
To sons of earth,
And fill with faith, and hope, and love ;
Guide evermore our footsteps right
Unto the Father's home above.

Lord and Lifegiver ! Holy Ghost !
In Jesu's love reveal Thine own,
With inward power
This sacred hour.
So shine in every living stone,
That now to the angelic host
The wisdom of our God be known.

REV. HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS, M.A.

"SO HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN."



O ! o'er some the waves are dashing,
Angry tempests round them roar,
Ocean's billows wildly lashing
From the centre to the shore.
Vainly strives the barque to ride them,
Helm unshipped, and gone her mast ;
Yet, 'tis so the Master guides them
To their destined port at last.

So ! round some soft zephyrs playing,
Waft them gently o'er the sea ;
Not an angry wave delaying
From the shore where they would be.
O'er unruffled waters gliding,
Till the pleasant voyage is past,
For, 'tis so the Lord is guiding
To the destined port at last.

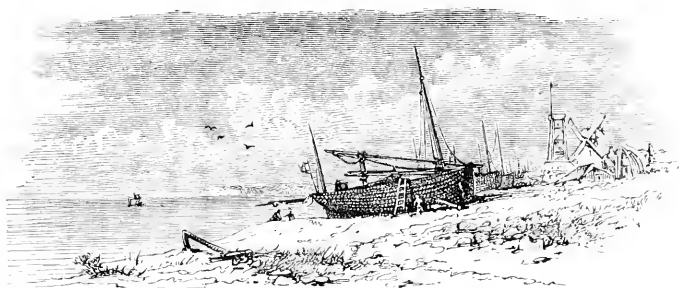
"So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

So ! on some dead calms are resting ;
Or, if these awhile remove,
Baffling head-winds still are breasting
Every faint attempt to move.
By some anchor ever clinging,
In earth's troubled waters cast ;
Yet, 'tis so the Lord is bringing
Them to reach the port at last.

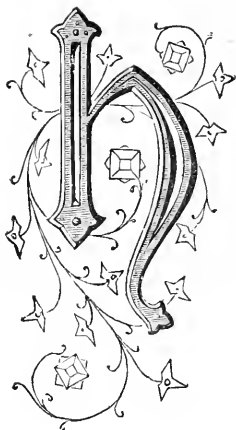
So ! if Thou, O Father, guide us,
If Thy hand is on the helm,
We will trust, whate'er betide us,
We will smile, though seas o'erwhelm.
If Thou but art near to cherish,
From no tempest will we shrink ;
Only crying, "Save ! we perish !"
When our frail barque seems to sink.

Saviour ! Thou didst walk the waters
Long ago in Galilee ;
Help Thy trembling sons and daughters,
Tossed upon a wilder sea.
Let Thy voice, through tempests ringing,
Heard above earth's fiercest blast,
Whisper, "So the Lord is bringing
Each one safely home at last."

R. A. R.



HOW LONG, O LORD!



OW long, O Lord, how long, we ask,
Before our spirits shall be free—
Before we reach the golden land,
And Israel's strong salvation see?

"How long, O Lord, how long!" they cry,
Beneath thine altar day and night,
Who, with impatient hearts, await
The fulness of celestial light.

"How long, O Lord!" creation cries,
The tribes of men take up the strain;
When shall the poor, oppressed go free,
The captive cast away his chain?

O Jesu! who didst win us back
From sin and death to God and grace,
When shall we tread the shining streets,
And see Thy glory face to face?

We are impatient, and forget
The battle stern that must be won;
Help us, O Lord, in Thee to strive,
And then to pray, Thy will be done!

For first the strife and then the crown,
First the day's march, and then the rest,
First come the watch, the cross, the grave,
And then the Sabbath, bright and blest!

Thou art our strength! no foe shall harm,
Thy love shall shield us to the last:
Thou art our life; since Thou hast died,
"The bitterness of death is past."

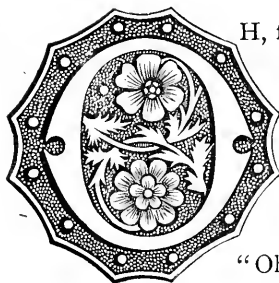
W. CHATTERTON DIX.



The Master and the Disciple.



THE MASTER AND THE DISCIPLE.

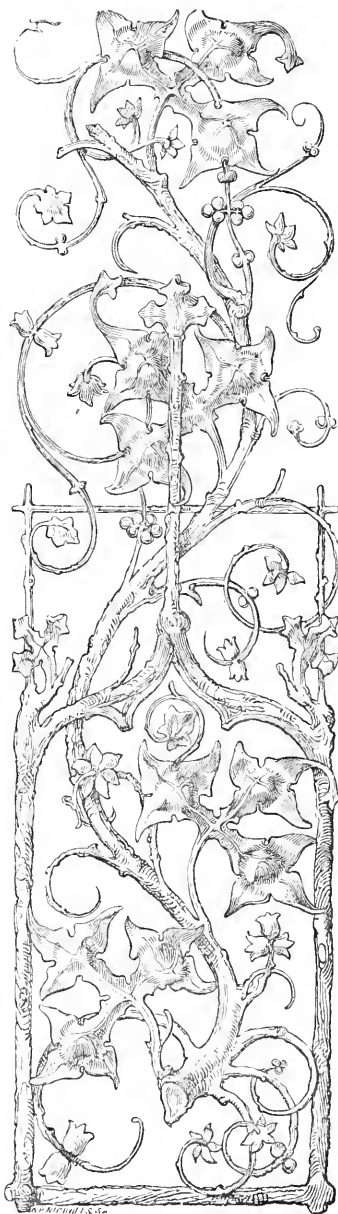


H, for a two-edged sword, my God,
That I may swiftly slay
Each foe of Thine—that I may speed
Thy universal sway!"
"Put up thy sword within its sheath,
My gift is life ; would'st thou deal death?"

"Oh, for the fire from Heaven, my God,
That it may fiercely burn
All those who, following not with me,
To other masters turn."
"With scorching flame would'st thou reprove,
But I must win by fire of Love !

"My son, art thou above thy Lord,
A greater one than He?
When called I for fire or sword?
Thou hast not learnt of Me:
Make Truth thy sword, and Love thy flame,
Then battle in thy Master's name."

W. CHATTERTON DIX.



THE CROSS.

BY the Cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace.
Health from yonder Tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing
From the blessed Sufferer's face.

Here the holy, happy greeting;
Here the calm and joyful meeting—
God with man in glad accord.
Love that Cross to us is telling,
Darkness, doubt, and fear dispelling—
Love in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Here is pardon's pledge and token;
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken—
Righteous peace securely made.
Brightens now the brow once shaded,
Freshens now the face once faded—
Peace with God now makes us glad.

All the love of God is yonder—
Love above all thought and wonder;
Perfect love that casts out fear.
Strength like dew is here distilling,
Glorious life our souls is filling—
Life eternal, only here.

The Old Church Porch.

Here the living water welletth,
Here the rock, now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely given.
This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the City ;
This the very gate of Heaven.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

THE OLD CHURCH PORCH.

THE old Church porch—encircling ivy seems,
Like sanctity, to shut out worldly dreams ;
While from the west Eve's slanting glory streams.

Each patch of moss, the arch so worn and grey—
Entered by generations passed away—
The rude stone bench, all catch the mellowing ray.

The dial, through the ages fixed on high,
Tells thoughtful gazers how the moments fly—
Time's finger pointing to eternity.

The dead sleep near, unrecking sun or shower ;
The last bee hums around the churchyard flower ;
The daw is building in the mouldering tower.

How many here have passed in other day,
Called by the bell from moorlands far away—
Good, simple hearts—to worship God and pray !

I see, borne fondly in, the infant child ;
I see the rough, pleased father—mother mild,
Offering that babe—a Christian undefiled.

Now the once infant enters with his bride,
Smiling in love, and flushed in manhood's pride :
And soon the marriage-bells peal far and wide.

Hush ! there is wailing ; from each cottage door.
Sedate and sad, the humble inmates pour,
To follow to the grave old age no more.



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They bear him through the porch ; the rustic weeps
Once infant, bridegroom, now the patriarch sleeps,
And the sad bell o'er hill and valley sweeps.

Thus through this porch hath Time's calm, slow career
Sent generations, once beloved and dear,
Now o'er their dust few living drop a tear.

But still the ivy trails its solemn green,
The red-rimmed daisy at the porch is seen,
And, friend of death, the yew-tree spreads serene.

And still mild evening shoots its slanting ray,
Warming the moss, the walls so old and grey,
As if an Angel bent to earth its way,

And smiled on this old porch, and kissed the flowers ;
And hark ! a linnet trills soft music-showers,
Adding a charm to evening's golden hours.

O ancient porch ! we dream small histories here :
Witness of many a smile, and many a tear,
Each mossy stone to musing hearts is dear.

NICHOLAS MICHELL,
Author of " Ruins of Many Lands."



Sinai.



SINAI.



SINAI! O thou region of the test ;
O great and terrible wilderness, where-through
Jehovah's ransomed people took their way ;
Behold, thou art a symbol of the world !
Lo ! Christ's regenerate Church,* she, too, hath passed
Through the baptismal waters ; born in sin,
In bondage worse than Egypt's, by the touch
Of that Atoning Blood upon the door,
Of Him, the Paschal Offering of the Cross,
Saved from the evil world and born to God,
She, too, hath trial of the wilderness.

* 1 Cor. x.

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O God of this our Israel ! grant us grace,
Lest we, too, fall. Thou givest us to eat
Of better Manna—yea, the very Bread
That came from Heaven, food for the dying world ;
To drink of better streams—our Rock is Christ,
Not in a figure—to Thy Holiest
A new and living way—our Great High Priest
Hath offered once for all His sacrifice—
And we are come, not to the dreadful Mount,
But to the Holy Hill where Jesus stands—
The length and breadth, and depth and height of love,
With blood of sprinkling for the life of souls !

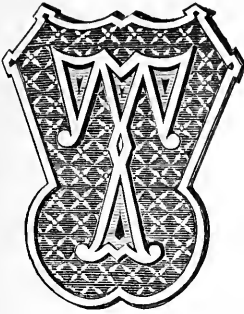
Yet oh ! that we refuse not, give us grace
To heed and hear, to watch, and work, and pray,
That so, through Him, we may attain the end—
The Paradise of Promise ! that sweet land
Where all the mountain heights are beautiful
With Thine eternal Presence, as they gird
That city with foundations built by Thee—
Jerusalem the Golden—where the light
Is Thy clear glory, cloudless evermore,
And the most radiant presence of the Lamb !

REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.



A Consecration Hymn.

*A CONSECRATION HYMN.**



HAT good saint, who first, 'mid rock and heather,
Reared a rude Church here for prayer and praise,
Where the wild kern and his chief together
Came to worship in the olden days ;

From the old Cathedral where he moulders,
Could he rise, with his pale face, and stand
Here with us, the cope upon his shoulders,
And the cross he preached in his right hand ;

He, the dead man, passionless and quiet,
Who has slept out all our restless years,
Our long ages of neglect and riot,
Fierce endeavours, fond regretful tears ;

From beneath his shrine of carven granite
Could he come again to hear men say,
In their jargon of the mart and senate,
" 'Tis the many that make truth to-day ; "

Of earth's cares and angers disencumbered,
All her pitiful strifes and Christless lore,
Would he tell us, " Go, ye are outnumbered,
Rear no churches, preach no Gospel more ? "

Haply rather, standing where the tender
Autumn light has touched this mass of stone.
And the shadow of the tall spire slender
Lies along the land he called his own ;

Where the light shows in the windows painted
Sapphire blue, or green as emerald sod,
In dear memory of the loved and sainted,
And unto the glory of our God ;

Where, in the pure chancel set in order,
Duly wait for all the Bread and Wine,
And fair texts in their illumined border,
From the dead walls speak a truth divine ;

* Written upon the occasion of the opening of the Church of S. Colmanell, Ahogill, Diocese of Connor.

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And the arches echo Hymn and Psalter,
Nor the living stones are wanting there ;
Priest and Prelate, robed beside the altar,
And the crowd that swell the alternate prayer ;—

Rather would the old man's eye be filling,
From his lip thanksgiving loud be wrung,
As he heard that grander ritual thrilling
Round him, in the noble Saxon tongue.

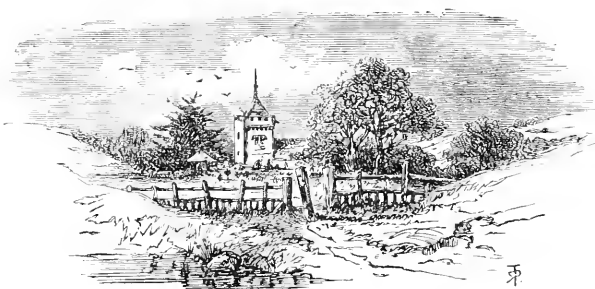
We with deeper, more intense thanksgiving,
Make our finished offering to the Lord ;
Not from dead men's lips, but from the living,
Should the loud laudates here be poured.

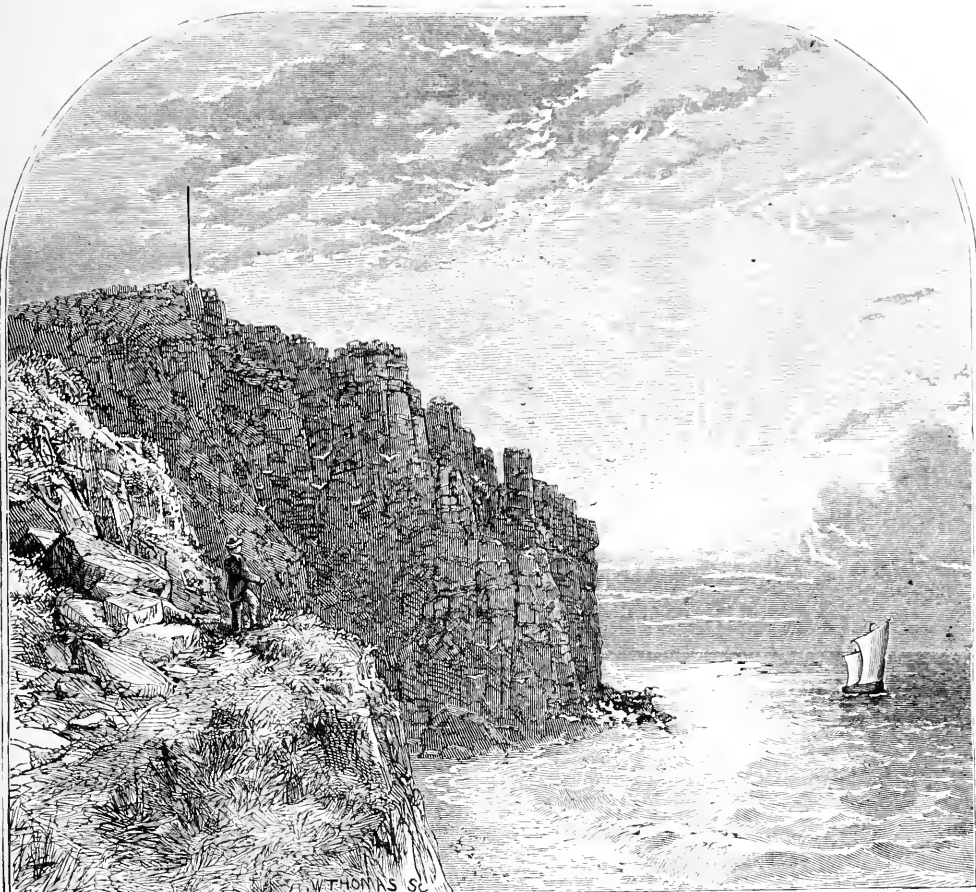
Still some tokens to our hearts are given,
Types of better days around us stand,
As the sailor, by the wild waves driven,
Sees a green leaf, prophesying land.

So stand earnest of our Church's story—
Still fair steeple, lift the Cross on high ;
Tinge, O sunlight ! tinge it with thy glory,
On low roof and leaded Chancel lie.

So stand speaking unto distant ages,
With the eloquent silence of thy stone,
That faith works out all that love engages,
That Christ's strength in weakness is made known.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.





SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

SOMETIMES, in idle summer hours,

I sit in pensive vacancy,
And watch the many "cloud-capped towers"
Piled up above the western sea :
And busy memory strays once more
About the sacred Past's eternal shore
The while its everlasting waves
Are rainbowed with such sickly light
As hovers still above the graves
Of hopes long dead and lost to sight :

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Lighted to shore by that wan ray,
They break in sighs and sob themselves away.

Poor memory ! gazing o'er that sea
So dreary, fills my eyes with tears :
One waste of hopeless misery
This human life of mine appears.
And yesterday, to-day, to-morrow
Seem nothing but diversities of sorrow.

But as I gaze in this sad wise,
Full suddenly a novel sight
Attracts my aimless, wandering eyes,
And fills them with a fresh delight,
And straight are memory's griefs forgot,
And all that was, and all that now is not.

I see some little fishing-skiff
Just rounding yonder point of land,
And from the steep edge of the cliff
Her every movement I command :
And as she dances through the foam
Lost hope and vanished joy come flying home.

I watch her as she curtseys on,
Across the laughing foam-streaks blue ;
I watch her till her sails have shone
With all the sunset's golden hue—
A white speck on the ocean bright,
Lost in the glory-haze of heaven's light !

So she has gone, and left a blank
Within my heart, before my eyes ;
But yet with all my soul I thank
The fishing-skiff ; and, as I rise
And homeward turn, my thoughts fly on
To the sunset glory whither she has gone.

So thou in bright and cheery grace
Didst walk a little in my way,
And from thy sunny, smiling face.
My darkness caught a sudden ray ;
And thou didst raise my heavy eyes
To see the green earth and the painted skies.

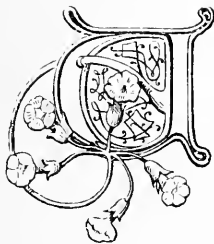
A Remembrance.

Thou too art gone ! and that has made
A little blank within my heart,
Before my eyes a little shade ;
I somewhat grieve we had to part,
Yet look with grateful pleasure back,
And mark across my life thy sunny track.

Like that fair skiff, thou'rt lost to sight
Beneath the heaven's azure dome ;
Like her, I know that heaven's pure light
Shall follow thee and guide thee home.
And I can raise my eyes above,
And read the open book of light and love.

REV. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B.

A REMEMBRANCE.



UNDER the purple shadow of the spire,
That parts the hamlet from the pine-tree glade ;
Bright in Spring's morn, bright in late Summer fire,
A pastor's home was made.

Far distant from the teeming city's breath
The air blows fresh upon that village hill :
Far from life's heat, that warms our sense of death,
There sorrow hath her fill.

His home it was, neat ordered as his life,
Who courted Nature's beauty and repose ;
Who with his gentle spirit banished strife,
And taught love as the rose.

His home—another's ! though they placed him nigh ;
That morn the simple band wept round our way,
The waving pine-trees murmured one low sigh,
But he in stillness lay !

The memories of that day yet live with me,
E'en in the throngèd street I feel their power ;
E'en through the swelling commerce-tide I see
The meeting of that hour.

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See one forlorn stand by the lifted sod,
Gaze where, beside him waiting, she should lie—
Beside him near that presence-seat of God
Till immortality !

Two draped sisters see, last of his line,
Enfolded each in either's arms alone ;
That poured the long-restrained grief of mine,
When that sad hour was done.

Still memories, not in rending anguish borne,
But lighting hope amid the spirit's tears—
Hope pointing to the Resurrection morn,
Begetting trust—not fears !

Still needful pause in my confused round,
While one meek voice appealeth to this frame—
That for his changed love my work abound,
And for his Master's Name.

To mould this all-unworthy soul before
The gathering of the village and the town,
Ere He, who calleth patient at the door,
Return and claim His own !

REV. J. B. DALTON, M.A.





ECCE HOMO.

ZECHARIAH xiii. 6.

WHO wanders by with feeble step and lone,
In wayworn guise, all haggard, poor, and
wan?

His garments stained with blood, His beauty gone,
His face more marred than that of any man?

Is it not He who made the worlds of light,
Who reigns on high, the King and Lord of all,
In majesty supreme, and infinite,
Before Whom angels and archangels fall?

What mean these stripes, these cruel marks of woe?
What unrelenting foe hath dared to smite
Those holy, harmless limbs, whence trickling flow
The streams of life from five dread scars of light?

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Alas ! no enemy this grief hath wrought :
No traitorous slave, no stranger's malice fierce :
His own familiar friend, whose love He sought,
Hath ventured thus that gracious Form to pierce.

What seeketh He upon His toilsome road,
With earnest gaze, with oft-repeated cry ?
Why stretcheth thus His yearning arms abroad,
As though He bid unto His love draw nigh ?

He seeketh him who pierced with sharp thorn,
With nail and spear, His gentle spirit through :
Yea, who with ruthless scourge His soul hath torn,
And crucified the Lord of Life anew.

O Lord my God ! I am that ingrate one !
Lo ! at Thy feet I own it, bathed in grief :
Thy tender love hath touched this heart of stone,
Oh, mighty Love ! exceeding all belief.

Jesu, my King ! that pardoning voice of Thine,
That kind, forgiving look that drew to Thee
Thy lost, Thy traitor child, with power Divine,
Shall live within my heart eternally.

CAROLINE SELLON.

STAR-SHOWERS.



IN the clear starlit sky with patience gazing
Night after night,
Oft shalt thou see, in sudden splendour blazing,
Some wandering light.

Some tiny orb that from its centre roameth,
A moment glows ;
Lost soon as seen, thou knowest not whence it cometh
Nor whither goes.

The stars shine on—the steadfast stars eternal—
Unheeding shine :
They swerve not ever from their path supernal,
Each for a sign.

Star Showers.

And long thereafter mayst thou watch, as hoping
Some newer law,
But vainly—by the same old starlight groping,
The young world saw.

But when the ordered hour at last returneth
By sages spelled,
Then all the vaulted dome with glory burneth
Not else beheld :

Then through the home of those aërial rangers
This earth is hurled :
Then, hour by hour, the bright unresting strangers
Flash by our world.

In God's wide heaven of Providence unfailing
At times we view
Some angel's wing, some star of brightness sailing
Athwart the blue.

Some writing on the wall, some altar riven,
Some prophet fed ;
Some whirlwind-voice, some angel-warning given,
One from the dead.

Great Nature's laws move on—they were not broken —
They know not change :
The voice that came of unknown laws hath spoken
In higher range.

'Tis past ; nor sight nor sound returns for ages
That calm to stir ;
All things continue, say the world's high sages,
Even as they were.

But, in the time of ripeness and decision,
In God's own hour,
Lo ! miracle and angel, dream and vision,
In one grand shower.

So came the Law, ordained by angel-givers.
With portents dire ;
Manna and cloud, cleft seas and parted rivers,
Thunder and fire.

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So came those wondrous morns and evenings seven,
When life began ;
So came, of angels seen, the Lord from heaven,
The Second Man.

Then, through some crowded zone, some region sweeping
Of higher powers,
Passed, her unswerving course sublimely keeping,
This world of ours.

Now, of long time, so scant the signs appearing,
So far between,
Scarce half we credit, from our fathers' hearing,
All that hath been.

But, in that hour which He alone foreknoweth
Who all things knows,
Then once again, then last, the sure Word showeth,
Skies shall unclose :

Then once again, midst heaven to earth down-streaming,
Life to the clod.
Shall come and go, on that bright ladder beaming,
Angels of God.

Then, from the zenith to the nadir darting,
From pole to pole,
The stars shall fall, and heaven itself departing
Pass as a scroll.

C. L. FORD, B.A.



"Father, Save Me from this Hour."



"FATHER, SAVE ME FROM THIS HOUR."

LET this cup pass, my Father ! I am sinking
In the deep waters which surround my soul,
And bitterer grows the draught that I am drinking,
And higher rise the waves that round me roll.

Forsake me not in this my need extremest,
Let not Thy strengthening hand elude my grasp ;
I know Thy love, even when Thou harshdest seemest—
Father, most merciful, let this cup pass !

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Life hath not laid her hand upon me lightly ;
I have known sorrow, disappointment, pain—
Have seen hope clouded when it shone most brightly,
And false love fade, and falser friendship wane.

But now fresh chains about my heart are linking,
And to my lip is pressed a fuller cup,
And from the draught my shuddering soul is sinking—
Father ! I cannot, cannot drink it up !

What have I said ? Will not Thy grace sustain me ?
Is Thine arm shortened, that it cannot save ?
Powerless myself, if Thou, my God, disdain me,
I can do all things with the help I crave.

Haste Thee to help me ! that on Thee depending,
I may say, " Not my will, but Thine be done."
If this cup may not pass, Thine angel sending,
Aid me, as Thou of old didst aid Thy Son.

And Thou, my Saviour, once our weakness sharing,
Tempted in all things, yet untouched by sin,
Hear my wild cry, leave not my soul despairing,
Help me the cross to bear, the crown to win.

R. A. R.

THE ANNUNCIATION.



HIGHLY-FAVOURED, thou
Upon whose lowly brow
The crown of peerless womanhood hath shone of old,
Fresher than waters' flow,
Purer than driven snow,
And richer than the ruby or the gold.

Virgin and mother too,
On whom the living dew
Mysterious fell—the Holy Spirit from above :
In thee the sign was wrought
Wherein the angels sought,
Gazing, to sound the deep of Heavenly love.

The Annunciation.

Blessed and holy maid,
How in the humblest shade,
True lily of the valley, thou didst ever dwell,
Retired from human gaze,
And all the trodden ways
That devious wind, or downward lead to hell.

Dear as the forest-flower,
In some hot noontide hour,
Unto the weary traveller from the noisy town,
When, in his troubled face,
Its sweet, pure, modest grace
Brings back the smile, and banishes the frown :

Sweet as the first pale star
Soft glimmering from afar,
Above the smoke and haze of crowded human life :
So dear to us art thou,
So sweet thy memory now
Along this weary world of sin and strife.

Oh, pure of heart and face,
In whom celestial grace
Has done away the serpent trail of creeping sin,
Save only in His eyes,
With whom the very skies
Are foul—nor angels full acquittal win :

Not to thy feet we fly,
Not unto thee we cry,
Not unto thee we lowly bend the knee in prayer :
Thou wouldst not be adored
With false libations poured,
Nor served with cakes, nor decked with foolish care.

Oh, grief all griefs above,
If e'er thy mother-love
Suspected this great wrong to Him thy Son divine :
Didst thou not bear enough
Of shame and insult rough
That we should make this worst dishonour thine ?

Oh, meek and lowly, we,
We too would honour thee,
With love and reverence hold thy radiant memory dear ;

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Not worship may we bring,
But not for that would fling
Reproach upon thy name, nor empty sneer.

May we but follow on
Where thy meek grace hath shone,
And left its shining track across these waters wild ;
Nor heed their angry force,
But hold our heavenward course
Though none be with us save thy Holy Child.

May we but yield our will,
In faith awaiting still
Whate'er His love and power may choose to work in us ;
Unheeding scorn or shame,
If only His great name
May shine the more resplendent even thus :

Waiting in patience strong,
E'en though the night be long,
In meek submission waiting at the gate of heaven ;
Waiting in holy joy
If He our lives employ—
The wondrous Child that unto us is given.

REV. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B.





PALM-SUNDAY.

OUR ears have heard Thy story,
Our hearts rejoice and sing
Now, in the highest glory,
Hosanna to our King!

Ride on, because of meekness,
Of righteousness and truth;
Strong in Thy mortal weakness,
Beyond all might of youth.

To crown Thy self-devotion
The piercing thorns they twine,
And mingle for Thy potion
A drink of deadly wine.

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But, O thou Son of David,
When, in Thy Salem bright,
The nations of the savèd
Shall walk in golden light,

Grant us in loving pity,
For all Thy sorrows' sake,
Free of that holy City,
Thy triumph to partake.

REV. HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS, M.A.

"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS PRAISE THEE."



HIGH in the cloudless skies,
Where the full glory of the Godhead breaking
In all its untold splendour on our eyes,
Flooding our souls with light, our tongues awaking
With one accord, in rapturous notes to raise
A never-dying anthem to Thy praise !

Yes, the fierce strife is done !
The furious shouting of the war-cry ended,
The struggle past, the hard-fought victory won,
And, in our shining home, by saints attended,
Now stand we, who earth's roughest paths have trod,
Secure at last—safe—safe with thee, O God !

Yes, 'tis all over now !
Over each sigh, each tear, each hotly burning sorrow—
Rest we each weary heart, each aching brow,
Rest in the glory of that bright "to-morrow"
Which dawned when at Thy word, O King of kings,
Death's angel o'er us waved his noiseless wings.

We who have bled and died,
Counting our life but loss, death gain, O Lord, for Thee,
Unharm'd, triumphant, ever at Thy side,
Shouting a Conqueror's song, which like a free

"Until the Daybreak."

And boundless torrent shall through heaven pour,
All grandly echoing on its radiant shore !

We who knew lonely hours,

Whose warm hopes withered e'en in their hour of birth,
For whom have bloomed no bright and sunny flowers,

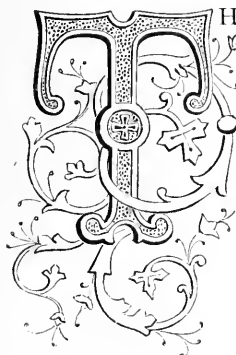
But on an iron road along the earth
Have gone our weary way !—High God, we claim,
By our great griefs, the right to praise Thy name.

Throughout the cloudless skies,

Swelling and ever swelling shall our song
Unto Thy glorious name in incense rise ;

Casting our golden crowns before Thy throne,
Redeemed, sweet Christ, made spotless by Thy blood,
To endless time we praise Thee, O our God !

"UNTIL THE DAYBREAK."



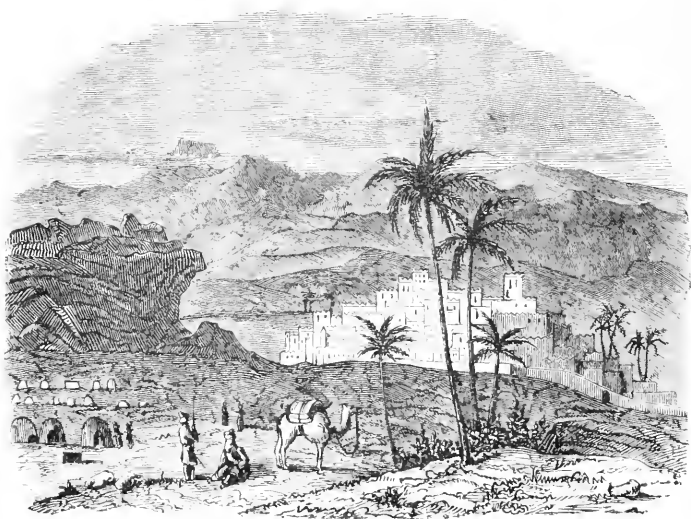
HE night is gone, the shadows pass away,
With us no longer may our loved one stay.
The sun upon the earth is risen, and he
Into the peaceful Zoar straight must flee.
The weary watch is over, and he goes
To take his quiet, passionless repose.
Firm by his post the soldier long abode,
He would not move from duty's ordered road
Till, faint and worn, he heard his Captain's call,
Whose word in life to him was all in all.

His Lord had proved him like the precious gold,
That He in him His image might behold.
He sought no respite, though his need was sore,
But bore his cross as erst his Master bore ;
And now the welcome summons bids him go
And leave the scene of suffering below.
The stormy sea is crossed, and with a bound
The haven where he would be he has found.

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He died at break of day, for he had done
His work, and at the rising of the sun,
Child of the light, he met its dawning beams,
And sprang to where its brightness ever gleams.
While tremblingly we mark the fleeting breath,
Full swiftly has he passed the gate of death ;
The unseen ministers have borne him hence
To where his God shall be his sure defence,
Until the final summons shall awake
His sleeping dust, and all those barriers break
Which guard his soul against that blissful hour,
When, girt with majesty and robed in power,
The King shall gather all His own around,
With lightning flash and thrilling trumpet's sound ;
Shall lead them in within the Palace halls
Whose gates salvation are, and praise its walls ;
Shall lift aside the curtains which conceal
The inner temple, and to them reveal
The vision of their God ; shall wipe away
The tears from off all faces in that day ;
And spread for them the rich and festal board,
That they may be for ever with the Lord.

The Venerable J. C. WOLFE, M.A.,
Archdeacon of Clogher.



Quiet from God.



QUIET FROM GOD.

"When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"—Job xxxiv. 20

QUIET from God! It cometh not to still
The vast and high aspirings of the soul,
The deep emotions which the spirit fill,
And speed its purpose onward to the goal ;
It dims not youth's bright eye,
Bends not joy's lofty brow,
No guiltless ecstasy
Need in its presence bow.

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It comes not in a sullen form, to place
Life's greatest good in an inglorious rest ;
Through a dull, beaten track its way to trace,
And to lethargic slumber lull the breast ;
Action may be its sphere,
Mountain paths—boundless fields,
O'er billows its career :
This is the power it yields :—

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel ;
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which His spirit doth reveal ;
Not to deem evil gone
From every earthly scene ;
To see the storm come on,
But feel His shield between.

It giveth not a strength to human kind
To leave all suffering powerless at its feet,
But keeps within the temple of the mind
A golden altar, and a mercy seat ;
A spiritual ark,
Bearing the peace of God
Above the waters dark,
And o'er the desert's sod.

How beautiful within our souls to keep
This treasure, the All-Merciful hath given ;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us, like a breeze from heaven !
Quiet at hearth and home,
Where the heart's joys begin ;
Quiet where'er we roam,
Quiet around, within.

Who shall make trouble ?—not the evil minds
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower ;
The spirit peace hath so attuned, finds
There feelings that may own the Calmer's power :
What may she not confer,
E'en where she must condemn ?
They take not peace from her,
She may speak peace to them !

Pupilage.

PUPILAGE.

"Under tutors and governors, until the time appointed."



CHILD as yet, who canst not read
The record by thy Father penned,
Forbear to shout thy hasty creed,
Till thou canst further comprehend :
The book lies open, but the whole
Eludes thy search, while, one by one,
Leaf after leaf the mighty scroll
Unfolds, till all is done.

Hear, but with reverence ; voices fall
Around thee from the eternal shore ;
Some thou mayst reach—thou canst not all,
Though fain, and pondering o'er and o'er :
Yet hoard them in thy secret heart,
As children grasp whate'er they can,
Till twilight pass, and knowledge start
To broad noon in the m. n.

Teach, but with meekness ; as a child
Leading his brother by the hand
To their far home across the wild,
By starlight, in a wintry land :
Learn still from whom thou teachest ; give,
And, giving, ever more receive ;
Scorn not the meanest ; lowly live,
And loftiest things achieve.

Think life is larger than the round
Of some score years ; death, but a stone
That marks thy travel ; heaven, the round
Of glorious deeds when thou art grown
Beyond thy tasks and playthings ; fame
A higher meed than men's applause ;
Evil, good's foil and shadow ; shame
Nought, save for broken laws.

Love, or thou livest not ; life is more
Than counts by pulses ; make thy gain
Thy brother's welfare : so thy store
Shall prosper, nor thy work be vain :

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Walk where thy Master bids thee ; shun
No rough path, or deservèd rod :
Right up the sunbeam seek the Sun—
God's light must lead to God.

C. L. FORD, B.A.

A VISION OF THE CRUSADES.



WAS twilight's soothing hour ; around there lay
A calm responsive to the dying day.
The winds had sunk athwart the moaning deep,
And wearied eyes were lulled in welcome sleep.
Within the cypress grove whose shadows wave
In mournful silence o'er a monarch's grave,*
Methought I lay. No sound disturbed the air ;
All Nature's voice seemed hushed in silent prayer.
The Moslem turrets, through the starry night,
Shone coldly fair, in lines of silver light.
Sad memories—as I caught their tapering forms—
Came rushing o'er me, quick as summer storms.
Now bright, now dark, the spectral fancies crowd,
Like April sunshine struggling through the cloud :
Zion's proud daughters, mincing as they go—
Anon her sons led captive by the foe ;
The harp and viol, that mirthful music made—
That harp unstrung beneath the willow shade ;
In holy place, as long by seers foretold,
The hateful desolation standing bold.
Assyrian, Roman, Moslem guard the wall ;
By turns they triumph, and by turns they fall.

Thus, while I muse, sweet slumber seals mine eyes,
And glorious visions of the past arise.
No more alone, but with a mighty band,
With sword and helmet armed for fight, I stand.
The red-cross banner flutters in the winds ;
One stern resolve those gathered myriads binds—

* Tradition says that Solomon was buried on Mount Zion.—Bannister's "Holy Land," p. 298.

A Vision of the Crusades.



From proud usurpers' faithless grasp to wrest
That sacred mount Jehovah loveth best.
And theirs the task to conquer or to die ;
The martyr crown, or palm of victory.

'Tis early morn ; the hills are fringed with gold,
When Salem's towers their eager eyes behold.
Then sudden, as with one strange impulse stirred,
That stalwart host is still, nor voice is heard ;
And princely warriors, with their vassal train,
The mitred abbot, and the hermit plain,
All lowly bending, kiss the hallowed sod
That felt the footprint of the Son of God.
Then on in haste, with gleaming armour bright.
And hearts undaunted, to the fearful fight.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Bravely the aliens guard the steep, and well,
Their glances flashing with the rage of hell :
Thrice they repulse the Christians, while around
The dead, the dying thickly strew the ground,
Mid storms of arrows rattling on their mail.
Their well-tried strength begins at last to fail,
When lo ! on yonder mountain's lofty crest,
With red Cross flaming on his girded breast,
An angel-form, bright as the noontide ray,
Bids the brave Godfrey once more lead the fray ;
Beckons him on with radiant hand divine—
And quick his throbbing heart obeys the sign.
One deadlier conflict still, and all is o'er ;
The Moslem soldier treads the heights no more !
At that same hour, when Calvary's darkened steep*
Was rocked with echoing thunder, loud and deep,
What time the Lord of life a Victim lay
Nailed to the tree, and breathed His soul away—
On Zion's hill the faithful warriors rest,
And plant their standard on its yielding breast.

O wondrous change ! the temple arches wide
Echo glad anthems to the Crucified :
Before that altar rises once again
The sacred symbol of His bitter pain ;
The chant of praise with adoration blends,
And incense pure from lowly hearts ascends.

Gone is the spell ; the dream has died away ;
It told of better things, too bright to stay.
'Twas but a ray of sunshine through the gloom—
A Christian requiem sung o'er Israel's tomb.
The vanquished alien soon regains his spoil,
And drives his conquerors from the hallowed soil ;
'Mid weeping maids, with trailing garments torn,
The holy Rood, with taunting jest is borne,
And from the summits of that temple fair
Fresh floats the golden Crescent on the air.

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.

* The City was taken on Friday afternoon, at three o'clock.—Williams's "Holy City."

Jubilate Deo.

JUBILATE DEO.



FOR the sound of Sabbath chimes,
Jubilate Deo !

For the goodness of the Lord,
For the teaching of his word,
Holy truths of ancient times :
Jubilate Deo !

For the Sabbath peace and calm,
Jubilate Deo !

For this perfect day of rest,
Ever tranquil, ever blest,
Let us rise and sing the psalm :
Jubilate Deo !

In the Church's sacred walls,
Jubilate Deo !
How the grand words swell and rise,
Like the wondrous melodies
Sung at holy festivals,
Jubilate Deo !

Soul and voice together sing,
Jubilate Deo !
Till the joyful heart brims o'er,
And the mourner, sad no more,
Learns to praise his Lord and King :
Jubilate Deo !

And in after years, the words
Jubilate Deo !
Even words, without the strain,
Yet shall strengthen us again,
Touching many a mute heart's chords :
Jubilate Deo !

Ye in foreign lands away,
Jubilate Deo !
Think of those who love ye well,
Chanting with the organ's swell,
While with Nature's voice ye say,
Jubilate Deo !

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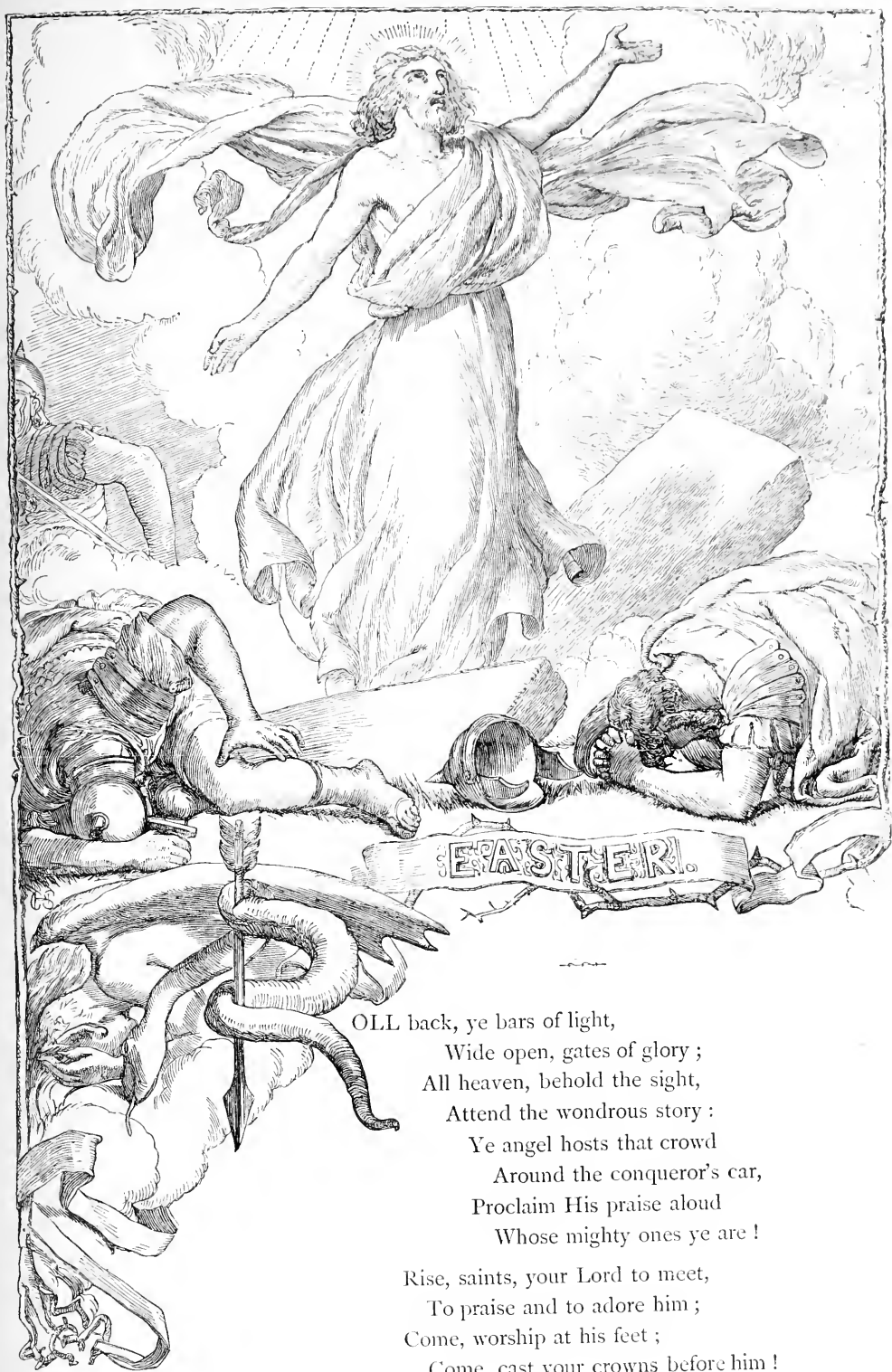
Ye who lie on couch of pain,
Jubilate Deo !
Calm the heart that murmurs sore,
God has blessed things in store,
Breathe the grateful song again :
Jubilate Deo !

Ye who near the Home of Rest,
Jubilate Deo !
Soon it shall be yours to hear
Music only dreamed of here,
Sung with Love's unwearied zest :
Jubilate Deo !

Enter now His courts with praise,
Jubilate Deo !
To the Lord whom we adore,
Sing we gladly evermore,
Sweetest strain of holy days !
Jubilate Deo !

SARAH DOUDNEY.





OLL back, ye bars of light,
Wide open, gates of glory ;
All heaven, behold the sight,
Attend the wondrous story :
Ye angel hosts that crowd
Around the conqueror's car,
Proclaim His praise aloud
Whose mighty ones ye are !

Rise, saints, your Lord to meet,
To praise and to adore him ;
Come, worship at his feet ;
Come, cast your crowns before him !

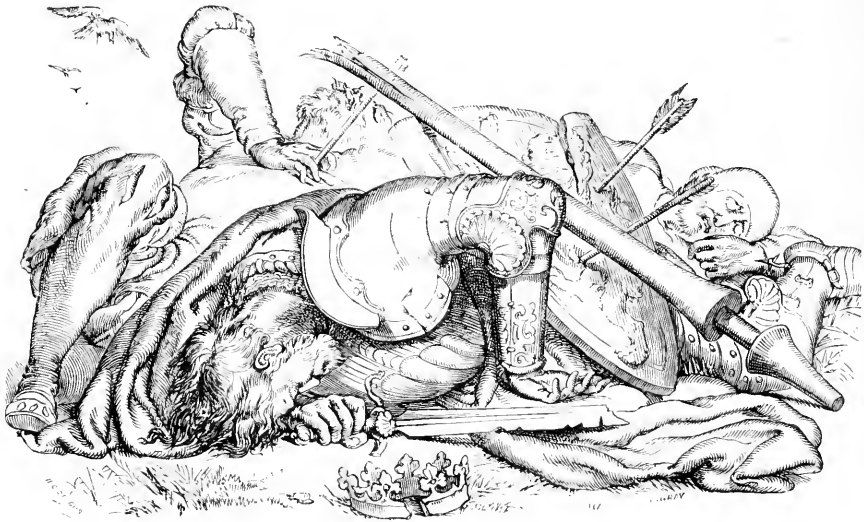
The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Lift up your heads, ye gates,
And let the Victor in,
Eternal triumph waits
The Vanquisher of sin.

At morn the Saviour rose,
Like giant from his slumber,
Fled all His mighty foes—
And who may tell their number ?
Death and the gloomy grave
Have yielded up their prey ;
Almighty now to save,
On high He takes His way.

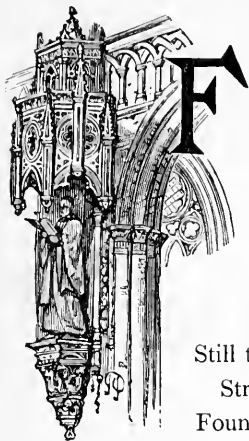
Ride on, ride on, O Lord,
The golden gates enfold Thee ;
In highest heaven adored,
Our eyes may not behold Thee.
Yet hear, oh ! hear our praise,
Great Saviour, God, and King ;
As this our hymn we raise,
Our hearts' devotions bring.

REV. W. MACILWAINE.



The Projected Taylor Cathedral at Belfast.

THE PROJECTED TAYLOR CATHEDRAL AT BELFAST.



FAITHFUL to his origin immortal,
To the image wherein he was made,
Man looks down through Time's mysterious portal,
Makes himself a trophy in the shade.

Draws from out his heart's impassioned fountains
Words that linger on with deathless tone ;
Or, as envious of the eternal mountains,
Carves an immortality in stone.

Still the poet felt that inward longing ;
Struggled still to speak his inward want ;
Found some words to catch the high thoughts thronging,
Some world music for his heavenly chant.

The boy painter brooding in the meadows,
Or in peasant cot at evening's fall,
Traced in sand his soul's fast coming shadows,
Dashed them out in charcoal on the wall.

Art, her dreams from touch to touch unfolded
By that marvellous power that man calls taste,
Laid the chisel on the mass unmoulded
Reared her fairy fabrics in the waste.

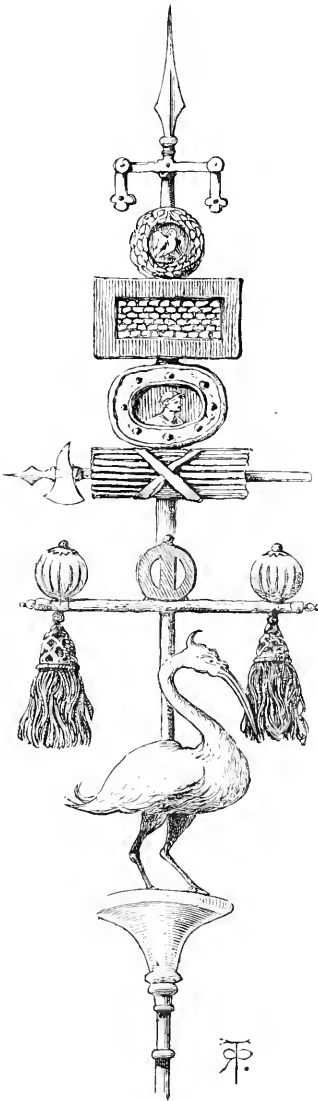
All of genius, pity, true devotion,
Finds an utterance beautiful or strong ;
High Heaven itself hath no untold emotion,
Seraph's love hath still the seraph's song.

So, to-day there comes a noble yearning
To our hearts, a vision to our eyes,
Fair as when we see red sunsets burning
Golden fanes into the western skies.

And that worthier thought that whispers proudly,
"Leave our sons some token of our life ;
Leave them something that shall speak more loudly
Than the voices of our sin and strife."

Finest forms that, in her hours most gifted,
Fancy weaves, or taste delighted piles,
And that strange thrill of the heart uplifted
That comes to us in Cathedral aisles.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.



Every rich and beautiful ideal,
Love that gives, and faith that scorns to doubt,
Ah! we go to-day to make them real,
Ah! we go to work our impulse out.

Too long taste has wept, and love grown weary,
Looking for a sign along the land:
Set the hammers ringing in the quarry,
Bring forth something beautiful and grand;

Worthy of her mountains everlasting,
Purple tinted, sleeping on blue lakes;
Worthy of her bold sea headlands, casting
Broken shadows where the white surge breaks.

Long ago she made her rude endeavour—
Scattered churches with no grudging hand,
Flung them down by fertile field and river,
In green valleys, and by sea-washed strand.

Witness olden oaks and silver birches,
That have trembled over Glendalough
To the seven bells of her seven churches—
Shannon's wave, and Cashel's guardian rock.

Witness Muckcross 'mid her woodlands shady,
Cast in ruins round her haunted tree,
And that shrine where sleep the knight and lady
Evermore at Howth beside the sea.

Knight and dame, and old Cistercian friar,
In your marble, sleep by lough and glen:
Purer faith shall win to impulse higher
Us gain-loving and world-weary men.

Now no more by lonely vale and forest
Rear we carven arch or oriel fair;
But where the great toil of life is sorest,
And the strife of voices fills the air.

This no time for wounded hearts eschewing
Care and pain, a vain world left behind;
But an age of earnest busy doing,
Hand with hand, and eager mind to mind.

The Projected Taylor Cathedral at Belfast.

And, beyond the sense of natural beauty
Than fair contemplation Heaven inclined,
Higher far is calm courageous duty
Working in God's sight for human kind.

For our age goes onward, ever goaded—
Man by man they strive in earnest sort ;
Commerce stirs, and the good ship comes loaded
With fresh riches to the teeming port.

Set our token in the populous city,
Where the workman wearies at his craft,
Where the wheels are turning without pity,
And the black smoke rolls from the tall shaft.

For a great Cathedral is the people's,
Speaking to them of the better part ;
And the music out of heaven-set steeples
Blesses trade, and sanctifies the heart.

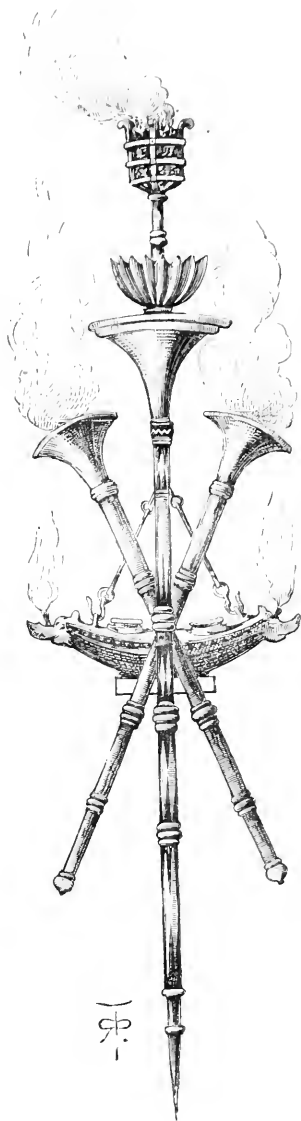
Never will the marble arch grow duller
For the tread of feet beneath its span ;
Never the rich window lose its colour
For the wondering eyes of gazing man.

Where the dense crowd presses in our alleys,
And the palace of the merchant stands,
And the bay is laden with the galleys,
And the streets with men of other lands—

Here, where breezes, from the channel blowing,
Lift the smoke-veil on our city laid,
Stately rows of marble arches showing,
Soon shall mock the forest's green arcade.

Soon the gorgeous oriel shall glisten,
Tinging all things, from the chancel floor
To the angel heads that seem to listen
From the corbels at the western door.

Soon, like voice of wind and wave sonorous,
Keeping time upon our northern shore,
From the white-robed choir, in sweetest chorus,
Alleluias down the nave shall pour.



The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

And since, like a child for ever turning
Where it saw its absent mother last,
With a tender retrospective yearning
Human hearts go back into the past ;

And we love from out its shades to gather
Spirits sympathetic with our own,
Saying fondly of the friend or father,
“ He had loved it well, if he had known ”—

So to-day there is a memory mingled
With our labours, and an honoured name,
Not chosen causeless, or unduly singled,
Worthy winner of a world-wide fame ;

Who, like some vast treasure-coffer holden
Of the waves, and cast up on our strand,
Opened all his gems and fancies golden
In this lonely corner of the land.

Whose great genius, prodigally given
To each theme that tasked its wondrous powers,
Like a lark sang at the gate of Heaven,
Like a wild bee wandered in the flowers.

For each fine conception he found issue,
And embroidered with some rare conceit
Every corner of the silken tissue
That he laid down at his Saviour's feet.

Speaks the silver pen for time no longer ;
Loosed the cord, and snapped the golden string ;
But we claim his memory till a stronger
Or a sweeter make our Minster sing.

Here embalmed until that future ask it,
Lay it, steeped in colours rich and rare.
Keep the relic in a noble casket,
Carven marble arch and symbol fair.

Nothing is too precious for our Master,
Nothing rich enough our zeal to prove.
With the ointment break the alabaster,
Golden tresses wet with tears of love.

Wait.

Surely, when low penitential voices
With the loud laudates mingle free,
Up above the heavenly host rejoices,
Standing round about the crystal sea.

Surely Christ in heaven, our love possessing,
Will look down upon this holy place ;
Bless us with the good Centurion's blessing,
Fill us with the fulness of His grace.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

W A I T.

A Complaint.



NOTHING but sorrow and darkness,
Nothing but sorrow and gloom ;
A weary, tearful journey,
From the cradle to the tomb.

An Answer.

There are joys that come from sorrows,
The stars shine in the gloom,
The end of the journey is Heaven,
And life springs from the tomb.

C.

Lingering days and weary,
Nights of sorrow or pain ;
An anguish that blinds me nearly,
And links of an iron chain.

A.

I have heard of a deeper anguish,
And a Chalice of bitterer woes :
A stronger chain was once broken,
On the morning when One arose.

C.

To me no sunlight cometh,
But a darkness upon me lies ;
In vain I look to the mountains,
Expecting the sun to rise.



A.

I have heard of seven sorrows,
And the woe of a broken heart,
That waited through years of sorrow,
And the darkness did not depart.

Not a Complaint.

I am wayward and unsubmitive,
I will break from this sinful chain,
And forget all my sorrows and anguish
In the thought of a deeper pain.
Those woes of the sacred mother
Make me see I am selfish and proud :
All my heart is broken within me,
And my soul to the dust is bowed.
Sorrow and darkness shall teach me
Of a King with a pierced Hand ;
And the weary, tearful journey,
Of a Home in the promised land.

REV. H. A. RAWES, M.A.



THE LINDEN TREES.



UNDER the Linden trees

While the sweet southern breeze
Opened the budding promises of spring,
In purest white arrayed,
They bore an infant maid

Along the path—
They bore her to the font, a child of wrath ;
After a space,
She, as they bore her back, a child of grace,
Smiled through the sacred dewdrops on her face.

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Under the Linden trees,
In blossom, while the bees
With summer music fill the perfumed air,
Veilèd she passes by
In white ; with downcast eye
She enters in,
Now to renounce anew the world and sin ;
Grace to receive
From Apostolic blessing, to believe,
And vow her Saviour's cross no more to leave.

Under the Linden trees,
Full many a glad eye sees
Treading the path, strewn with late autumn flowers. -
The maiden pass once more
To enter at the door,
And beaming bright,
With wreath of orange-flower and robe of white ;
While by her side
He walks who soon shall claim her for his bride,
His own, whate'er of weal or woe betide.

Under the Linden trees,
When blasts of winter freeze
Each sparkling dew-drop to a pearly gem,
The mourners slowly tread,
And weep their loved one dead ;
While that blest word,
"The Resurrection and the life," is heard,
And they repeat
The hopes of those who trust in heaven to meet,
And rest for aye at the Redeemer's feet.

L. C. BIGGS, M.A.



By the Way-side.

BY THE WAY-SIDE.

BE of good comfort, rise ; He calleth thee."
When life seems drear and dull,
And loneliness is spread around thy path,
And thick and plentiful
The thorns of sorrow lie, be sure He hath
Some special work for Him whereto He calleth thee.

"Be of good comfort, rise ; He calleth thee."
O vext, O weary soul,
Call thou on Jesus as He passeth by,
And He will make thee whole,
For He hath borne the cross of Calvary
That thou mayst bear the cross whereto He calleth thee.

"Be of good comfort, rise ; He calleth thee."
Though blind thine eyes may be
As thou sitt'st pleading by the way alone,
Yet cry, "Look Thou on me,
Have mercy on me, Jesu, David's Son :"
Then shalt thou hear that voice, "Arise, He calleth thee."

"Be of good comfort, rise ; He calleth thee."
Cease not thy fainting breath,
Though many neighbours bid thee hold thy peace,
For He of Nazareth
Unto the heavy-laden brings release.
E'en now He passeth by. "Arise, He calleth thee."

"Be of good comfort, rise ; He calleth thee."
Thy life, may be, is still ;
Thy duty in the homely, common round ;
Perhaps it is His will
That there thy service may by Him be crowned,
And thou mayst learn that though unseen He calleth thee.

"Be of good comfort, rise ; He calleth thee."
When men deride thy part,
And faithful love is mocked by worldly spite,
Remember, weary heart,
That thou art not the first to bleed from it ;
He bled for thirty years unknown Who calleth thee.

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"Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee."
Cast all thy bonds away,
The world's loose garments round both heart and limb,
Lest aught may thee delay,
When thou art hastening blind and halt to Him.
Arise, O weary soul, arise, He calleth thee.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE, M.A.

PRAYER FOR LIGHT.



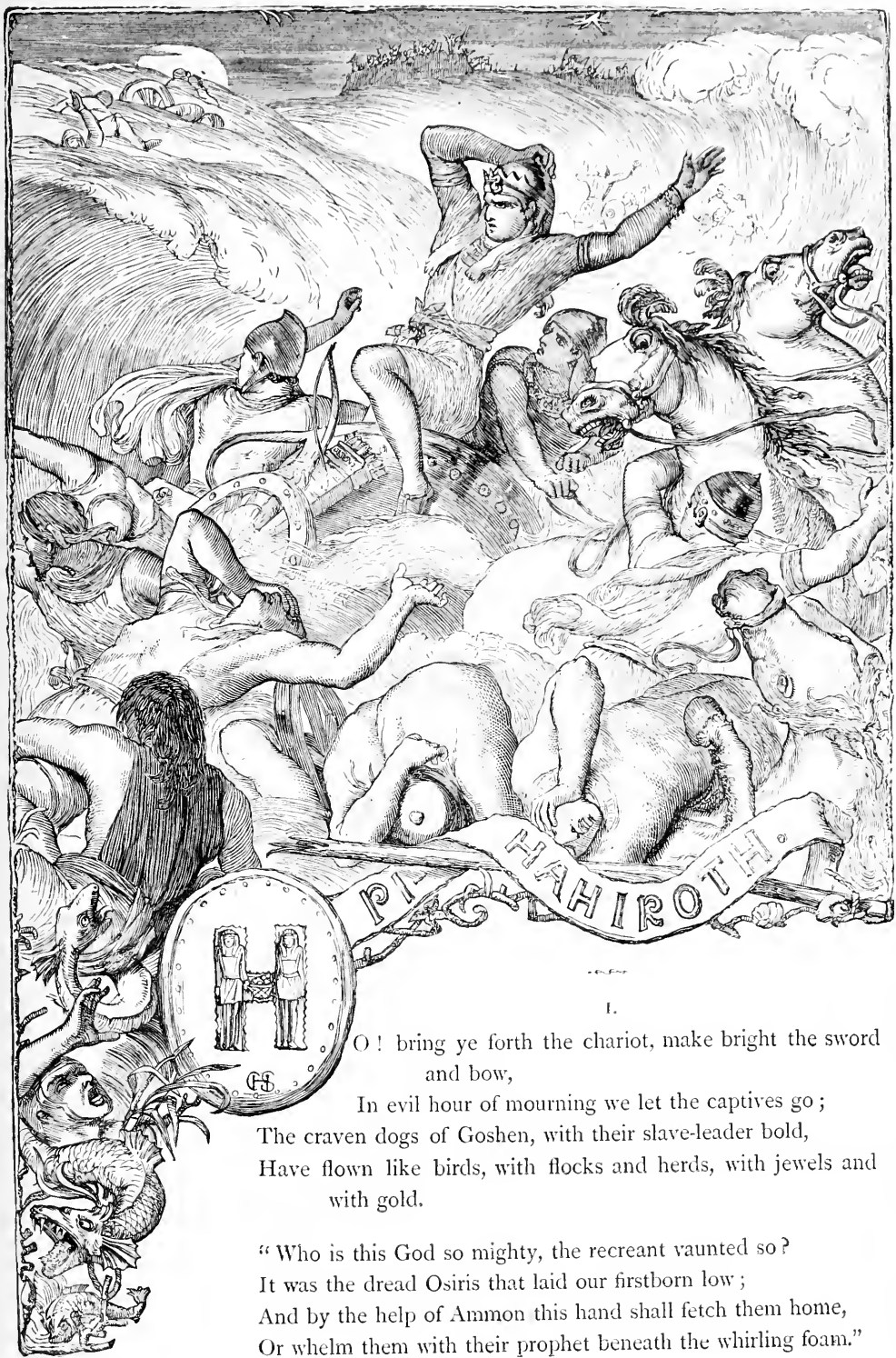
OST in the dreary world, what hope were mine
Safely to journey through the chilly night,
Unless illumined by a ray Divine?
Father, eternal Father, grant me light,
That I at least may see the foe with whom I fight.

O grant me light! for sorrow blinds my eyes,
Sorrow and sin—my soul is sore distressed—
When on the wings of morning I would rise
And join in praise the sweet choir of the blest,
Darkness that may be felt into my heart is pressed.

O grant me light! The world is dark and drear,
And heaven is bright, but heaven is far away;
I am beset with shapes of doubt and fear.
O put into my soul one cheerful ray,
One solitary beam of Thy eternal day.

O grant me light! or if it be Thy will
To blind my eyes, Thy will, O Lord, be done.
O grant me fuller faith that I may still,
Although I see not, till my course be run,
Trust that Thou doest best, Eternal Three in One.

J. P. WRIGHT.



I.

O! bring ye forth the chariot, make bright the sword
and bow,

In evil hour of mourning we let the captives go;
The craven dogs of Goshen, with their slave-leader bold,
Have flown like birds, with flocks and herds, with jewels and
with gold.

"Who is this God so mighty, the recreant vaunted so?
It was the dread Osiris that laid our firstborn low;
And by the help of Ammon this hand shall fetch them home,
Or whelm them with their prophet beneath the whirling foam."

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Six hundred chosen chariots, with captains every one,
Led forth the van of battle at rising of the sun ;
And lo ! in standing order, from each Egyptian nome,
From Æthiop land and Libyan sand the gathered cohorts come.

From Abyssinian mountains where, hid in mist and snow,
Lie that great river's fountains no mortal man may know ;
From the tall tower of Syèné and that green fairy isle,
From No's broad streets and Zoan's field, and the marshy mouths of Nile.

Through the high gates of Memphis poured that long cavalcade,
While pipe and drum and timbrel gay battle-music made ;
Rich trappings, lofty standards, flung back the morning ray—
They little thought such evening should close so bright a day.

Ah ! gaze ye well at parting on pyramids and towers !
Give one last smile to the lordly Nile, tall palms and lotus-flowers ;
And bid farewell—a long farewell—to Mizraim's dark-eyed daughters,
Ye shall lie to-night where the coral-shell reddens the eastern waters.

II.

"Were there no graves in Egypt?" (I heard a people cry);
"Ye have brought us out like cattle on desert sands to die.
Lo ! rocks each side stand frowning—in front the pathless main—
And behind the ranks of Pharaoh come rolling on like rain."

"Fear not, ye trembling children ! your God shall fight for you ;
Who brought you forth from bondage shall surely bring you through,
Through foe, and flood, and desert, to that far pleasant soil,
The land of milk and honey, of corn, and wine, and oil.

"To-day is come salvation—your strength is to be still ;
With signs and mighty wonders the Lord shall work His will ;
The waves themselves shall wall you, this rod their crests shall sever,
And that great array ye dread to-day ye shall see no more for ever."

All night in that strange journey with fear and haste they fled,
While after them with wonder the foe in fury sped ;
Through coral caves, o'er yawning graves, where lights unearthly showed,
Marched that six hundred thousand, and that six hundred rode.

For those red waves were parted—so strong the east wind blew,
And left and right a watery height flashed in the lurid hue,
The glow of that strange pillar that moved the hosts between,
A light to guide on Israel's side—a cloud by Egypt seen.

Pi-Hahiroth.

And the Lord looked from that pillar just ere the east was grey,
A look of fire, of vengeful ire on Pharaoh's proud array ;
And Egypt's host was troubled, and heavily they drave,
For, loosed I ween by hands unseen, their wheels to the salt mud clave.

III.

Bright rose the sunny morning—the long dread night is o'er,
And that six hundred thousand are landed safe ashore :
They turned them back, all fearful that following host to see,
But far and wide they only spied the red waves rolling free.

And lances all in splinters, and banner-bearing staves,
And quivers loose and bows unstrung that danced upon the waves,
And dying steeds that struggled in vain to reach the coast,
Were all they saw, in 'wilderer awe, of that o'erwhelmed host.

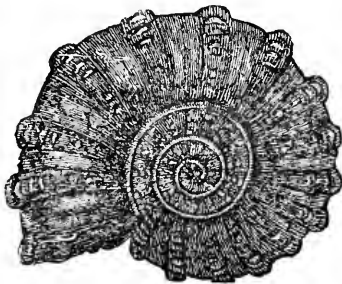
For with the morning breezes the sea in strength returned,
And all in vain for Nile's green plain those drowning horsemen yearned,
Temple and tower colossal—the broad paternal stream,
And maids' dark eyes, and cloudless skies, flashed o'er them like a dream.

Down in the mazy chambers of those tall tapering tombs,
Each mighty Pharaoh lieth in grand sepulchral glooms ;
With spices and fine linen embalmed and swathed well,
While sculptured scrolls and picture-rolls their deeds of glory tell :

But the order fair is broken of that old ancestral line,
For one lies deep in a lonely sleep in halls of crystal brine ;
His shroud of slime and seaweed—his grave the wide Red river,
And the silent laugh of a cenotaph shall speak his shame for ever.

Then loud from Israel's children the song of praise arose
Unto the God who gave them to triumph o'er their foes ;
Who ploughed a path through waters his chosen ones to free,
And 'whelmed the horse and rider beneath the roaring sea.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.



O U R E X A M P L E .

After THOMAS A'KEMPIS.



ESUS, thou didst bear for me
All the shame and all the strife ;
Blessèd Jesus, patiently
Thou didst tread the path of life :
O my Saviour ! if Thy will
Bids me longer here to pine,
Be Thyself my pattern still,
Make me live a life like Thine.

Teach me, should I long to stray
From the track Thy steps have trod,
How this painful-seeming way
Surely leads my soul to God :
And that every darksome place
With Thy memory may be sweet,
On the pathway freshly trace
Footprints of Thy patient feet.

Show me that great company
Who, with fainting steps and slow,
Climbed, to their bright rest on high,
This same pathway long ago :
By the love which kept them true,
By the Blood which made them Thine,
Blessèd Jesus, keep me too,
Till their glorious home be mine !

W. E. LITTLEWOOD, M.A.



The Nativity.



THE NATIVITY.

HILD of purest Virgin born,
Bowed beneath our grievous load,
Outcast, helpless, poor, forlorn,
Son of Mary, Son of God :
Thee we worship, Thee adore,
Living, dying, evermore.

Cradled in the manger vile,
All-despised and comfortless ;
Lord of boundless realms the while,
Whom the highest angels bless :
Thee we worship, Thee adore,
Living, dying, evermore.

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Counted lowly Nazarene,
Though of Judah's royal race,
Ever wearing meekest mien,
Yet the Lord of life and grace :
Thee we worship, Thee adore,
Living, dying, evermore.

Vast the measure of Thy love,
Stronger than the grasp of death,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath :
Thee we worship, Thee adore,
Living, dying, evermore.

Hearts and voices upward rise !
Join to swell Redemption's hymn ;
Pealing first through Eastern skies
From the choir of Seraphim :
Thee we worship, Thee adore,
Dying, living, evermore.

Sound Immanuel's name abroad,
Far as earth and ocean spread ;
All creation own and laud
Christ, of all the glorious Head :
Thee we worship, Thee adore,
Risen, living, evermore.

REV. W. MACILWAINE, M.A.



Trial.

TRIAL.

"If in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—JEREMIAH xii. 5.

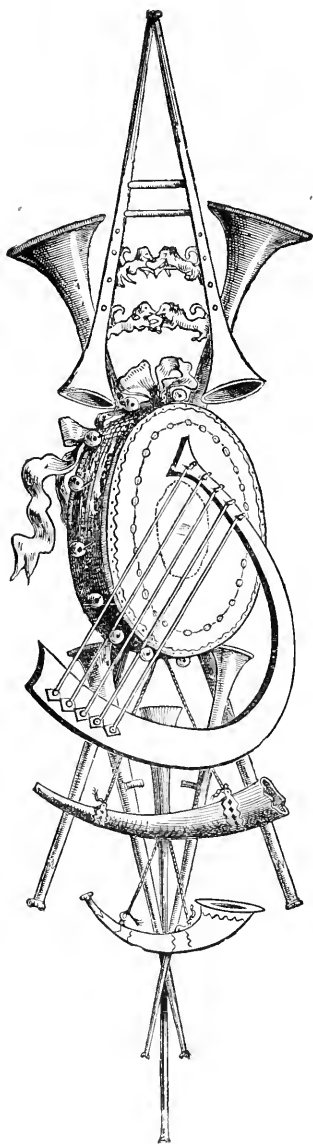


In thy youth's bright early days,
Thy life's fair morning-tide,
Thou tremblest at the mimic waves
O'er which thy bark must glide,
What wilt thou do when Jordan's flood
Swells in its angry might,
And the clear azure of the skies
Is changed to darkest night?

If in the sunny land of peace
Wherein thou trustest now,
Thy heart is vexed when blossoms fall
From some o'erladen bough,
What wilt thou do when all thy flowers
Lie desolate and dead,
And the sere leaves of withered hopes
Rustle beneath thy tread?

If at some passing April shower,
Through which the sunlight shines,
Thy chafing spirit murmurs sore,
Thy wayward will repines,
What wilt thou do when driving rain
Beats wildly on thy breast,
Without a single shelter near
To give thee peace and rest?

If in these peaceful days of ours
Thy weak hand fears to raise
The holy symbol of thy faith,
Or speak thy Master's praise,
What wilt thou do in coming years,
If some, with sword and flame,
Should dare thee boldly to confess
The Saviour's worthy Name?



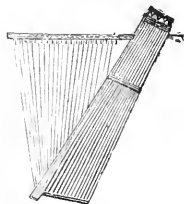
O thank the Father, if His love
As yet hath guided thee
By a smooth path, where, in thy way,
Few rugged places be ;
There is a rougher, thornier road
His sainted ones have trod,
Yet fainted not, nor turned aside,
Because sustained by God.

Beyond dark Jordan's rolling waves
The Holy City lies,
And from its pearly portals wide
Float heavenly melodies :
The voices of the ransomed there
Ring o'er Death's swelling tide.
Lift up thine head : be strong ! Thou, too,
Shalt reach the other side.

Listen ! they sing the Lamb's new song,
A song they could not know
Had they not wept and struggled here
For weary years below ;
A song the angels cannot sing
Before His throne on high,
For only those can tell Christ's love
For whom He came to die.

Roll on, dark Jordan ! Not the force
Of gathered wave on wave
Can keep one feeble pilgrim back
Whom Jesus died to save.
Roll on ! the sounds of harp and hymn
Across thy waters come,
That they who breast thy tide may hear
The music of their home.

SARAH DOUDNEY.



A Chime.



A CHIME.

HEAR a Chime that is ever ringing,
From fields and sea-beaten caves,
From cities, from woods where birds are singing,
From the lilies on dead men's graves.

A voice comes from the pine-crowned mountains,
From the rivers and from the sea,
From sheaves of corn and from crystal fountains,
From the desert and fruitful tree.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

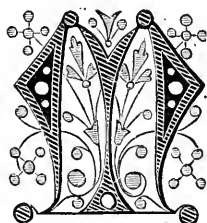
It rises and falls in the morn and even,
It is heard in the bright noon-day,
And when midnight has set her stars in Heaven,
It lingers and goes not away.

It cometh sometimes with a sweet, bright sadness,
A plaintive sound and low ;
It cometh with hope and with gentle gladness,
And often it cometh so.

For this Chime is heard in the silence, peeling
From the height of yon azure dome,
A whisper of love from Paradise stealing,
A voice from our Father's home.

REV. H. F. RAWES, M.A.

WRITTEN IN A STORM.



MIDNIGHT—and we are watching ;
When will the Bridegroom come ?
The wind blows wild and stormy,
And we are far from home.

Like a sea-bird on the waters,
Our ship was long upborne ;
Now all her spars are broken,
And all her sails are torn.

We loved her : she was dear to us—
A thing of life and light—
If only for the sake of those
We cannot name to-night ;

For often, in the dawning,
Fond hearts have breathed a prayer
That she might anchor safely
By the old accustomed stair.

And oftener in the twilight
Dear loving eyes ran o'er,
Because the night was squally,
And we dared not make the shore.

Written in a Storm.

We pray for wife and children ;
We view their fate with dread ;
May we not also pray for her,
The winner of their bread ?

Oh, can we hope the Bridegroom
Hath care for little ships ?
Yes, in the holiest pages
We have read with reverent lips,

That He slept upon a pillow,
In one as small and weak,
And taught His eager listeners
The Christian's course to seek.

And when His loved disciples
With care and toil were spent,
He left His evening orisons
On thoughts of cheer intent ;

Nor lingered on the mountain
While there was fear at sea,
But calmed the troubled waters,
And bade the "proud waves" be.

And sure our pains and perils
Are scarcely less than theirs,
For we have lost our reckoning,
And night too slowly wears.

The Bridegroom comes at midnight ;
The hour has nearly sped ;
And we must trim our vessel
And be ready, as He said.

Our little lamp is broken,
And all its oil has run ;
But He can make our faces
Shine brighter than the sun.

The spray has drenched our pennon,
And all our yards are rent ;
But He will see that raiment
To all his guests is lent.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Our cross-trees shivered long ago,
They were so small and light ;
But He who gave us crosses
May give us crowns to-night.

When first we lost our anchor
We wept that Hope should flee ;
But in the Resurrection
Fair Hope shall cease to be !

We vainly sought the beacon,
With its friendly scarlet flame ;
And now the low clouds parting,
Another dawn proclaim.

The Bridegroom comes at midnight ;
Is He now behind His time ?
Then sure the awful summons
On our ear will swiftly chime.

The waves are dashing o'er us,
But we cannot miss His voice,
When He calls on each one singly
To look upward and rejoice.

We near another haven
Than that we hoped to win,
And wait in fear and trembling
Till He bids us enter in.

The storm is raging higher ;
Will the Bridegroom never come ?
Our eyes are worn with watching,
And we are far from home.

E. GEORGIANA BUSSELL.



The Farewell.



THE FAREWELL.

COME out with me ; it is so sweet to-night !

The cool, soft wind is whispering through the leaves ;
And dew-drops twinkle in the tender light
On pale pink roses and on moss-grown eaves.

It is so quiet now : in that old tree

One twittering note of happiness and rest ;
And, faint and far, the murmur of the sea.
All earth is silent—for her slumber drest.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Come out with me, down to the garden-gate,
And down that sheltered pathway to the shore.
Five minutes, darling ; it is not yet late,
And I must talk to you alone once more.

See how the misty moonbeams calmly lie
On that grey cliff ; and how the crest of pines
Stands darkly out against the pearly sky
In rugged points, and straight unwavering lines.

See how the soft light quivers on the wave,
As though to hush its murmuring with a kiss.
Ah me ! the glory that the sunset gave
Was not more solemn or more sweet than this.

Long it may be before we stand again
On this white beach together ! Who can say
What peace and gladness, or what grief and pain,
Will come between our parting and that day ?

Or whether I shall see the moonbeams shine
Ever again upon your golden hair ;
Shall hold your soft hands tenderly in mine—
Shall kneel beside you in the hush of prayer !

Ah, who can tell ! Yet this one thing I know—
The human love, that God's love gave to be
A hallowing light upon my life below—
That presence pure, it shall remain with me,

Embalmèd ever in sweet waking dreams,
Softly enfolded in all earnest thought ;
And in my spirit like those morning beams
Which to dim earth its shape and colour brought.

Not time shall touch it, nor shall change bereave
Its bright, fresh beauty of the breath of life.
As golden memories of some Sunday eve
Will not be silenced by the week-day strife.

Child, you remember when I saw you first ?
You stood just here, where we are standing now.
The sun of summer noontide then had burst
In all its glory on the mountain brow.

The Farewell.

And in that hour—in noon of manhood's strength—
One other sun upon my spirit came.
One other light—ah ! free from clouds at length—
Lit up my life with its celestial flame.

And, as with those strange pictures on a glass,
A vision sweet dawned suddenly on my soul ;
It stays with me while other visions pass,
With softest spell dark passions to control :

A vision of two earnest, questioning eyes,
So calmly quiet in their depth of thought ;
Eyes clear and pure as childhood's memories—
Eyes in whose truth my manhood's self was taught.

And delicate outlines of a girlish face,
All framed in light—that tender golden hue ;
The brow soft-pencilled in its classic grace ;
The grave, sweet lips, ever so wise and true.

And the old sunshine evermore shall lie
On this one picture, darling, evermore.
Its tints may darken when the day shall die,
For a short space, perhaps, but not before.

And you? Will you for ever love me so?
Will you those olden promises fulfil?
Let me look once into your eyes—ah, no !
I do not ask it, for I know you will.

Then kiss me, child, one parting kiss alone,
One sacred seal upon our pledge to-night.
Long, long ago, while the pure moonbeams shone
Over the waters with this misty light,

I had my first kiss here. I think the last,
So sadly sweet and solemn, will remain
A thought of rest when skies are overcast,
For none know whether we may meet again.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

I N M E M O R I A M.



WHY light-brown hair before me lies,
But thou art far away,
In the calm bowers of Paradise,
Where sainted spirits stray ;
And richer curls adorn thy brow,
And stars bestrew thine hair,
And angels are thy comrades now—
Thyself an angel there.

I touch the faded cypress-leaf,
And back² returns again
The hour of pain, the night of grief,
When thou didst pass from men.
I see the grave's new-opened mould,
The path by mourners trod,
But life's full joys for thee unfo'd
In the bright Land of God.

Come down to-night— the hour is thine—
And sit some while with me,
And sing me some sweet song divine
That angels sing to thee ;
And tell me all—how saintly fair
Thy ordered home on high ;
Life's burden teach like thee to bear,
And teach like thee to die.

Pass quickly on, ye lingering years !
As the swift shuttle flee !
Bring the long rest from griefs and fears,
The grave's sweet sleep to me !—
Sleep to my dust, but life and light
To my glad soul above,
With her, the good, the fair, the bright—
The maiden of my love !

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.



THE NAME OF JESUS.

TAME, all other names excelling,
 Name of Jesus, fear dispelling,
 Music in the heart of hearts,
 Ointment for each wound that smarts.*
 Light which cheers the hour of gloom,
 Life which springs in deathless bloom,
 Noon which knows not waning ray,
 Joy which never dies away.

O I sing thee, Name most sweet,
 Jesus, Jesus, I repeat,
 Thinking of the manger-stall,
 Reed and vinegar and gall ;
 Mindful of the parting word
 Which the Ever-Virgin heard ;
 Musing on the empty grave,
 Victory, and power to save,

* Canticles i 3.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Conquest dread and state unknown,
Pleadings at the Father's Throne.
All the wonders grace has wrought,
All the pardon love has bought,
All the light of gospel-story,
Meet in thee, thou Name of Glory !
Thee proclaim the Psalmist's measures,
Thee, the ancient Scripture's treasures,
All the holy prophet-nation
Herald thee with jubilation,
While the new law clearer rings
With the joy Thy mention brings.

O I sing thee, Name most sweet,
Jesus, Jesus, I repeat.
How can I forget the strain
Which shall ease this heart of pain ?
How pass by sin's antidote,
Water to the parchèd throat,
Vision to the sightless eyes,
Pledge of better Paradise,
Gate of New Jerusalem,
Peace and joy and diadem ?
Boldness Thou when flesh is failing,
Courage when the heart is quailing,
Glory of the hosts supernal,
Vanquisher of might infernal,
Strength art Thou to quivering breath,
Help in life and hope in death,

O I sing thee, Name most sweet,
Jesus, Jesus, I repeat.
When the Jordan waves are swelling,
Falls the darkness none are telling,
Be thou pilot kind to steer me,
Master of the vessel near me,
Anchor sure within the veil,
Light when fiercest storms prevail ;
Be thou compass to direct me,
Mail and armour to protect me,
Shield when deadliest arrows fall,
Name of Jesus, be my all ;
Port upon the heavenly shore,
Joy and crown for evermore !

W. CHATTFERTON DIX.

"The Marriage of the Lamb."

"THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB."



HE marriage-feast is ready,
The marriage of the Lamb,
He calls the faithful children
Of faithful Abraham ;
He calls them from their sojourn
To come to their abode—
The children of the Promise,
The Israel of God.

He calls them from their prison
Fast bound in iron chains,
Whose cup is mixed with weeping,
Where sin with Satan reigns ;
And from the golden portals
The sounds of triumph ring ;
The triumph of the Incarnate,
The marriage of the King.

They come ! the saints of Sion
With dance and timbrel come,
Where gleam the emerald meadows,
The meadows of our Home.
Nor eye hath seen the glory,
Nor heart of man may tell
How bright the plains of Sion,
The meads of Asphodel.

Nor sigh nor sorrow enter
Where Jesus leads them in,
Nor death may cross the threshold,
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin ;
And shades of night and darkness
Are past and fled away,
Before the irradiant brightness
Of everlasting day.

No tear-drops stain that threshold,
No weeping eyes are there,
For God hath wiped all tear-drops,
And God hath stilled all care ;

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

The sunlight of the Presence,
The bright Shechinah flame
Lights up the bridal banquet
Of God and of the Lamb.

The Rainbow of the Promise
Around the throne hath gleamed,
To welcome them for ever
To joys of the Redeemed ;
They enter to their glory,
The feast for them is spread,
The bridal-feast of Jesus,
The first-fruits of the dead.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE, M.A.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

LUKE viii. 52.



EEP not ! weep not ! she is not dead, but sleepeth :
Earth, mother mild,
Lulled on her lap, as some tired nursling, keepeth
Your darling child ;

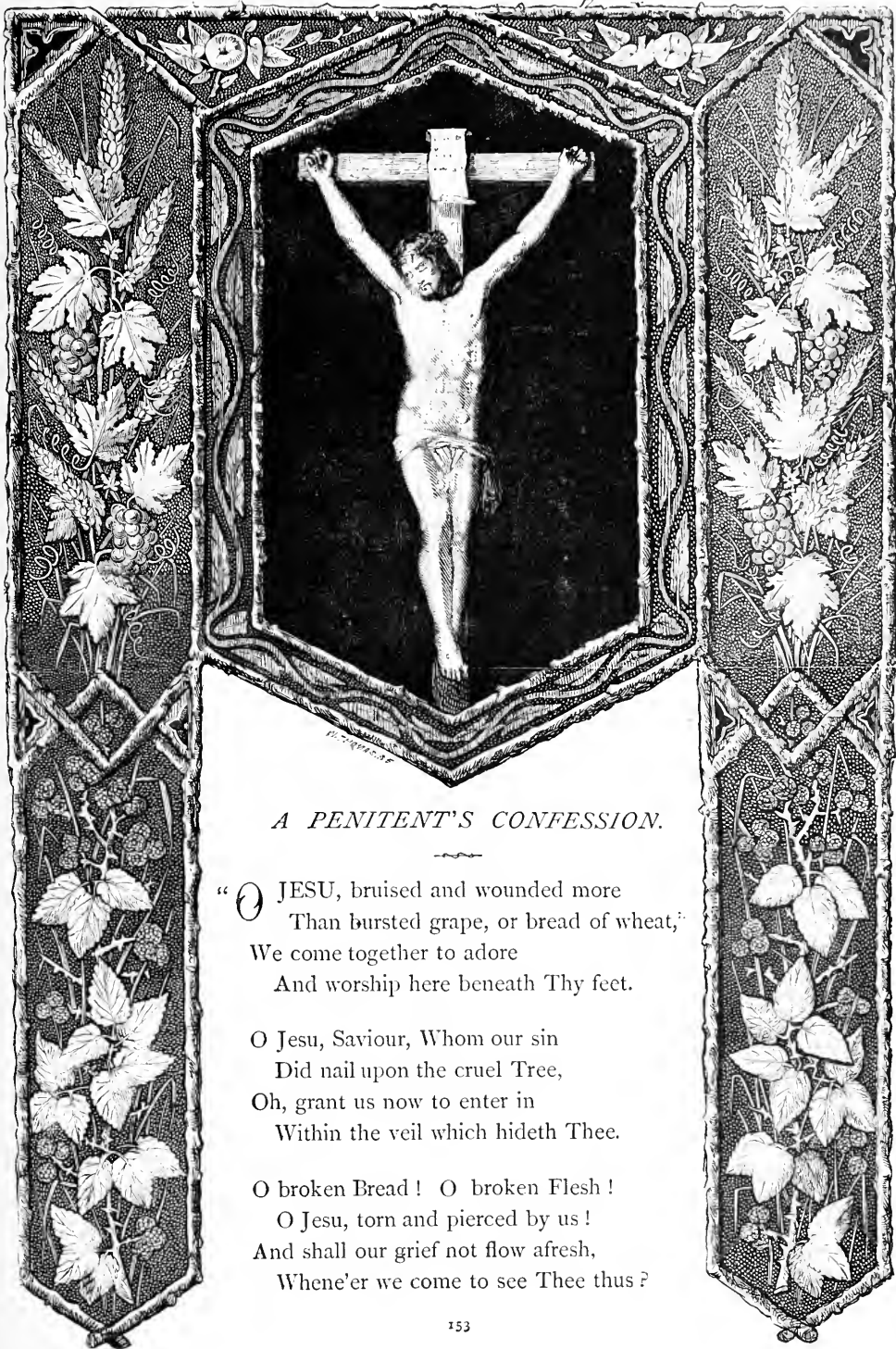
Till His lent loved ones the Almighty Father
Shall homeward call,
Till He shall bid His angels heavenward gather
His children all.

Away with sullen plaint ! away with weeping
For her ye love !
Soon shall ye find the babe ye here lay sleeping
Awake above.

JOHN HOSKYNs ABRAHALL, M.A.



A Penitent's Confession.



A PENITENT'S CONFESSION.

“O JESU, bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
We come together to adore
And worship here beneath Thy feet.

O Jesu, Saviour, Whom our sin
Did nail upon the cruel Tree,
Oh, grant us now to enter in
Within the veil which hideth Thee.

O broken Bread ! O broken Flesh !
O Jesu, torn and pierced by us !
And shall our grief not flow afresh,
Whene'er we come to see Thee thus ?

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

O crowned with thorns, and Crucified !
O head so meekly bowèd down !
It was our hands, so busy plied,
That wove for Thee that cruel crown.

And we have mocked Thee, Lamb of God,
And we have smitten with our hands ;
We struck the Just One with the rod—
We bound Him fast in prison bands.

O dearer to us than our life,
O truest Life of life, 'twas we
That brought Thee to the deadly strife,
That led Thee to Gethsemane.

O Jesu, we drove in the nails
That tore Thy sacred hands and feet ;
And now it is our spear avails
To make the cruelty complete.

O Jesu, crushed and beaten more
Than any grain from harvest-field—
O if we never grieved before
As here about Thy cross we kneeled,

O grant us now to know our guilt,
Which slew the Lord of Glory then ;
Our sin whereby His blood was spilt
Who came to live and die for men !

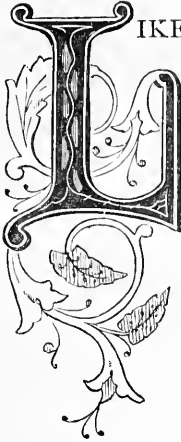
O Jesu, bruised and bleeding more
Than trodden fruitage of the vine ;
O Visage marred and mangled sore
And emptied of its grace divine—

We do repent us, and confess
That ours the guilt, and ours the shame,
Which crushed Thy spotless holiness,
And wrought such scorn about Thy Name.

REV. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B

Christmas.

C H R I S T M A S .



LIKE charms to lull the dying year,
The Christmas bells are pealing ;
And hark ! once more from yonder sky
The angels' song is stealing.
For eighteen hundred years and more
That strain of peace and glory
Has come to glad the hearts of men,
To tell the Blessed Story !

Alas ! that sounds of strife and hate
Should well-nigh drown the chorus ;
That earth, which God made very good,
Lies stained with blood before us !
That man through all the Christian years
Has wronged and slain his brother,
As if the Incarnate had not come
To bid us love each other !

Alas ! that want is in our midst,
And leaves its cruel traces
In wasted hands that may not work,
In crowds of haggard faces !
That festal days are days of dearth,
That homes are filled with sadness
Which once, in better times gone by,
Were bright with Christmas gladness !

Hunger and cold, how hard to bear !
The empty grate, how dreary !
And still the bells are pealing on,
Nor grow the angels weary ;
And Hunger asks with sinking heart,
" What means this high thanksgiving—
This tale of peace, good-will to men—
This struggle for a living ?"

O, by the Babe of Bethlehem,
What answer are we making ?
Brothers are dying at our doors,
And stricken hearts are breaking ;

Thrice blest the deeds this Christmas-tide
Which, selfish love expelling,
Shall make that home a "house of bread,"
Where famine now is dwelling !

Sing on, sweet angels, though your song
Floats down to scenes of sorrow ;
Ye tell of peace, good-will to men,
Be this the strain we borrow :
The Christ whom ye proclaim is here,
And shall we nought afford Him ?
Yea, rather, in His starving poor,
Be love we owe restored Him.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.



D R E A M - L A N D .

WHERE is the land untenanted by mortals,
And yet so like our home ?
The shadowy land of which Sleep holds the portals,
And to which dreamers come ?

Who has not visited that land ideal,
And joyed and sorrowed there ?
A land how like, yet how unlike the real
World that we live in here !

So like, we enter it with step untroubled,
And take our place unasked ;
E'en if the wonderful we meet were doubled
Our faith would be untasked.

Old friends are there so unmistakable
We could not miss our way,
And e'en in Dream-land ties are found more stable
Than in the world of day.

For death, the plunderer who besets our path,
Gleans not upon that shore ;
Whatever weal or woe that country hath
It hath not the "no more !"

Dream-land.



Old places there we find unburied stand,
Though swept away from earth ;
We tread as erst our own dear fatherland,
The home that gave us birth.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Though that loved home may be a bygone thing ;
All round so chill, unkind,
'Twould puzzle e'en the bird upon the wing
Its ancient nest to find.

Whence is it that o'er these dominions vast
Time never reckoning keeps,
But all the present mingles with the past,
When the tired body sleeps ;

And the ethereal spirit starts and wakes
Up in the Dream-land wold,
And in its wild and devious mazes takes
Strange wanderings untold ?

Oh, 'tis a mystery past human lore ;
The solving we must wait
Until we pass our last sleep's open door
Into a future state ;

And learn the secrets which in mortal robe
We never can attain,
For we must shake the dust off of this globe
Ere we can make them plain.

And now, we pray, good angels hold us fast,
And guide each step we're taking,
Till all the present time has joined the past
At the last great awaking.

MARY ISABELLA BROMLEY.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

HIGH over the graves
The yew-tree waves,
Dank and dark as the sod underneath ;
The shadowing yew,
With its tears of dew,
Droops heavily over the chamber of death.

In the Churchyard.

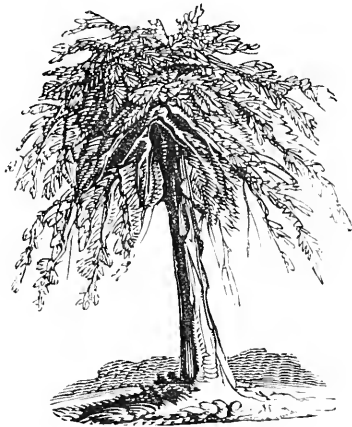
And the mourners pass
O'er the well-trod grass,
Bitterly weeping for those that are gone ;
Cheeks wet with the tears
Of bygone years,
Which have left them for ever to sorrow alone.

And the yew-tree waves
O'er the fresh-made graves,
Where the brother his sister has laid ;
And the young mother weeps
For the darling that sleeps
Her last quiet sleep in its desolate shade.

But blossoming there
In the moist blue air,
And lovingly throwing its green arms round,
The wild briar rose
Fresh fragrancy throws
On the grass that's scarce grown on the grave-strewn ground.

A memory meet
Of the fragrancy sweet
They shed whilst on earth on the scenes of their pain ;
A star in its flight
To those gardens of light
In which they shall one day blossom again.

REV. GODFREY THRING, M.A.



"SHOW ME THY GLORY."



OLY Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Shadowing all creation with Thy wings,
Boundless in Thy rule as in Thy thought,
How shall I conceive Thee as I ought !

I have lingered, haply, all too long
With the simple Galilean throng,
Sailing with Thee o'er the waters blue,
Gliding all the busy city through ;

Seen Thee hungry, thirsty, vexed with cares,
Bearing all the ills that manhood bears,
Weary, and no place to rest Thy head,
Captive bound, and all Thy followers fled ;

Seen Thee—not as artists' hands design,
Heavenly haloes round Thee for a sign—
Undistinguished, save to angel's ken,
Live and move as common Man with men ;

Till I start in fear, and backward turn,
Lest my childhood's Gospel I unlearn ;
In Thy faultless human graces rest,
Lay my head, like John, upon Thy breast ;

Yet, unlike that soul of eagle eye,
Fail Thy sunlike splendour to descry,
Fail Thy loftier symmetry to find—
God's true Nature matched with man's true mind.

Wherefore now, as Moses prayed, I pray,
Stand beheld in Thine own bright array,
As to those upon the mount awhile,
Or the Apostle in the lonely isle.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I SAW in pastures by a stream
 A flock of sheep beneath the trees,
 Whose leaves kept off the scorching
 beam,
 Whose rustling made sweet melodies.

The Shepherd had a gentle face,
 And went amongst them with His crook ;
 They followed Him from place to place
 Because He had so sweet a look.

They ever kept within His reach,
 Lest from the pastures they might stray ;
 I saw upon the brow of each
 A crooked Sign as bright as day.

And when they passed me where I stood,
 I saw the Shepherd's wounded Side ;
 'Twas He who bought that flock with blood.
 The Shepherd who once lived and died.

In Heaven He bears His tokens five,
 And is the King whom all adore ;
 He once was dead, now is alive,
 The Shepherd-King for evermore.

REV H. A. RAWES, M.A.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

"Let thy work appear unto thy servants. . . . and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."



HE year rolls round, with many a cloudy morn
That slowly ushers in the coming day ;
We wake from sleep of dim forgetfulness,
Or aimless dreams, the soul's wild wandering,
To rise, and meet the old familiar tasks
That with the morning light resume their place,
And call on us to give them patient heed
And thoughtful toil ; and so the short-lived hours
Pass quickly by, whilst we are plodding on ;
And soon the dusky shades descend again
To cradle us within the arms of night.

The year rolls round, with other days than these,
With days that break the calm monotony ;
Seasons of hope, and fear, and joy, and grief,
When the deep-flowing waters of the heart
Come welling to the surface ; when each pulse
Beats with a full and quick reality.
Yet these, too, have an end ;—again the tide
Of quiet sameness ripples o'er our life,
And so the year advances to its close.
And lo ! another year before us stands,
And fain our eager minds would question it :
"What bringest thou ?" Ah ! know we not full well
It brings the same old days, the same old tasks,
Yea, the same joys and griefs, though clothed, perchance,
In other forms ; and so our life goes by,
And "few and evil" are our days at best.

The years roll by, and though our little life
Be as a spark, that for a moment gleams
And then is quenched, out of that little spark
A soul looks forth upon the moving host,
With steadfast gaze still measuring the past,
And glancing on to those that yet shall come.
It marks the rise of nations, and their strife,
The war, the desolation, and the curse,
The good so slow, so long developing,

The Discipline of Life.

The evil bursting like the thunder's crash,
And crowding wrongs into a moment's space ;
Nor dares it hope that future years shall bring
Immunity from crime and suffering ;
For till He come, who maketh all things new,
What has been, shall be.

Yet through all the years
One great and changeless working shows itself,
Gleaming athwart the clouds of sin and woe,
With the bright glow of immortality ;
But intertwined and woven in so close
With human things, that oft our feeble sight
Fails to discern it ; yet 'tis ever there,
Out of the complex and corrupted mass
Shaping a new creation ; day by day
Clasping fresh objects in its firm embrace,
Its wondrous circle ever widening,
Until He come, whose hand hath wrought the whole,
To crown it with completion ! O for eyes –
Divinely touched, its glories to perceive !
O for a vision free from earthly stain
To trace its all-triumphant way ! O let
Thy work appear unto thy servants, Lord !
And let its beauty shine into our hearts,
And let us count each day a precious thing,
Because that ceaseless work hath hallowed it !

Yet not alone, with wrapt and wondering gaze,
Would we behold its progress ; give us, Lord,
A part in it ; O purge our hearts, our hands,
Our lips, our every power, that we may share
Thy blessèd toil ; open our eyes to see
In all Thy hand appoints for us to do
Gleams of its radiance : thus our life no more
Shall seem but as a vain and aimless thing,
But as a priceless gift—the right and power
To view and share the glories of Thy work !

GERALDINA STOCK.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK!"

(Suggested by Holman Hunt's "Light of the World.")



SEE, Christian soul! thy Redeemer!
He is wet with dews of the night;
To His wounded Hand is fastened
The lamp of ineffable light;
The seamless robe is upon Him,
The crown which the king wears alone,
And He waits and asks thee to give Him
Thy love in exchange for His own!

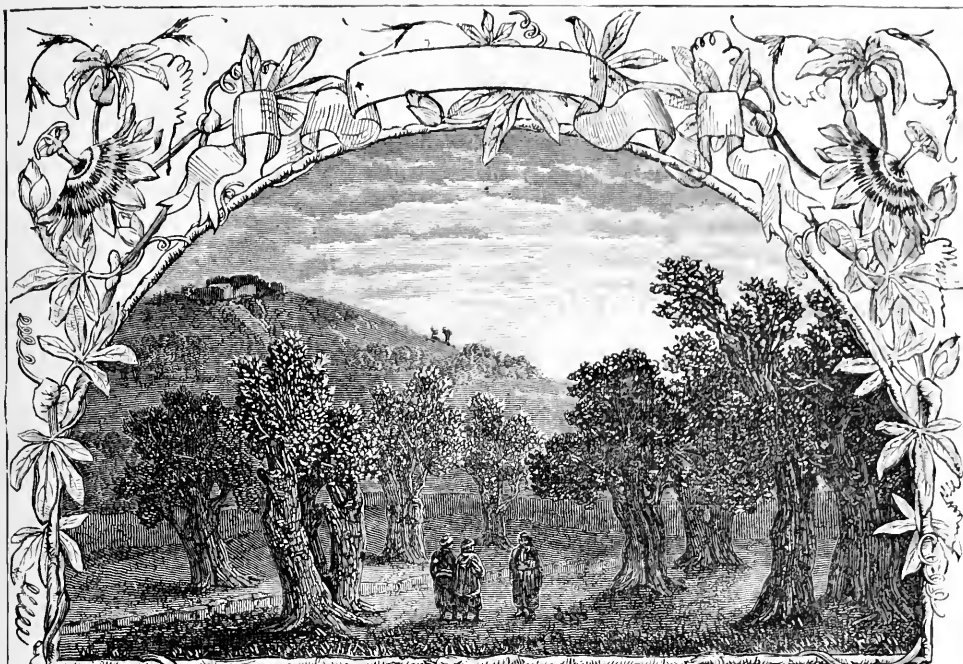
There, in the chill bitter morning,
He stands at the door of thy heart;
The long night through He has waited,
And now He is loth to depart.
Yet once again He is knocking,
He has knocked so often before;
Was ever love like to His love,
And what could thy Lord have done more?

Yet still the door is unopened,
Still Jesus is out in the cold;
Still must His voice be unheeded—
The tale of His love be untold?
New sins clinging closer, nearer,
Which seem in their youth green and fair,
Sins unabsolved, but forgotten,
These keep thy Lord waiting there.

How long wilt thou keep Him waiting?
The morning is coming on fast;
What if He go with the dawning,
And what if this knock be His last?
With Hand uplift He is standing,
His sorrowful Face turned away;
He is well nigh faint and weary,
How much longer will Jesus stay?

W. CHATTERTON DIX





VALETE PRÆTERITA, FUTURA PETIMUS.

"I shall go to him ; but he shall not return to me."

LOOK not behind, nor watch the setting ray,
 Leave the last smile of day
 To die away ;
 Content in darkness for a time to rest,
 Till a new Sun arise from Ocean's throbbing breast.

Mourn not for strength and health, and joys gone by
 Of earlier years ; nor sigh
 For youth's keen eye.
 These never shall return to this worn frame,
 But unto that renewed by Him from Whom they came.

Dwell not in tombs. The memories of the dead,
 Life's autumn leaves, are shed
 Around their head.
 And we look forwards to a heavenly spring,
 Which shall to them and us perpetual summer bring.

Sigh not, thou penitent, for garments white,
 Now soiled ; once dazzling bright,

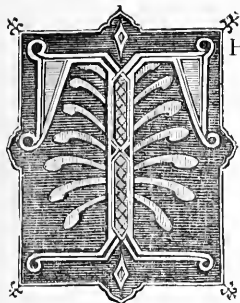
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But quenched their light.
Beneath them lurked each undeveloped sin,
And thou shalt now a tried and sure devotion win.
Ye words once spoken on Gennesaret's shore ;
 Ye deeds unseen before ;
 And evermore ;
O Sychem's well, and thou Gethsemane ;
O griefs which love desires, yet cannot bear to see ;
O judgment hall, and toilsome way of woe ;
 To you fond pilgrims go,
 And tears must flow ;
But haste, the tomb is empty ; He is gone ;
And they who linger there must linger sad and lone.
His footstep is on Olivet, but far
 Above the highest star
 His mansions are.
And when He comes, His Presence shall transcend
The past, and all this sweetness with that glory blend.
The past is past, and may not come again.
 O forward to complain,
 Reflect, refrain.
The past is past ; but, lo, a future bright
With o'er-abounding joy, and all-surpassing light.
Onwards, then, onwards ; upwards lift the eye—
 Where earthly blessings die,
 There let them lie ;
That out of their dear graveyard may arise
Joys which fade not, but deathless bloom 'neath kindlier skies.



The Orphan Chorister.

THE ORPHAN CHORISTER.



HE Collect for Light in our darkness was ended,
The organ rolled soft as some far-away chime ;
Then a strain from the depths of the temple ascended—
“O Lord,” was its burden, “give peace in our time !”
A peace like the calm of the angels came o’er me ;
To the far courts of glory and bliss it upbore me,
As a pure form of beauty and light stood before me ;
And well did the minstrel accord with the clime.

To the roof labyrinthine his eye was uplifted,
Yet seemed on some glory beyond to repose ;
O’er his vesture unspotted his sunny hair drifted,
Like primrose expanding o’er winter’s last snows :
And still, as more clear the high anthem resounded,
The more that calm peace in my spirit abounded,
Till I seemed by bright legions angelic surrounded :
And he, their companion, resplendent as those.

A twelvemonth had passed—yet around me to linger
In winter and summer, at eve and at prime,
Ne’er failed the clear tones of that eloquent singer :
“O Lord,” was their echo, “give peace in our time !”
Then through the arched colonnades awful and holy,
I marked the robed choristers trooping on slowly ;
Their heads drooping sadly, their lips moving lowly ;
The accent was plaintive, the strain was sublime.

On came they, that mournful processional chanting,
“The Life and the true Resurrection am I !”
One voice to the full diapason was wanting—
The sweetest of all—yet the minstrel was nigh ;
For, with crossletted pall and his surplice thrown o’er him,
Six weeping companions amidst them upbore him ;
And now the full outburst of faith rose before him—
“I know my Redeemer is living on high !”

With *Dixi, custodiam*, with words evangelic,
To his green sunny bed the blest sleeper they bring :
With the earth that commits to the earth the loved relic,
The lily and rose on the coffin they fling :

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With chant and with prayer the last honours are paid him ;
'Mid princes, and prelates, and priests they have laid him,
Where the walls of the minster he loved overshadow him,
And pleasant boy-voices his lullaby sing.

He is gone to the land where his father and mother
Await him, their toils and anxieties o'er ;
Where his orisons rise for each loving boy-brother,
Far worthier our sorrow than him we deplore :
He is gone : but he leaves not our fond recollection ;
He abides in the depths of his comrades' affection,
And his prayer shall be heard in the great Resurrection,
When the Lord to his saints shall give peace evermore.

H. T.

A PAINTER'S LEGEND.

(HEBREWS vi. 6.)

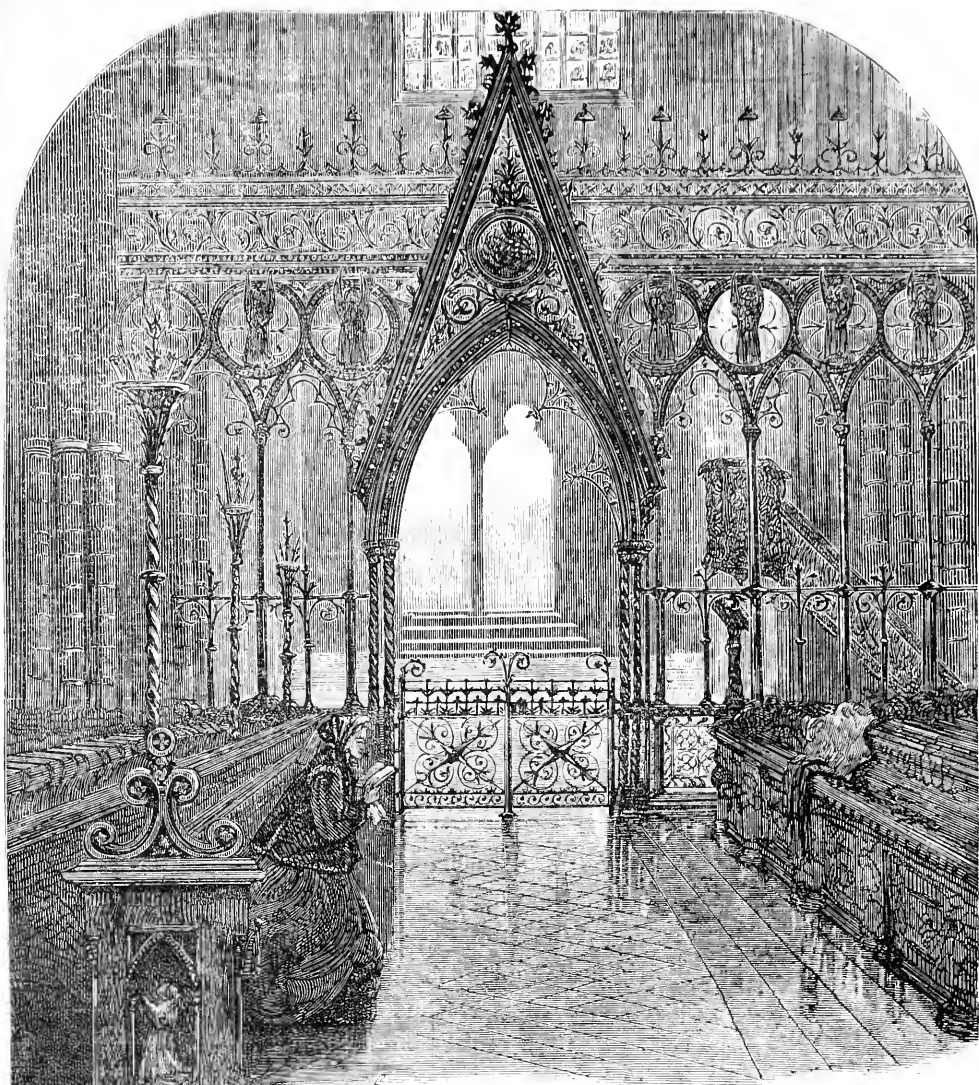


PAINTER, long ago, wrought out the story
Of the great love of Christ our Lord ;
How He, the Prince of Life and Glory,
The very and eternal Word,
Enthroned before the glassy sea,
Still mourns for sin exceedingly.

And thus he pictured Him whose look so tender
No art may paint, no hues express :
God, in His majesty of splendour,
But wearing still His Passion-dress—
The purple robe, which may not hide
His wounded hands, and feet, and side !

Once more His blessèd face looks marrèd with anguish ;
His brow still bears the thorny crown ;
And still in death He seems to languish,
And in an agony look down
On those who nail Him yet again
Fast to the Cross of sharpest pain.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.



OUTER WORSHIPPERS.

T HERE are who in some vast cathedral nave
 Seek a brief respite from the city's din ;
 We, too, but worship in the outer courts,
 And may not go the mystic shrine within.

Like them, we hear at best but broken notes
 Of alleluias, which are clear and strong ;
 We strain our eager eyes, and only catch
 But fleeting glimpses of the white-robed throng.

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We may not gain that holiest place of all,
Nor yet our feet may tread its jewelled way;
Nor are our voices tuned to swell those songs
Which wreath its ageless pillars day by day.

We look through that dark screen which bars us out—
We think how blest they are who tarry there;
And then we seek the busy world afresh,
Nerved for our duty by the vision fair.

'Tis but a little time we have to wait—
Only until our work on earth be done;
E'en now the Lord within the golden gate
His faithful souls is gathering one by one.

Let us have faith! We work and wait for God.
Soon shall our life's hard day of toil be o'er;
And when at eventide the lamps are lit,
We shall go in and worship evermore!

W. CHATTERTON DIX

TO A FRIEND.



H, call me but thy friend!
Seek thou no other word when thou wouldst pour
Thy soul in mine; for this unto the core
Of love doth pierce, and in it comprehend
All secrets of its lore.

Yet thou dost move within
A tropic-sphere of soul, and all too weak
For thy full-hearted utterance: worn too thin
By daily usage seem the words we speak,
Too oft misprizing them; so thou dost hold
This current coin of ours for base, and choose
From thine own wealth new moulds wherein to fuse
Thy virgin, unsunned gold.

So let thy choice be free!
Our spirits thus by divers laws are bound;
One may not judge the other, but from me
Seek thou no other token, for its sound
Hath been to me for music, bringing round

Gethsemane.

Kind eyes that looked on me, kind hands I found
Outstretched to help me over pathways drear ;
And some of these are far away, and some are near,
And some are in the heavens, but all are dear

In God, who gave them to me ; so this " friend"
Is like a full-stringed chord, that still doth seem

Within its sound to gather up and blend
All, all that life in other lives that takes
Away life's curse of barrenness, and makes
Our being's sweet and often-troubled dream.

I never used it lightly ; unto me
A sacredness hung round it ; for a sign

I held it of our common words, that be
Initial letters of a speech divine.

O take this coin—too oft to worthless ends
Profaned—and see upon its circlet shine
One Image fair—one Legend never dim ;
And Whose but Cæsar's ? for this word by Him

Was used at parting, " I have called you *Friends*."

DORA GREENWELL.

G E T H S E M A N E .



ESIDE this hoary olive-tree,
Whose roots embrace the sacred hill
O'ershadowing Gethsemane,
Rest thou, O pilgrim, and be still :
Where the disciples watched that wondrous scene.
And feet of pitying angel-witnesses have been.

Let silent thought communion hold,
One solemn, sacramental hour,
With Him that suffering here, of old,
Sore anguish in its tranquil bower,
Expressed " the human agony of God,"
In tears of deadly sorrow, and great drops of blood.

Under His shadow sit and feed,
Tasting His fruit, the soul's true vine ;

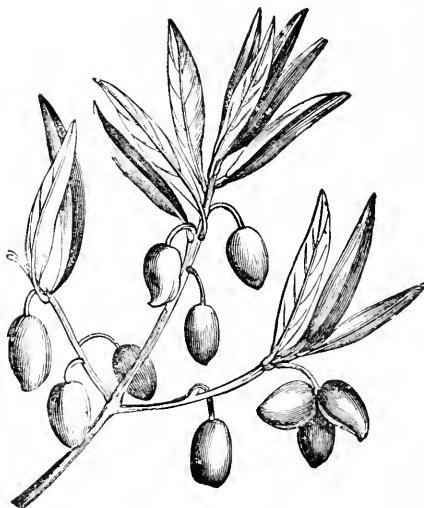
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Here first that blood, its "drink indeed,"
Was shed, our Eucharistic wine,
Ere yet His broken Body, on the tree,
Was lifted up for us, Jerusalem, and for thee.

Ah, see ! beneath that olive-shade
He bears for us the averted blow ;
See from His lips the life-blood fade ;
They, quivering, taste our cup of woe :
It passed not from Him, till He drained it deep,
Alone in grief's dread hour. Why, watchers, do ye sleep ?

For ever, O Gethsemane,
With thee will precious memories dwell :
That bloody sweat and agony,
Must not our souls remember well ?
When there is no more sorrow, death, or pain,
New songs of love will bless the Lamb that once was slain !

Yea, be Thy cross and passion, Lord,
Imprinted on our hearts for aye,
Abiding as the eternal Word,
With things that shall not pass away :
Write there the record of that grief unknown,
Until we trace Thy wounds of love before the throne.



Courage.



COURAGE.



REAM not idly of the future ;
Weep not vainly o'er the past ;
Up ! and boldly face the present,
Though till death the strife must last.

Fear not, though thy foes be mighty ;
Faint not, though thy path seem long ;
One has trod that path before thee,
In Whose strength thou shalt be strong.

Strong to face the foes around thee ;
Strong to crush that foe within,

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Than all outward foes more deadly—
The deep-hidden power of sin.

Ever still, through gloom and darkness,
Bright those blood-stained foot-prints shine ;
Guiding safe, through storm and tempest,
To the rest that shall be thine.

Never shall His strength forsake thee,
Till thy mortal strife be o'er,
And thy blood-bought spirit standeth
Safe upon the eternal shore.

Safe from sin, and safe from sorrow ;
All life's bitter conflicts past ;
There, for ever with thy Saviour,
Thou, in peace, shalt rest at last.

Therefore faint not in life's battle ;
Therefore shrink not from the strife ;
Unto death thou must be faithful,
Wouldst thou wear the Crown of life.

SOPHIE F. F. VEITCH.

BRIGHT OUT OF DOOR.



Lay upon this sofa, deadly weak ;
His eyes had glitter, as in moonless frost
Heaven's stars, and maiden bloom had flushed the cheek
Else blanched with sickly dews, its manhood lost.

His thin shrunk fingers, wax-white veined in blue,
Clasped eagerly the book he could not read,
For memory had almost paid her due,
Ere spirit from its tenement was freed.

But upward gazing, sundown caught his eye,
'Twas Nature's elegy to dying day ;
Circlet of gold set in a dappled sky,
With upper cloud-arch toned a deepening grey.

He wept. His own brief day had clouded in
As first spring overcasts her brighter morn ;

Bright Out of Door.

His hopes, his schemes, his life's short love had been
Like snowdrops on an infant's coffin borne.

Gently, with careful arms, we laid him down
At night-fall on the pillow where he died ;
Gently, for soul and body lingered on,
Old comrades loth to part, and friendship tied.

Few miles away the city's feverish heart
Throbb'd, where the floods of commerce daily swell ;
Few miles away, within its crowded mart,
Companions trod the ways he knew so well ;

Where hasty, as they changed the word and smile,
One asked another of their common friend.
Good souls ! they spoke it low, and paused awhile
In life's great heat to think of life's near end.

And night fell on the city. Street and square
Were silent as the tombs of kings at rest,
Save when wheels rattled fitful here and there,
Like old emotion's pulse in dying breast.

Then one had brought the city's latest news,
Yet stopped in telling at that eager look,
Broke short, spake preacher-wise, who did not use
Himself much preacher's word to hear or brook.

Men do their kindest in such clumsy form !
We women learn a readier, subtler tact ;
It may be that our love is not more warm,
But 'tis more eloquent in word or act.

Thus days stole on. As mother for her son,
Who speeds from foreign shore to hear her last,
We longed that March and April winds were gone,
And early May's too chilly suns were past.

We longed, knowing he could not live, yet longed,
And each to-day prayed, " O God, not to-day !"
Ay, knew our Father's tender care we wronged,
Still could not let that one soul glide away.

Ah ! Death—as conjuror who holds aloft
The ball with much discourse to warn 'twill go,

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Until it goes unnoticed—thou so oft
Didst feign to strike, we staggered at the blow.
And spring was o'er, and summer birds were come,
To fill the air with their sweet harmony,
With summer flowers to scent our rural home ;
But birds, and flowers, and home were nought to me.

Self-scared, my heart would halt to listen. Less
I'd missed him, when with miser thrift were sought
Our hours of intercourse 'mid constant press
Of life's strict enterprise and husband thought.

Yea, wife-love, latent part, is wrought by pain
Into a wilder flame's intenser glow,
And turns back to its source of fire again,
Till all is kindled to a keener woe.

Thus I sat grieving. Interest, work begun,
Joys, all but sorrow, from the mind effaced :
Once loose their tension by the duty done,
And nerves recoil, for other task unbraced.

Then God rebuked me. Harry, his and mine,
The child's next birthday counted up to four,
Ran in with warm soft arms my neck to twine,
"Come, play, mamma, it is bright out of door."

We two went playing on the lawn, and one
Now far above us blessed both child and wife.
And bright it was, for living love can soon
Stanch this heart-bleeding of a severed life.

REV. W. J. SMITH, M.A.



Work and Rest.



WORK AND REST.

OME! Is this home, where she sits cold and lonely,
Working, still working, from morning till night?
Life! Is this life, which is pain and pain only—
Only dark shadows, not one gleam of light?

Pale, haggard cheeks, frozen, comfortless fingers;
Eyes wild with watching, head yearning for rest.
Working, still working, each moment she lingers
Takes bread from the baby she warms at her breast.

Gazing at palaces through the dim casement,
(Palace so splendid through casement so mean!)
Nothing but work in the garret and basement,
Nothing but rest and enjoyment between!

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O ye rich happy ones, give her your pity,
Working, still working, so wearily on ;
Look at her withered face—once it was pretty,
Youth is still hers, but its semblance is gone.

Could *you* be patient, and good, and enduring,
If your high station was bowed to her doom ?
Earth is so sweet for you—fair and alluring ;
Earth is so hard for her—shrouded in gloom.

Open your hearts to her, open your purses,
From your abundance give money and love ;
Let not your happy homes prove to you curses,
Dragging you down from the heaven above.

What ? were you sent to this earth for your pleasure ?
Stewards of His riches, awake and bestir ;
You shall be judged by the measure for measure,
Happy, perhaps, to change places with her !

E. D. H.



LIGHT AT EVEN-TIDE.



ALLING, falling, falling,
Every minute and hour,
Even the breeze in its whisper,
Even the daintiest shower ;
Falling, lightly falling,
Is bearing a leaf from the bower.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Dreaming the hours away,
Whilst the minutes are flitting
Fast, faster every day ;
Dreaming, strangely dreaming,
And life running on to decay.

Floating, floating, floating,
Floating down with the stream,
Eddying round with the bubbles,
Till like the bubbles we seem ;
Floating, idly floating
Away as the scene in a dream.

Flying, flying, flying,
Up in the clouds all day,
Up with the lark to the zenith,
Singing our roundelay ;
Flying, wildly flying,
Our kites as children at play.

Hastening, hastening, hastening,
Ever from morning till eve,
Ever the quicker the quicker,
The quicker the longer we live ;
Hastening, sadly hastening,
The years we cannot retrieve.

Turning, turning, turning,
Over and over again,
Page after page of the pages
That sicken again on the brain ;
Turning, blindly turning,
Our life into death with the strain.

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Toiling, toiling, toiling,
Toiling from morning till night,
Labour of mind and of body,
Doubting of wrong and of right;
Toiling, wanly toiling,
And praying as children for light,

Sailing, sailing, sailing,
Now on a motionless sea,
Now in the storm and the whirlwind,
Lost in the mystic "To be;"
Sailing, onward sailing,
And nought to be seen but the sea.

Changing, changing, changing,
Light interlacing with shade,
Bright as the gleam on the ripples,
Dark as the cloud overhead;
Changing, ever changing,
Till dust in the dust shall be laid.

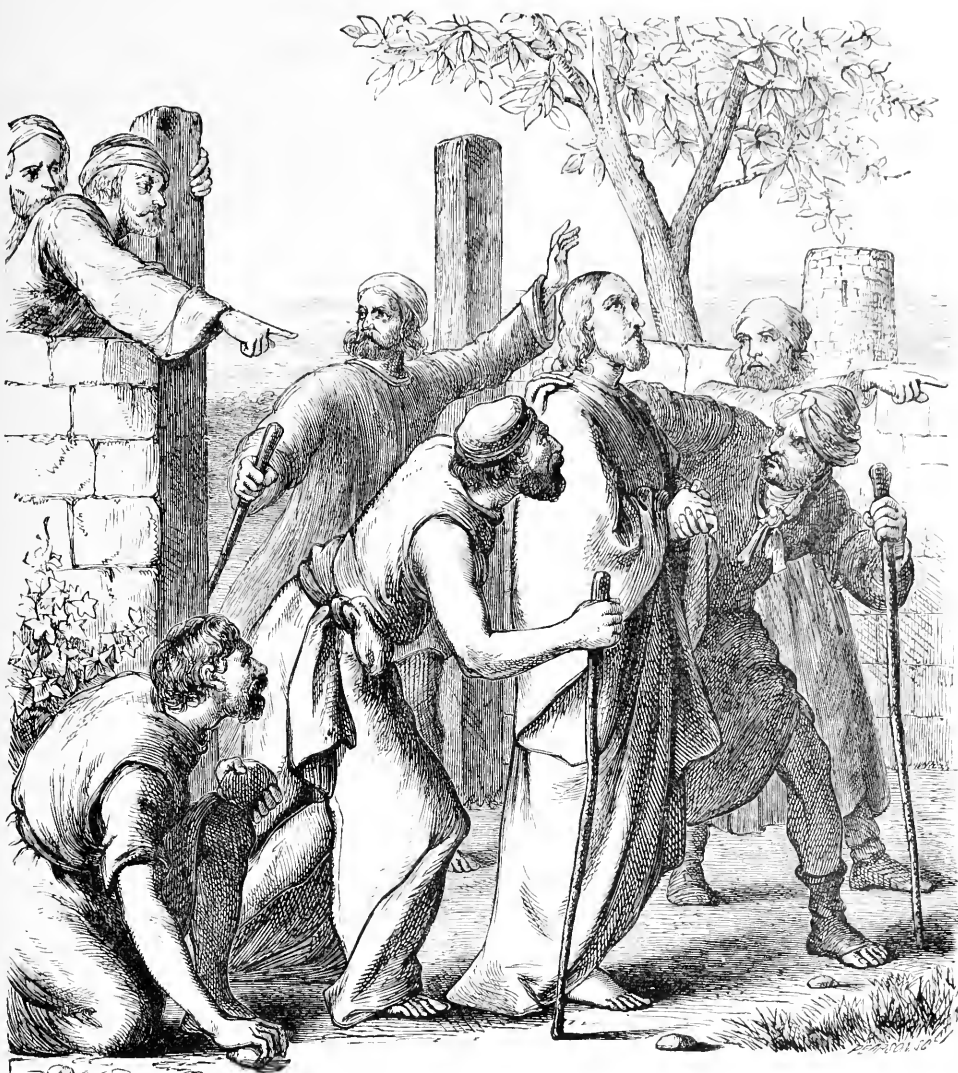
Brightening, brightening, brightening,
When on the crest of the wave,
Life with its lights and its shadows,
Rests on the Saviour to save;
Brightening, heavenward brightening,
E'en at the gate of the grave.

Dying, calmly dying,
Light in the western sky
Piercing the gap on the mountains,
Gilding the bed where I lie,
Teacheth the truth in the dying,
That death is not death, though we die.

REV. GODFREY THRING, M.A.



The Householder sending forth his Son.



THE HOUSEHOLDER SENDING FORTH HIS SON.

PART I.

R

IGHT was resting on the people, sin was out upon the world,
Darkness, ere the Prince of Darkness from his citadel was hurled,
Ere the Prince of Peace His standard o'er the realms of strife
unfurled.

Heathen madly rag'd with heathen, each with vain imagining ;
Brother hated, slew his brother, king went out to war with king,
Till at length all ill abounded, and the dove of peace took wing.

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All the nations sat in darkness, loving best the veil of night ;
God they would not own as ruler, so they put Him out of sight,
Then the flames of hell they quickened, trampled on the true and right.

Thus the vineyard God had planted, very good from east to west,
Wicked husbandmen had ruined, eating, drinking, taking rest,
Cursing with their lusts and passions what the Householder had blest.

He had edged about the vineyard, dug the wine-press, built the tower,
Let it out and given orders, "Thou must serve and thou have power,"
So that He of fruit might gather treasure in the vintage-hour.

One by one He sent His servants till the time should fully come ;
Some they beat and some they stoned, shamefully entreated some,
They whose hearts were set on idols, gods they fashioned, senseless, dumb.

Last of all, the vineyard's Ruler, when the numbered days were run,
Thought upon His loving-kindness, sent the Sole Begotten One,
Sent His best Belovèd, saying, "They will reverence my Son."

Thus the Father, in His pity, healed the world by guilt oppress,
Gave commandment to the lowly, bade her tabernacle rest,
He who made her, Israel's lily, slumbered on her spotless breast.

O the mystery of mercy ! to the vineyard comes the Heir,
Leaves the Father's many mansions, faithless husbandmen to spare,
Clothes Himself with human nature, deigns our very flesh to wear.

Heir of all things, we adore Him, Whom the wicked madly slew ;
"This the Heir—come, let us kill Him," thus of old that godless crew
Cast Him out the Father sent them, thus they paid their Lord His due.

PART II.

FAIR the vineyard which the Ageless purchased with His own right hand,
Where the husbandmen of Jesus in the place appointed stand,
Some to sow and some to gather, some to break the fallow land.

Hedged about by Law and Prophets, this inheritance Divine ;
Deep therein is dug the wine-press, whence flows precious Blood for wine ;
There the tower of ivory glitters, of Incarnate grace the shrine.

There the four-fold river waters with its crystal stream the ground,
Purest gold and precious onyx in its hidden depths abound,
There, or good for food or pleasant, every herb and tree are found.

Thus the Lord our God hath planted eastward in the realm He made
A Garden, unto which He sendeth, born to-day of spotless Maid,
Him whose light the ancients longed for, Him for whom the prophets prayed.

"No Night There."

Where are springing thorns and briars, He will make the curse to cease ;
Are their captives fast in fetters ? He will give the bound release,
Unto men of good-will saying, " On the earth be good-will, peace !"

Surely now the world will greet Him, Heir of all the worlds sublime ;
Times, they say, are bad, disjointed : He is come, the lord of time ;
Men, they say, have grown more evil : He can stay the march of crime.

Do the hours of toil wax longer ? He will share our weariness ;
Are their hands uplift to curse us ? His are lifted up to bless ;
Are there words of hate about us ? His are words of peacefulness.

O how happy the hereafter, when, the better Eden gained,
We look back upon the vineyard where the labour was sustained,
One hand working, one hand grasping weapon whilst a foe remained !

Peace ! the Will of God the Father, as in Heaven, in earth is done ;
Peace ! the dreary years are ended ; Peace ! the days of strife are run ;
One the Song of men and angels, we will reverence the Son.

Hid beneath His fleshly garment, many a crown and diadem
Brings the Heir this blessed morning, journeying from Bethlehem ;
If He own us, if He bless us, who is he that dares condemn ?

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

"NO NIGHT THERE."



EVER all the earth has fallen the calm of night,
The moon through cloudy sky pursues her way,
Like some brave Christian who, deprived of light,
Yet hastens on to the bright realms of day,
Leaning on Him who, though His face He hide,
Will ne'er forsake His own, but upward guide.

Darkness has come ; but oh, it brings not rest
To all : some must with anguish watch beside
The dying bed of one whom they love best ;
With such, dear Lord, do Thou Thyself abide
To comfort and to bless, for Thou didst weep
O'er Lazarus, enchained by death's cold sleep.

And there are those who, till the dawn of day,
Wrestle for erring ones in earnest prayer,
Asking that, in the new and living way,
Their wayward feet may tread. This load of care



Help them, Lord Jesus, at Thy feet to cast,
And bring the wanderers to Thy fold at last.

Some, too, there are before whose troubled mind
Their sins arise, and fill them with despair,
And neither day nor night they peace can find :
Lead to Thy cross ; oh, let them find rest there ;
Show them that Thou their heavy debt hast paid,
And by Thy blood hast full atonement made.

Thou, Lord, in truth, doth deeply sympathise
With all our sorrows, weaknesses, and fears,
For Thou art man—delay not, but arise,
For Thou art God, to dry the bitter tears
Of all Thy suffering saints ; fight Thou their foes,
And give them strength until the battle close.

Then shall all night be past, nor shall again
One weary pain be felt ; full recompense
Is given for sufferings past : oh, we would fain
Pierce far beyond the things of time and sense
To gaze enraptured on our future home.
Lord, guide, while in the wilderness we roam.

EMMA GREY HIBGAME

LOVE FOR GOD.

THE many-sceptred sea against all lands,
By burning shores or in eternal snow,
Unceasing ever in its ebb and flow,
Rolls its clear waves and lifts its azure hands.

Kept for itself, where eye hath never seen,
Deep-hidden treasures in its depths there are ;
The earth is furrowed by the plough of care,
The sea is now what it has ever been.

Kept for Thyself, with treasures all Thine own,
So may my soul, dear God, an ocean be,
And, ever-shining, ebb and flow in Thee,
Breaking in waves of light against Thy throne.

REV. H. A. RAWES, M.A.

Paradise.



PARADISE.

OW often in despairing mood
I summon up the mournful past,
And gaze upon it, till at last
I lose all sense of any good.

How often have I sung in vain
The dirges of the empty years ;
And sought, with self-bewailing tears,
To blunt the edge of cruel pain.

How often in the frozen night,
In weary wakefulness I lie ;
And, with exceeding bitter cry,
Against my condemnation fight :

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A sick child crying in the dark,
And stretching helpless arms of love—
More desolate than that one dove
Which crossed the waste from out the ark.

“Like song-birds in their prison cage,
Shut in betwixt the earth and sky;
We cannot live, we may not die.
So rolls the world from age to age.

“We blindly strive against our fate;
We roam the globe from pole to pole,
We cannot find one kindred soul;
Or, if we find, we find too late.

“Such mirage as our life can show,
Amidst a howling desert lies;
The brazen glitter of the skies
But mocks the misery below.”

“Ungrateful fool,” the voice replies—
The hidden voice that dwells within—
“It is not sorrow, it is sin
By which thy wounded spirit dies.

“Since Adam’s time the sons of men
Have ranged the planet all about;
And thought to find their Eden out,
And dwell in Paradise again;

“And knew not that the primal curse
Which shut the garden of delight,
Had blinded all their inner sight,
And made them see the better worse.

“For each man’s Eden lies around
The spot of earth he calls his home;
He has not any need to roam,
Though thorns and thistles choke the ground:

“He needs but simple faith and grace
To purge the scales from off his eyes;
Then may he see the Paradise,
And know it for his native place.

Paradise.

" There falleth freely all abroad
The 'hidden manna' from above ;
There flows the rich strong wine of love,
'The chalice of the grapes of God.' *

" And there the lonely-hearted sees
Sweet angel-forms on either hand.
His guardian saints around him stand ;
They walk beneath the garden trees.

" As sometimes in a dream we gain
Short glimpses through an open door ;
Within, the loved ones gone before
In softest blaze of glory reign :

" So in the kingdom of the Cross,
The earthly ' Garden of delight,'
Shine human angel-forms of light,
To cheer us through defeat and loss."

Therefore, though I be weak and sad,
I will forbear my craven tears ;
I will not weep for blighted years,
I may with heavenly joy be glad ;

For, streaming far upon my life,
The glory of the Cross is thrown,
And angel-voices widely blown,
Speak peace above the inner strife.

The chism-Cross upon my brow,
The Spirit sword within my hand,
I go to join God's warrior band,
And take His sacramental vow.

REV. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B.

* "In Memoriam."





"MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN."

After THOMAS A'KEMPIS

ANY crowd the Saviour's kingdom,
Few receive His cross ;
Many seek His consolation,
Few can suffer loss—
For the dear sake of the Master,
Counting all but dross.

The Loving Master.

Many sit at Jesus' table,
Few will fast with Him ;
When the passion-cup of sorrow
Trembles to the brim,
Few watch with Him in the garden
Who have sung the hymn.

Many will confess His wisdom,
Few embrace His shame ;
Many, should He smile upon them,
Will His praise proclaim ;
Then, if for awhile He leave them,
They desert His name.

But the souls who love Him truly,
Whether for woe or bliss,
These will count their truest heart-blood
Not their own, but His :
Saviour, Thou who thus hast loved me,
Give me love like this.

W. E. LITTLEWOOD, M.A.

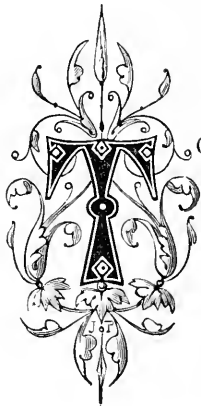
THE LOVING MASTER.

XND the same night in which he was betrayed
(So runs the record of that Feast of Thine),
While the Eleven, joyous, yet afraid,
Scarce knew the meaning of the Bread and Wine,
And on the Other heavy guilt was laid,
Nor fear nor knowledge touched Thy love divine.
What if Thy coming death the hour oppressed,
No human grief should on the service wait,
Or guilt of one there sadden or abate
The grace and peace that served the loyal guest.
Dear, patient Lord, if at Thy table here
I sit unworthy, let not this withhold
Thy love from any : unto all appear,
O Christ, as to Thy faithful ones of old !

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.



THE CHORAL FUNERAL.



PART I.—THE HOUSE.

OLL! In a thousand hearts the bell's vibration,
The muffled moaning of that iron tongue,
Awakes an answering thrill of lamentation,
Far as its voice is flung!

Toll! All the hamlet mourns: yet the departed
Could boast no storied name, no high degree;
A youth of lowly birth, but gentle-hearted—
A village teacher he.

An honest, happy boy he grew before us;
When work was done, alert at comrades' call
With hearty mirth to swell the tuneful chorus,
Or urge the bounding ball.

But when the bell, whose melancholy voicing
Invites the mourners to his funeral bier,
Proclaimed some sacred feast of high rejoicing
To Christ's own children dear;

To him a warm and filial heart was granted,
To heed our Mother's oft-neglected calls,
And bow the knee where prayer and praise are chanted,
Within the chancel walls.

How often will arise a tearful yearning,
Evoked by hymns he sang with us of yore,
The while we keep each feast and fast returning—
But he returns no more!

And yet our truer spirit is confessing,
That were affection's voice endued with power
To call our dead from yonder home of blessing,
We would not for an hour

Renew, by importuning supplication,
"The thousand natural ills" of vanished years,
Or mar the resting soul's emancipation
From travail and from tears.

The Choral Funeral.

PART II.—THE CHURCH.

Toll! Lift the white-cross bier with tender caution;
Toll! Bear him gently from his father's door;
Toll! Let the strain, "Brief life is here our portion,"
Float sweetly on before.

He comes! No more, O bell of tolling sadness,
Ring out, ring out a welcome from afar,
For mothers greet their hero sons with gladness,
Though wounded in the war.

Stricken to death! His wounds, ah! who can number?
Hark! "My Redeemer liveth;" at His word,
These sealed eyelids shall shake off their slumber,
And gaze upon the Lord!

Home, home at last! No pagan pomp of mourning
Is here to scorn the faith our hearts believe,
But Christmas wreaths, and hopeful texts adorning
The church this New Year's Eve.

Peace, all is peace; the chant serenely flowing,
"The Prince of Peace" emblazoned on the wall,
The flower-wreath on the coffin, and the glowing
Utterance of Blessed Paul!

And now in turn we sing before the altar
Where first he knelt to eat the Living Bread,
"Dixi custodiam," but our voices falter
Above the quiet dead.

Thinking how one, who oft in Christian union
Ate and drank with us in the year gone by,
Had craved at midnight hour his last communion,
Then laid him down to die.

PART III.—THE CHURCHYARD.

For the last time beneath the sacred portal,
Along the churchyard path the mourners wound,
To sow in hope another seed immortal
In Jesu's garden-ground.

And still we hear the bold refrain repeated,
"What aileth thee, that thou hast fled, O sea?"

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Wherefore, O Jordan, have thy waves retreated,
And left the passage free ?

“The Lord is here ! His presence ne'er forsaketh
The pilgrim host of happy Israel,
Before His face the desert flint outbreaketh
Into a springing well.”

Silent at length the ancient Hebrew pæan,
Around the grave on either side we stand ;
Above, the slowly darkening empyrean ;
Beneath, the snow-clad land.

But as the sun's bright chariot hastes to leave us,
Narrowing its course across the face of day,
Yet Nature only bids him thus bereave us,
To illumine the Far-away ;

And wake beneath his equatorial splendour
A fairer landscape with a brighter glow,
And nourish blossoms odorous and tender,
That fear no frost and snow ;

And evening fades to morning ! so the setting
Of earthly suns amid this wintry strife
For Christian souls is evermore begetting
Clear morns of endless life.

Our night is falling ; but a cloudless morrow
In Paradise is orient for him,
Around whose grave in no ungrateful sorrow
We chant our evening hymn.

Some ministering angel bade him bring it,
The offering of his dying lips to God ;
And therefore to the self-same tune we sing it
Above the upturned sod.

At peace with Thee, at peace with all we leave him ;
Secure beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
Now and at that great Judgment Day receive him,
Lord Jesu, King of kings !

REV. G. S. HODGES, M.A.



A SIMPLE TALE OF DEATH.

WAS on a golden morn in spring,
 The time of song and mirth,
 When beauty, as a robe, is spread
 O'er the rejoicing earth,
 A boy, upon a holiday,
 Went forth among the fields to stray.

He wandered where the cowslips sprang,
 And the brook went babbling by ;
 And lingered tili the clouds grew red
 Upon the western sky :
 The bright spring day was almost gone,
 And yet the schoolboy wandered on.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

He came where stood an old grey church,
In a churchyard, still and lone ;
And many a grass-green grave was there,
With turf and flowers o'ergrown :
But one small mound was dark and bare,
Nor flower, nor turf, was springing there.

An old man stood by that little grave,
And, as the boy drew nigh,
He saw that grief was on his face,
And a tear was in his eye ;
And his pale lips a movement made,
As if within himself he prayed.

The pitying boy a moment gazed,
Then turned to go his way ;
But the poor mourner signed to him,
And kindly bade him stay :
“ Come hither, gentle boy,” said he,
“ I have a tale to tell to thee.

“ A simple tale, but very sad,
A tale of grief and woe ;
Yet may it do thee good to hear
Of her who rests below,
Whom God hath taken, of His grace,
To serve Him in a better place.

“ She was my only daughter's child,
Her parents both are dead ;
But she was very dear to me,
I loved her in their stead ;
But, now, alas ! she, too, is gone,
And other children have I none.

“ She waited on me, day by day,
With ever willing mind,
And all the village loved her well,
She was so good and kind ;
For never from her lips was heard
A bitter nor an angry word.

“ So passed our lives from year to year,
And, though our home was poor,

A Simple Tale of Death.

God blest us both, and kept away
Dark sorrow from our door ;
And every hour my darling grew
More gentle and more lovely too.

“ One sad, one well-remembered day
(She knew not I was nigh),
Her little chamber open stood,
And I was passing by ;
And as I paused a moment there,
I heard a well-known voice in prayer.

“ ‘ O blessèd Jesus, give him grace,’
Said she, in gentle tone,
‘ To put his hope and trust in Thee
When he is left alone,
And I am taken to my rest—
Then, Lord, do Thou as seemeth best.’

“ And then I knew my child would die,
Even as her mother died,
Who fell beneath consumption’s stroke,
And faded from my side :
I bowed beneath the chastening rod ;
I sought to yield her up to God.

“ The doctor came, a good, kind man,
Who knew and loved her well ;
He pressed my hand, yet could not bear
The mournful tale to tell ;
But, ah ! within his moistened eye
I read the sentence—She must die !

“ Paler and paler still she grew,
But never spoke of pain ;
Nor ever cherished in her mind
Fond hope and longing vain :
She knew, she said, that it must be,
And if she mourned, ’twas but for me.

“ And by her bed she made me sit,
And begged me not to fret,
For God, who is so kind and good,
Would not forsake me yet ;

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And she would take the Book of Prayer,
And bid me seek for comfort there.

“ And as, in gentle tones and low,
The Bible's page she read,
A peace that is not of the earth
Upon my soul was shed ;
And blessed rays of heavenly light
Shone in upon my sorrow's night.

“ One day I heard her whisper low,
As close my hand she pressed,
‘ Lord, Thou hast called me, and I come —
Oh, take me to Thy rest !’
Then turned her face to me, and smiled —
I was bereavèd of my child !

“ We laid her here this very morn,
Beneath the old beech tree :
Father in heaven ! Thy will be done !
I yield her back to Thee !
Thou gav'st, and Thou didst take away —
Blest be Thy name till life's last day !”

He paused—then to the boy he spoke :

“ She once was gay as thou :
The day hastes on when thou shalt be
Silent as she is now ;
And in some churchyard's quiet shade
Thou wilt by sorrowing friends be laid.

“ Young art thou—so was she—and fair
In all her youthful prime,
And her life's spring glad promise gave
Of a glorious summer time :
But in His wisdom and His power,
God hath cut off the opening flower.

“ Go now, rejoice thou in thy youth,
Let thy heart cheer thee on ;
For boyhood is the time for mirth.
And it will soon be gone :
But ne'er forget, by night or day,
To keep thy heart—to watch and pray.

A Simple Tale of Death.

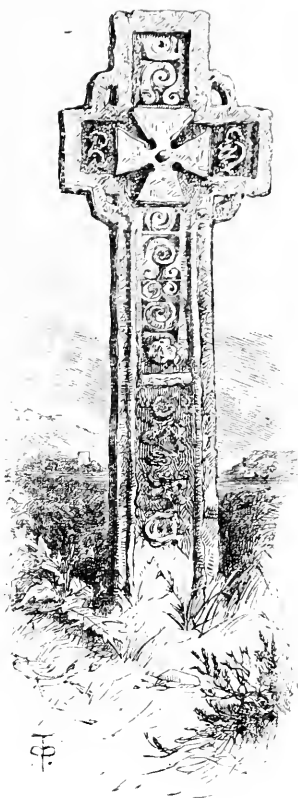
“Remember that a world unseen
Is round thee everywhere;
That he alone is truly blest
Whom God hath in His care;
Whom His good Spirit, by His might,
Is leading in a pathway bright.”

With thoughtful step the boy passed on,
And sought his home again,
By heathy moor, and flowery field,
And green and pleasant lane;
Yet dwelt within his chastened mind,
The thought of that he left behind.

That lone churchyard—that old beech tree—
That little grave that lay
All smiling in the golden light
Of the declining day;
That old man of the silvery hair—
That scene went with him everywhere.

And when temptation's power was strong,
And lured his heart to sin,
He sought the Holy Spirit's aid
To make him pure within;
That so he might, when death came nigh,
Die calmly, as the righteous die.

G. W. BRAMELD, M. A.



"THOU KNOWEST, LORD."



THOU knowest, Lord, how sore cast down we feel,
Thou knowest, Lord, our secret, anxious fears,
How cold our spirits when in prayer we kneel,
How dried the fountain of our contrite tears.

Thou knowest, Lord, that, as a mighty stream
Of purest love, we long to pour our souls,
To pour them out, until at length we seem
Borne onward where the Heavenly Ocean rolls.

Thou knowest, Lord, we long to see ascend
Straight up to Thee the incense of our prayer,
To watch it with angelic offerings blend,
Nor blown aside by any earthly air.

But though our hearts are full of sin, and weak,
Though scarce our lips in supplication move,
Our inmost, truest hopes we need not speak;
We love Thee, Lord—Thou knowest that we love.

REV. JOHN SHAW, B.A.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

MOST calm and fair
Smiled over earth Death's angel, as he bent
And plucked the living seed from withered flowers,
To store it in the garner of the King.
Where'er he entered in, a blessed calm
Stole from the shadowy shelter of his wing,
And in his eyes there lay the love of God :
The sweet face shone, in snowy stillness set,
And cold the clasp of the embracing arms ;
Death-cold his breath that trembled on the air,
Clad in the mystery of perfect beauty.
Folding his solemn wings in icy peace,
He kissed the breath of God from dying lips.
Peace be with thee, poor dust and ashes ! Rend
Your fragile earthly vestments, O ye souls,

The Angel of Death.

And speed into these loving angel-arms :
The Everlasting asketh for His own.

Resting on the breast
Of Death the Comforter the spirits lie,
While, far below, is earth, and sin, and sorrow.
Earth calleth earth, "Come back to me, my own,"
And weary man lays low the weary body,
Clasped to the cold breast of his burthened mother.
And, "Come to me, mine own," the Father cries—
The heavenly woos the heavenly ; earth the earth.

Around the solemn angel, whose white wings
Shelter God's blest departed, floats a throng
Of guardian spirits. Like a silvery haze
They compass the beloved, and unsheathe
Their gleaming swords, lest aught impure should pierce
The senses of the souls. Earth's trials o'er,
To the "green pastures" of pure Paradise
They guard them, on the path their Saviour trod.
A glistening, moving band, with clasped hands,
Wings locked in wings, they fold the purified,
And circling round them through the eternal blue,
Shine like an orbèd star, intensely white.

Swiftly floating,
Upborne upon the ethereal air, their song
Breaking in waves of sweetest sound, then melting
Into soft silence—stillness musical,
At length they come upon the rainbow track,
The path of rays that guideth to the gate
Of Paradise.

A silvery river gleams
About its borders, sunshine girds it round,
And lays like gold upon the water's edge,
Yet scarce can pierce into the garden's shade.
This is the Twilight Land. Here dimly seen
Are the bright things divine. Celestial gleams
Lie shadowed on the silver stream-fed lakes.
The Twilight Land ! for here the spirits wait,
And look unto the Resurrection dawn,
Resting beneath the shadow of His wing.
The Eden Land ! for here He walketh still,



And communes with them who, by knowledge tried,
Have won and tasted of the Tree of Life.

The angels entered, guiding by the hand
The spirit throng. First came a martyr, crowned
With patience for his untold valiance,
And then a babe, whose wreath was innocence.
And from the purified there rose a hymn
Of welcome, in the blessèd unknown tongue ;
The spreading echoes swayed the drooping palace,
And reaching to the river, rippled it,
Dying away upon the golden sands.

A. T.

In the Far Country.



W.L. THOMAS, Sc.

IN THE FAR COUNTRY.

GIVE me my portion, let me live my life,
And take my pastime ;” thus I spoke, and He
Gave me free choice to go or stay. Ah me !
My passions tore and rent me with their strife.

And so I gathered all my gifts, and came
To this far land ; by the broad flowery way
I wandered, like a sheep that goes astray,
With my wild heart for pleasure all aflame.

For what with climbing the straight track o’ the hill.
And drawing water from the wells, and work
In the vineyard, tears within mine eyes would lurk
For freedom. I refused to do His will.

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I was His son, His heir, and not His slave,
Therefore I left His service. Youth was mine,
And ruddy health: and gold, and purple fine
I brought, and wantoned in yon city brave.

I lived for mine own self, for wine and love ;
The delicate maidens praised my gay attire,
The proud curl of my lips, the flashing fire
Of my bold eyes, that turned no more above

Unto the holy hills, where lies my home.
I have spent all ; and lifted up the veil
From Pleasure's face, and found it dull and stale
And ghastly, and as restless as sea-foam.

Then there arose the famine, and in want,
I joined myself to this hard master mine,
Who sent me to his fields to feed his swine ;
I fain would eat their husks, but they are scant.



"WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF."

SERVE a cruel master. O once more
For the true freedom of the pleasant land !
The tender guiding of my Father's hand !
His voice to chide and bless as heretofore !

From the cleft rock the living water flows ;
The sheep are safely folded : there the vine
Spreads forth its sheltering branches ; there the mine
Of purest gold ; and there the lily and rose.

Would not the faithful watch-dogs welcome me,
If I return with all my weight of cares ?
And will my Father's love be less than theirs ?
Let me not think it ; that can never be.

"He Arose and Came to his Father."

How many of His hired servants have
Enough bread, and to spare, while here I die
Of hunger! I will rise, and go and cry,
And to be made his hired servant crave.

I do repent for all that I have done;
I have sinned, Father, against heaven and Thee;
Thy service is most perfect liberty;
I am not worthy to be called Thy son!



"HE AROSE AND CAME TO HIS FATHER."

T was hard work to rise, and harder still
To trace back every step I had gone wrong;
But the sweet melody of Zion's song
Cheered the drear road, and nerved the faltering will.

So I pressed forward, and each day I thought
I loathed myself the more, who went and sold
My birthright for the thrills of sense, my gold
For tinsel, with my blessing curses bought.

There was a Lamb that loved me, and He came
Bounding to meet me; and, though far away,
My Father saw me, and ran to where I lay,
Fell on my neck, and kissed away my shame.

I said, "I have sinned, Father, against Thee,
I do repent for all that I have done,
I am not worthy to be called Thy son;
Thy service is the one true liberty."

"Bring the best robe—the robe of righteousness,"
He cried—"the ring of reconciliation—
And kill the fatted calf; with exultation
Let symphony and dance our joy express.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.



“Put shoes upon his feet, that he may strive
To tell my love to others, and the sound
Of the good news may through the world rebound ;
For this my son was dead, and is alive,

“Was lost, and he is found.” So I forgave
My brother’s sneer. We feasted : to fulfil
The faintest utterance of my Father’s will
I labour, and am His son, and not His slave.

He washed me clean in sweet oblivion’s river,
And in the mystic fountain of the Lamb.
I will abide, where, by His grace I am,
Within His house for ever and for ever.

REV. CHARLES COLDWELL, M.A.

The Deserted House.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

"We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 COR. v. 1.

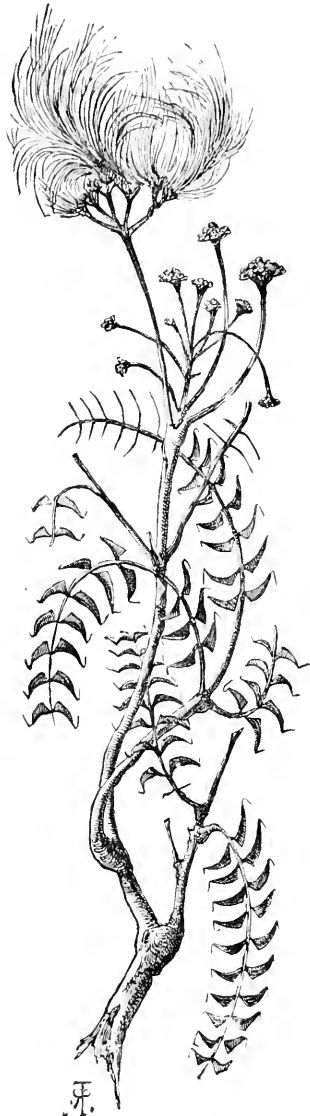
THE old house is deserted,
And throughout the bleak March day
Come the fitful, sad sea breezes,
Round its silent walls to play ;
And the wild March rams are bleating
On the green lawn smooth and fair,
While the lonely weeping willow
Trails its wind-tossed branches there.

No faces at the windows,
And no footsteps in the hall ;
For there broods a sullen silence
In the vacant chambers all :
And the breezes of the ocean,
As around the spot they roam,
Moan a passing wail of pity
For the place once called a home.

But there were children's voices
In that house awhile ago ;
And the music of small footsteps
Made a pattering to and fro :
There were rosy childish faces
At the windows often pressed,
And in those deserted chambers
Happy children went to rest.

And looking from the casements,
Youthful dreamers loved to stay,
Gazing out across the waters,
Where the sunset's glory lay :
Where the tall black masts suggested
Thoughts of cruises far and free ;
And life's mysteries lay unfathomed,
Like the secrets of the sea !

In those dim rooms together
Gathered parents young and old,
When the Christmas psalms were chanted,
And the Christmas stories told ;



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When the glow of lamp and fire-light
Cast a lustre warm and mild
On the grey hairs of the grandsire,
And the bright locks of the child.

And there were secret struggles,
Mighty battles fought unknown—
For the weapons of the Christian
Are supplied by God alone—
When the quiet walls have echoed
To a wounded spirit's cry,
And a mute, white face was lifted
In a prayer of agony.

And there were deep rejoicings
When the gloomy shades were past,
And the glimmer of the day-dawn
Broke upon the soul at last ;
O ! the world is full of stories,
They are teeming everywhere ;
But those bare walls cannot show us
All the records written there.

Time worketh wondrous changes,
And the lone heart weepeth sore
O'er its many vacant chambers,
To be occupied no more.
And it knows not at its threshold
That the Saviour knocking stands,
That He waits to lead it upward
To "a house not made with hands."

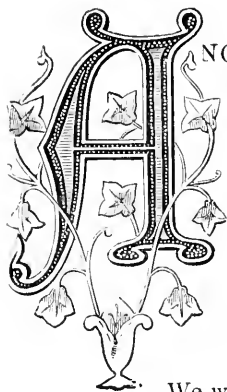
For He hath many mansions
In His Father's kingdom fair,
And they need not sun nor star-light,
For there cometh no night there.
And within those wide courts golden
Is no stain of earthly dust ;
And no gleam of earthly treasure
To be spoiled by moth or rust.

Sunday Evening.

Thou knowest, loving Jesus,
How to our poor homes we cling,
Though the tenants have departed,
And left us sorrowing.
Take us quickly to Thine household,—
Hear our spirit's earnest prayer,
That the circle of our dear ones
May be found unbroken there !

SARAH DOUDNEY

SUNDAY EVENING.



ANOTHER Sabbath sun is down,
Grey twilight creeps o'er thorp and town.
How much of sorrow, unconfessed,
Lies in yon darkening west !

What burdens uncomplaining borne !
What masks o'er latent anguish worn !
What pangs of heart-break ! plots of sin !
Have this night's shadows folded in !

We woke to-day with anthems sweet,
To sing before the mercy-seat,
And, ere the darkness round us fell,
We bade the grateful vespers swell.

Whate'er has risen from heart sincere,
Each upward glance of filial fear,
Each litany, devoutly prayed,
Each gift upon thine altar laid ;

Each tear regretful of the past,
Each longing o'er the future cast,
Each brave resolve, each spoken vow—
Jesus, our Lord ! accept them now.

Whate'er beneath Thy searching eyes
Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice ;

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Aught of presumption, over-bold,
The dross we vainly brought for gold ;

If we have knelt at alien shrine,
Or insincerely bowed at Thine,
Or basely offered "blind and lame,"
Or blushed beneath unholy shame ;

Or—craven prophets—turned to flee
When duty bade us speak for Thee—
'Mid this sweet stillness, while we bow,
Jesus, our Lord ! forgive us now.

Oh, let each following Sabbath yield
For our loved work an anpler field ;
A sturdier hatred of the wrong,
A stronger purpose to grow strong ;

And teach us erring souls to win,
And "hide" their "multitude of sin ;"
To tread in Christ's long-suffering way,
And grow more like Him day by day.

So, as our Sabbaths hasten past,
And rounding years bring nigh the last ;
When smiles the sun behind the hill,
When all the "weary wheels" stand still ;

When by our bed the loved ones weep,
And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,
And vain is help or hope from men ;
Jesus, our Lord ! receive us then.

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.



On the Name "Christian."



ON THE NAME "CHRISTIAN."



WAS lightly given by one in scorn—
That sacred name—where Syria's queen,
In brightest regions of the morn,
Beneath the glowing heaven serene,
Sate thronèd on Orontes' wave—
Luxurious, wanton Antioch !
Whose citizens, a motley flock,
Far distant lands together gave.

There, in her world-frequented mart,
And by the haven of the ships,

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Were some whose spirits dwelt apart,
Devout of mind and pure of lips :
Nor ever did they come to kneel
At bright Apollo's pillared shrine,
Nor Daphne's leafy shades entwine
Their roving footsteps to conceal.

And they that were of lighter mood,
From wondering, came at last to scoff,
Nor aught of ill forgone, or good
Achieved, could ward such arrows off.
And many an idle-busy man
Would point a finger in the street,
Where good and ill together meet,
With—"There behold a Christian !"

So scoff and mocking jest went round
Till scorn had darkened into hate :
With something more than empty sound
Must malice now its hunger sate.
They drag the accused to where the high
And stern pro-consul sits in state :—
"Wilt thou bow down to Jove most great ?"
"Nay, for a Christian am I !"

Not mindless how the Master saith,
"Ye shall in this world suffer shame
And loss of all things—yea, and death
Shall fall on those who bear my name :"
They pass from prison forth to die—
Such is their firm, deliberate choice—
Where the great world's unpitying voice
Tosses the name of scorn on high.

"The Christians to the lions !"—So
The maddened throng were wont to shout,
While on the Flavian sand below
The holiest life was ebbing out.
The life was ebbing—but the tide
Of Christian faith 'twas vain to stem,
The fount that rose at Bethlehem
Was waxen to a river wide.

"He was Wounded for our Transgressions."

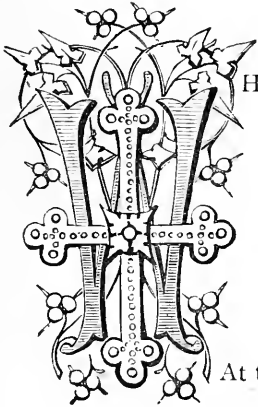
Twice nine long centuries have past ;
And now that name is held in awe
Where alien seas their billows cast
On worlds the Roman never saw !
And blest is he that bears that name
With wealth beyond the Roman's dream ;
But all things are not as they seem,
And names and men are not the same.

A sacred name thou bearest, friend,
Look that thou fail not in thy deed ;
It will not help thee in the end
Although so great for worldly need.
Whose name thou bearest, in the strife
See that thou look to Him alone,
And mayest thou by that name be known
Inscribed within the Book of Life !

REV. H. G. TOMKINS, M.A.

"HE WAS WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANSGRESSIONS."

(ISAIAH liii. 5.)



WHEN grief and sorrow from a sense of sin
Are felt within,
How sweet to raise the tear-dimmed eye to heaven,
And be forgiven
For His dear sake, who died in agony
Saviour to be !

Draw near that cross, O ransomed Church, and gaze
E'en in amaze
At that stupendous miracle of love,
That from above
Drew our Emmanuel, that dying men
Might live again.

Think of that love—think of its threefold power,
That hour by hour
Through all that suffering still warmly burned,
Though unreturned,

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And breathed but loving prayers, in gentle tone,
Till life was done.

O would we learn the sinfulness of sin,
Let us begin

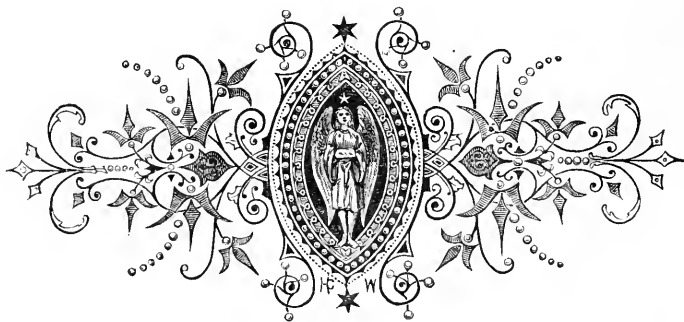
At Jesu's cross ! In witnessing the woes
And bitter throes
That wrung each quivering nerve with agony,
Its power we see !

'Twas sin that pierced those sacred Hands and Feet,
And sins that meet
In thorny pressure round that holy Brow
(All bleeding now),
And sin that hid the Father's face, and made
So deep a shade.

O gentle Saviour, teach us thus to prove
Our grateful love,
By hating every specious form of sin
Without—within—
And make Thy Church as pure as Thou art pure—
Strong to endure !

So Thou the travail of Thy soul shalt see
Continually,
And shalt be satisfied, until Thy love
Shall call above
Thine own redeemed, when Thou, with joyful train,
Shalt come again !

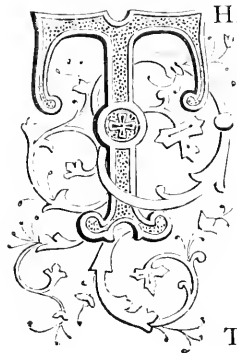
G. THOMPSON.



The Mother's Prayer.



THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.



HE mother by her infant watch was keeping,
Through night's slow, mournful hour ;
Wan sickness, like an angry east wind, sweeping
O'er her dear cherished flower.

She heard its feeble moan, its piteous sighing,
Sharp pangs it seemed to bear ;
Art could avail no more—they left it dying,
And her to cold despair.

The moonlight, through the window softly stealing,
Fell on her anxious face ;
Large tears of anguish in her eyes revealing—
Eyes where hope found no place.

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Soothing it in her arms, its moanings hushing,
Bearing it to and fro,
Her wild affection in a torrent gushing,
Weeping in bitterest woe—

Thus did she pass the hours so long and dreary,
Till morn rose-streaked the sky ;
Then she laid down the babe, faint, hopeless, weary.
Slow laid it down to die.

But ere the fluttering soul had quite departed,
On trembling knees she fell ;
O that strong prayer from woman broken-hearted,
Its fervour who may tell ?

She prayed to God to save—words mixed with weeping ;
Poor heart—poor suffering brain !
Say not, though Fate's relentless blast is sweeping,
That human prayer is vain.

A sudden beam, bright through the casement streaming,
Now rested on the child,
Made gold the cradle, like a halo gleaming
Around its features mild.

The face, late waxen, wan, with life seemed flushing,
It oped its violet eyes ;
On that soft beam sure joyous wings came rushing—
Health's angel from the skies !

The mother's heart beat quick, the glory seeing,
Fancying some seraph there ;
And who shall say God sent not such bright being,
In answer to her prayer ?

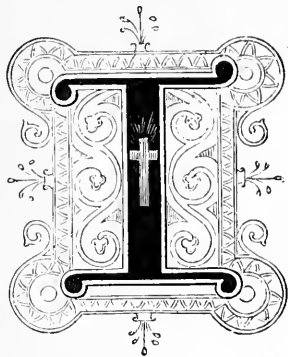
Joy, joy ! her infant to her bosom pressing,
She saw smiles faintly play ;
And now its eye gained light 'neath that caressing ;
Death's cloud had passed away.

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Forsaken.

F O R S A K E N.

"He was wounded for our transgressions. . . . And with His stripes we are healed."—ISA. liii. v.



N anguish mortal could not bear,
Lo on the cross Immanuel dies !
Crowned with the thorns of sacrifice
He drains the cup of Earth's despair.

Within Gethsemane's sacred shade
The angel stood a little space ;
While, with the blood-sweat on His face,
The Man of Sorrows prostrate prayed.

No more—the angel comes no more !
In silence bowed before the Throne,
His hosts attend His dying moan,
Withdrawn from Him whom they adore.

"Forsaken, O my God !" He cries.
That cry the temple's veil hath rent ;
The heavens, in awful stillness bent,
Are darkened with the death He dies !

The horror-stricken universe,
Like a vast sea in wild unrest,
Transfixed with wide upheaving breast,
Feels the slow-lifting of the curse.

Hark ! while His dumb wounds intercede
For man who led his Lord to die,
There comes an answering, human cry :
"This was the Son of God indeed !"

The Christ ! the Christ ! Rejecting earth,
In vain for thee a second flood ;
Yet in the washing of His blood
Thy children find a second birth !

Flee, frail and trembling heart of mine,
To Him, thy Refuge and thy Strength !
The solemn shadows lift at length,
And even Sinai's summits shine :

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Shine in the glorious beams that break
Around the cross of Him who saith :
" I have redeemed thy soul from death ;
Forsaken, I will ne'er forsake !"

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

R E S T.

(S. MATTHEW XI. 28.)

LABOURING souls in trance of woe,
Travailing with sin and shame ;
One true Rest is ours to know,
One to heal our sickness came.

Jesu, all our guilt we lay,
Deeply sorrowing, at Thy feet.
Wipe our bitter tears away,
Cheer us with Thy pardon sweet.

Thou alone our burden sore,
Pitying Saviour, canst remove ;
While Thy suppliants sad implore,
Bend on them Thy look of love.

Kneeling low, we would abide
Where that pure and precious stream
Floweth from Thy wounded Side,
All our trespass to redeem.

Lamb of God, Who, without spot,
Bled for our iniquity,
From Thy mercy cast us not,
Outcasts though we well might be.

Plead for us, oh, plead on still !
Grant that penitential love
These our broken hearts may fill,
Cleansing them for joys above.

CAROLINE SELLON.





THE TWO CITIES.

IN the dusky shores of evening, stretched in shining peace it
lies,
City built of clouds and sunshine, wonder of the western
skies!

While I watch, and long for pinions thitherward to take my flight,
Slowly the ærial city fades and vanishes from sight.

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Ruby dome, and silver temple, circling wall of amethyst,
Fall in silence, leaving only purple ruin hung with mist.

Darkness gathers eastward, westward ; stronger waxeth my desire,
Reaching through celestial spaces, glittering as with rain of fire,

To the city set in jasper, having twelve foundations fair,
Flashing from their jewelled splendour every colour soft and rare.

Twelve in number are its gateways—numbered by the seer of old ;
Every gate a pearl most lustrous, and its streets are paved with gold.

In the midst, in dazzling whiteness, lightens the Eternal Throne ;
From it flows the Living Water ; round it gleams an emerald zone.

Luscious fruits and balmy odours, healing leaves and cooling shade,
Either side the Life tree sheddeth, by sweet storms of music swayed.

O thou grand untempled city, seen by John in visions bright ;
Glory-flooded, needing neither sun by day nor moon by night ;

Filled for ever and for ever by the shining light of Him
Who redeemed the world, and sitteth throned between the Seraphim !

Through thy lovely gates the nations of the saved in triumph stream,
Chanting praise above all praises, love of love their holy theme !

They no more shall thirst or hunger ; they no more with heat shall faint ;
Christ for tears will give them gladness—blissful rest for sore complaint.

Blessèd they who do His bidding ! cries the Angel, day and night ;
They shall find abundant entrance—they shall walk with Him in white !

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

THE DYING CHILD.



LEEP, little baby, sleep !
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes, with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be ;

The Dying Child.

O many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Peace, peace, thy little bosom
Labours with shortening breath ;
Peace, peace, that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee ;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me.

Thy little mouth half open,
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if like summer air
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence,
Young spirit, haste, depart !
And is this death ? Dread thing,
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art !

O ! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face,
So passionless, so pure ;
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother,
Ay, weep, 'twill ease thy heart ;
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one ;
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the cold, damp earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.



To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;
Then waken with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss.

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night,
Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness
Of every past delight.

O ! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling ;
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

Thou'lt say, my first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go ;
And yet for thee I know
'Twas better to depart.

I look around and see
The evil ways of men ;
And oh, beloved child !
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

Now like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the source of love,
The Everlasting One.

And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me.

REV R. MONTGOMERY, M.A.

Sunday in the Country.



SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

H, blessèd day, which rest to labour brings !
A Sabbath's calm upon the hamlet lies,
As if an angel came on noiseless wings,
And o'er it breathed the quiet of the skies.

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No more is heard the clatter of the mill ;
The blacksmith's forge is hushed, the plough is still.

The horse in the green paddock seems to know
He, too, must rest ; the brook that steals along
Doth surely lave its banks with gentler flow ;
And birds greet heaven with softer, mellower song ;
The very flowers look up, and seem to say,
They'll breathe their sweetest on the Holy-day.

Breaking the stillness, hark ! a solemn sound ;
It passes o'er the hamlet like a wave,
Swings o'er the woods, e'en to the moorland's bound,
And dies in echo by the far sea-cave :
Chime, chime. From yon grey tower the slow winds bear
The Church's silvery call to praise and prayer.

Now forth from cottage-doors, in trim array,
The rustics come ! old age with thoughtful mien,
And youth with sobered spirits, wend their way
To the old church that stands beyond the green ;
And still the bell its music sprinkles round,
Something of Heaven soft murmuring in that sound.

Ye rich and proud, who meet to worship God,
Scorn not the poor man's prayer ; for He who rears
High mountain-tops, shapes daisies of the sod,
And simplest cry of lowliest creature hears ;
The thunders of the orator arise
Not speedier than poor whispers to the skies.

Dear boon to man ! O priceless blessing given ;
This Sabbath to the weary and oppressed,
To hold converse with God, and think of heaven.
'Mid leaden hours, O golden Day of rest !
Mid discords, music to the good, the wise ;
A gentle link between us and the skies.

NICHOLAS MICHELL.



The Absent Lord.

THE ABSENT LORD.



Y Lord was taken from me : day by day
My heart grew sadder with the sins it bore,
While many dulcet voices came to say,
Why weepst thou ? If He come back no more,
Give o'er thy sorrow, needless at the best.
So I their call obeyed,
And knew not, yet would know where He was laid,
And could not be at rest.

I was a wanderer thence from place to place ;
I questioned some who sat within the gate,
And saw the play of the incredulous face ;
On others scanned the look of scorn and hate.
My heart grew hard—I say not how or why—
While oft my search was stayed ;
And then I cared not where my Master laid,
Or would His name deny.

Thus, in the day I could my loss forget,
Or He was crowded from me by the press ;
At night, my soul with many fears beset,
Would oft with tears its shame and loss confess,
And sick, alone, afraid,
Cry out, " O world ! tell me where my Lord is laid,
Or let me love Thee less."

One time I thought of Peter in the hall,
And soon of many waiting at the grave ;
Then of the smiting of the threatening Saul—
And was not Jesus near to help and save ?
O light that came, and why the long delay ?
I had my Lord conveyed
Afar, forgetting where He had been laid,
And gone upon my way.

My way, and He had risen to follow me—
Me, all unworthy, ne'er by Him forgot ;
O wondrous love, that could so patient be !
My eyes were holden that I knew Him not !

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Peace came at last, as to the twain that day
Who from Jerusalem strayed ;
And while they talked of where He had been laid
He met them by the way !

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

AGNUS DEI.



SWEET Love of God, all other love exceeding,
O come and purify the sin-stained soul !
Hear Thou our prayer while painfully 'tis pleading ;
Heal Thou our hearts—Thou canst—O make us whole !

The love of earth is dear, but Thou art dearer ;
And sweet as summer is the joy of life,
And every cross we bear still brings us nearer
The everlasting rest for sin and strife.

We feel our sin, and know its deep defiling,
And mournfully we cry unto our God :
Break Thou the spell too long our hearts beguiling,
Help us to tread the path which Jesus trod.

Help us to walk more closely with our Saviour,
O help us to receive the life He gives !
Help us to seek to order our behaviour,
And here on earth to live as Jesus lives.

Take Thou our wills, and mould them to Thy pleasure,
Take Thou our hearts, the strong desire to still.
Give us, O Lord, Thy Spirit without measure ;
Fill Thou our wills with Thy most holy will.

Give us Thy law, that we too may obey it,
And hearing His kind words may we be blest,
Who dearly bought Himself the right to say it—
“ Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”

A D.



Praise.



P R A I S E .



HE gladsome lark up into heaven soaring,
And cleaving through the air its arrowy flight,
From its full breast its artless music pouring,
Praises our God, and praises Him aright,
Although it knoweth nought of God or heaven,
Simply by lifting up the voice that He hath given

The fruitful earth, in flowery beauty glowing,
The moon's pale beam, the glad sun's brighter ray,
The murmur of cool waters softly flowing,
The stars that move in their appointed way,
All raise to God one mighty wordless hymn,
Harmonious with the quire of chaunting cherubim.

Man only goeth to his work in sadness,
And doth not with his might his Maker praise ;

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His ears are dull to every note of gladness,
His eyes are blind to virtue's pleasant ways;
He treads earth's thorns and briars with a frown,
Nor doth he think of Him who made of thorns a crown.

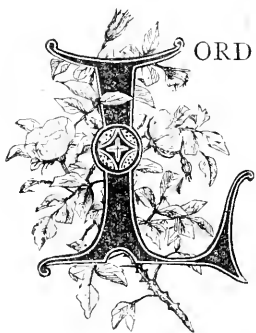
'Tis only man, the highest of God's creatures,
That doth not by each act adore His grace;
'Tis only man, possessed of godlike features,
That e'er doth strive God's image to efface.
By many deeds of sorrow we confess
We better know our God, only to love Him less.

O God Almighty, give to us Thy Spirit,
And pour into our hearts a holy joy,
That we may love the work that we inherit,
Nor with harsh note earth's harmony destroy;
So that to Thee our souls we may upraise,
Joined with the mighty quire in Nature's hymn of praise.

JOHN P. WRIGHT, B.A.



EVENING HYMN.



ORD of light, our darkness lighten
Through the silent night;
From all peril still defend us,
Let no foes affright.
Thou, whose watchful eye ne'er sleepest,
Who thine own unwearied keepst,
While the darkness round is deepest,
Be Thyself our light.

Lord of love, the burdens lighten
Of all those who weep;
Unto all sad vigils keeping
Send down blessed sleep.
With Thy boundless love unfailing,
Hush the broken heart's wild wailing;
All in mortal anguish quailing,
Soothe with slumbers deep.

Evening Hymn.

Mighty Lord, this night defend us
From all evil things ;
Bid thy blessèd angels o'er us
Spread their sheltering wings.
Let no sinful dreams attend us,
From all guilty thoughts defend us,
Pure and holy visions send us.
Till the daylight springs.

Lord of light, not only lighten
This, our earthly night ;
Rise upon the spirit's darkness
With thy Truth's pure light.
Shine through clouds of error brooding,
With their mists our souls deluding,
Guilty doubts and fears intruding
On our sin-dimmed sight.

Lord of light and love, we pray thee,
'Midst our darkness deep,
Ever thus both soul and body
From all evil keep.
Till we, death's vain terrors scorning,
Wait in hope the glorious dawning
Of the Resurrection morning,
In the grave's calm sleep.

SOPHIE FRANCES FANE VEITCH.



LUCIFER.

DARK Spirit ! blasting in thy fall
As lightning-bolt athwart the gloom,
Behold the man's hand on the wall,
And hear thy doom !

Proud reveller, bold God's shrine to flout,
Thy years are told, thy empire riven ;
And thou shalt fall, from earth cast out,
As erst from heaven.

Back through the infinite march and roll
Of years on years thy grim thought cast,
In memory's yet uncanceled scroll
Reads the bright past :

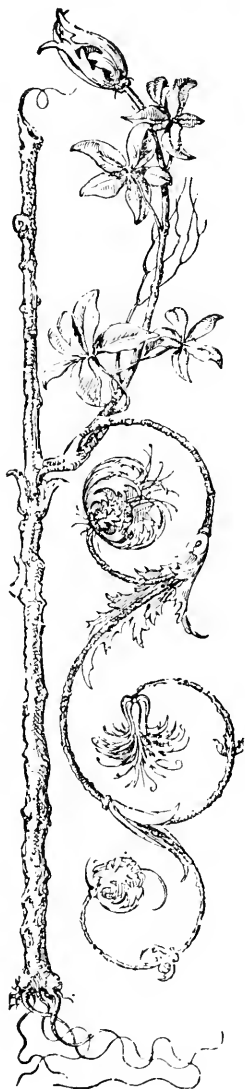
But all that glory fades and dies
With dwindled rays, as the round sun
Of twinkling points on midnight skies
Becomes but one,

By distance dimmied ; or as a dream
Of palaces and gorgeous things,
And love and joy, wherein we seem
Wafted with wings,

Dissolves by slow degrees, or so
Remains as only more to prove,
By contrast, all our depth of woe,
Our dearth of love.

And what thou couldst not choose but bring
Of lustre from thy native throne—
So bright, that when high poets sing
In loftiest tone,

They cannot paint thee wholly vile,
But somewhat leave that charms our thought,
Some angel-grace amidst thy guile,
More than they ought—





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Now like a flickering marsh-fire frowns
Round thy dark brow, with ages dim,
Poor parody of light that crowns
The Seraphim

And if thy foul and shameful fall
Left, in good sooth, some spark of grace,
Yet lapse of years shall quench out all,
And leave no trace.

For evil waxeth more and more,
Till evil is its only boast ;
Hating whate'er it loved before,
And God the most.

Too long beneath thy iron reign
Hath this fair world been stamped and trod,
In far millenniums, ere one Cain
Purpled the sod

Too long, since first thy sharp eye scanned
The intruder on thy weird domain ;
And all too well thy spite hath planned
God's work to stain.

And ah ! too long, e'en since that hour
When, in disguise, thy fated Foe
In weakness struck thy ripest power
Its deadliest blow.

Too long, alas ! we catch the falls
Of thy dread footsteps to and fro,
As kings unthroned their ancient halls
Pace, loth to go.

But, as that crownèd madman bold,
Who, e'en as his proud eyes he passed
O'er all that Babylon of gold,
Was outward cast,

So thou, who falsely nam'st thine own
The kingdoms never meant for thee,
Thrust forth with shame, shalt make thy moan
Eternally.

Vox Pœnitentis.

Then, when the final angel stands
With the irrevocable key,
The watchers shall proclaim the lands
At rest, and free ;

And then from all the earth shall rise
Pure alleluias, loud and long ;
While downward from the happy skies
Shall sweep the song :—

“ How art thou fallen from thy place,
Dread meteor of the night—how far !
How riseth o’er the hills with grace
The Morning Star ! ”

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.

VOX PÆNITENTIS.



DOLY, blessed, glorious Power,
God in Heaven and Earth the same !
Lo ! Thy creature of an hour
Dares to breathe the eternal Name :
Pardon each unworthy cry,
Perfect Triune Deity !
Eternal Father, Lord of all,
Incline Thine ear (but turn, O turn Thy face !)
While, bending low, a child doth call,
Confessing his disgrace ;
A child who Thy wise purposes of love
Have all in withering uses spent :
And this Thine image, for Thy glory lent,
To base dishonour given !
O from above
Speak mercy—lift, restore the penitent.
Father of Heaven !

Eternal Son, who once didst cry,
Thyself a stranger to the Father's voice ;

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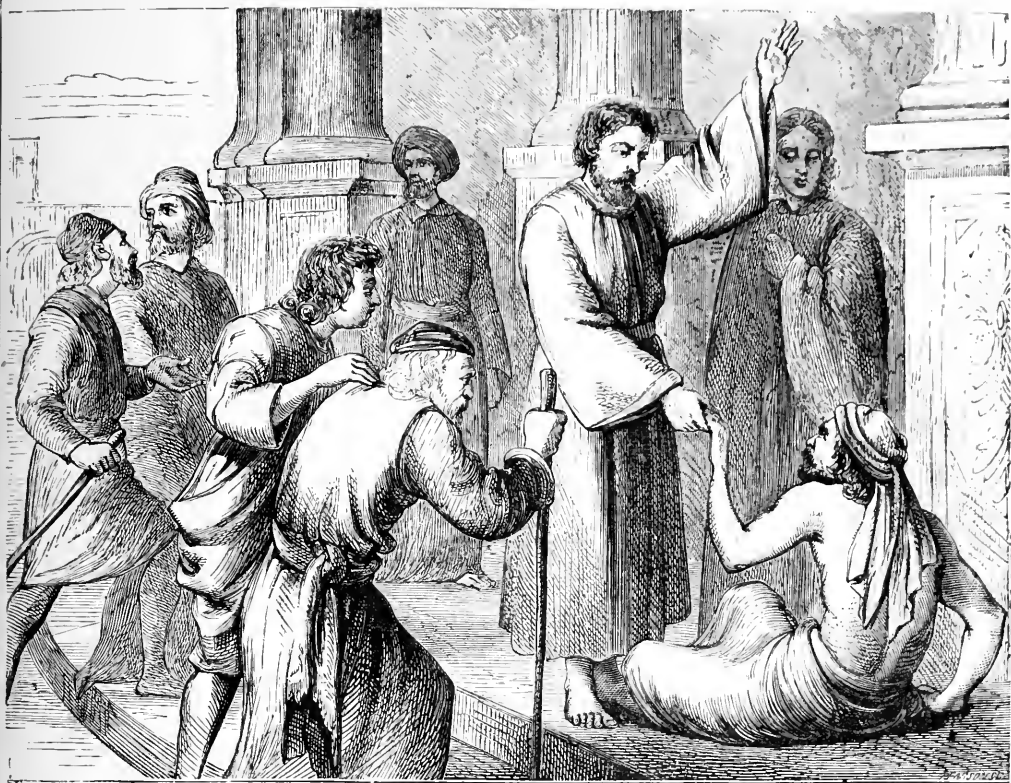
O love all-suffering, Thou didst die
When angels could rejoice !
Triumphant King, still wearing sorrow's crown,
Thy pity calls me to obey ;
O by the memories of Thy human day
Help me sin's weight to bear.
Saviour, look down,
That I may see Thy form upon the way !
O Christ, appear !

Eternal Spirit, Light and Life !
Thou hearest, God ; I bless Thee for Thy aid,
Who pointest through this bitter, self-born strife,
Where tumult all is stayed ;
O good Reformer, work Thy will in me,
That I may ever work Thy will !
This glimmering mind with Thy whole brightness fill,
This soul from guilt release !
Sweet Purity,
In me Thyself, Thy life, Thy light instil,
Till all is peace !

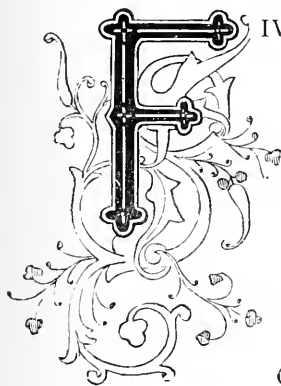
J. B. DALTON, M.A.



A Missionary's Task.



A MISSIONARY'S TASK.



FIVE years ago, on a wintry night,
 Glimmering shone from child's sick room
 Slender shaft of a yellow light ;
 Death saw it twinkle in gloom :
 Then a sigh—no more !—at the casement,
 Drift of the shuddering North ;
 A toss on the pillow, heave of the chest,
 With cry half-uttered and half-suppressed,
 One last sharp quiver, and, anguish-spent,
 That soul passed forth.

Once more that earth-star lone,
 When stars in heaven were dim ;
 Once yet again that solemn moan !
 Death, he had three with him !

* * * * *

Those—and another in days of yore
 Bonny as boy could be.

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First to the choir of innocent faces,
The white-robed minstrelsy,
One by one in their several places,
Coming in through the narrow door,
Marching over the jewelled floor
Of the great Cathedral up in the skies.
Murmuring none of our Litanies,
But chanting joyfully o'er and o'er
Psalms and hymns that are never old,
Gaily they strike their harps of gold,
And swell the chorus more and more,
As the stream of choristers onward flows,
And the train of the singers ever grows.

Alone he stands by the graves, alone !
Where two more coffins are lowered in.
To his Father the father yields His own
Who takes to the younger the elder grown.
And clenching his fingers upon the book,
With downward, and then an upward look,
He speaks in calm unfaltering tone
Those Victory words over death and sin.
Alone—though the church was full,—and the snow
Is trodden in pathway of crowding feet.
Yes, alone !—though the thronging circles meet
Round the house of the dead in living wall :
And hard men sob, and women greet
For love of those that are lying low,
His dear young life that was smile of delight,
Her lady-hand, warm and open to all.
And thickly the gathering snow-flakes fall,
Draping those coffins in plumes of white :
Hope's bright feathers, light feathers of pain,
Fitly they wave o'er the early slain.

No brother pastor is near
One office to fill, and his mourning to cheer,
From heavier task released.
The father follows his children's bier,
And scarce may spare them a single tear,
Mourner at once and priest.
The wife and mother, home on her bed,
Is racked with mingled anguish and fear ;

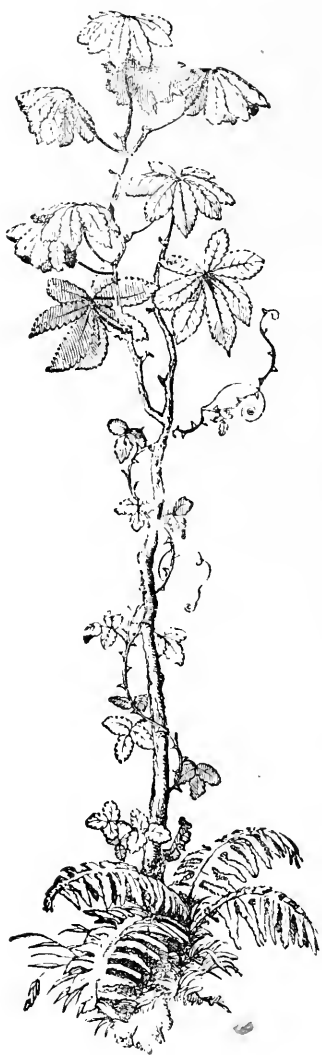
A Missionary's Task.

Listens intently for steps of the dead,
Hearkens for voices she never may hear,
Yearns for lips she has oft caressed,
Ere younger and older were hushed to rest.

England's banner at half-mast high
Droops its folds by the western door,
Trails the load of its misery,
Flecked and seamed with a rime of hoar.
Children true of the sea-girt isle,
Dearly the colonists love to view
The spreading stream of its crimson and blue ;
For they think the while,
How—easy of carriage and soon unfurled—
Their fathers bore it over the world ;
How its gleams and shadows, wittingly flung,
For every mood had found them a tongue.
And though they missed the merrier chimes
Of Sabbath bells in their olden times,
They still had words of the olden days,
Collect and canticle, prayer and praise,
Albeit in church of timber hewed
With mast for steeple of pine-tree wood.
And when some one of their little band
For longer cruise had bidden adieu,
With Death for pilot, Christ to command ;
The rest, who endured and still were mute,
With sea-taught grace, as a last salute,
Their flag to the half-mast drew.

Sabbath morn, and the liturgy said ;
The grey-haired preacher his text has read—
Story of King and his wedded son,
Of those who joined not the bridal feast,
Of first that were last, and greatest least,
And one that had not the guest-robe on.—
Then, pausing awhile, his grief to repress,
He spoke in words that were something quaint :
“Christian brethren, here must ye dress
In the vestment of saint.
Life's not happiness, that's the excuse,
Living is blessedness, that is the robe :

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Glory the agony ye refuse ;
Deep God's purposes, far to probe.
Work and faith are the Lord's sweet flowers :
Not on lotus river to glide,
Sipping the nectar of idler hours,
Pleasantest friend by your side.
The waters He troubles, the vessel sinks,
And man to his death of that nectar drinks.
Stop by the ' Beautiful Gate,' and see
A cripple crouch for the passenger's dole.
Peter the Missioner enters, and he
In name of the Nazarene makes him whole ;
Giving nor money, nor clothes, nor food :
Talents to use are the gifts for the good.
Yet verily are there would rather beg
With the withered arm and the halting leg.

"Oh, hearken me, brother, if Christ be thine,
Patience and zeal are the outward sign.
Close in thy breast is an upper room,
Where One pale worker is weaving a woof.
Christ is the worker, Time is the loom,
Sorrow's swift shuttles are marking it off.
Whilst ever an angel attending sings
To the wondrous play of those toiling strings.
Rattle, rattle, the whole day long,
Beating in time to that same low song,
I hear them, the shuttles that ply the thread .
Of the silken robe for the blest, when dead—
The garment of saint that is steeped in dye
Of the purple laver on Calvary."



Without and Within.



WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

IGH over earth movèd those islands fair
 With sunset flush (of men miscallèd cloud)
 Upon the breezy ocean of the air ;
 And bargelike floating with a placid speed,
 They seemèd to bear to Edens in the west

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 P

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Sweet throngs of spirits folden in their wings,
That tipped with blaze and glow the golden coasts.
The hot sun, weary, dipped him in the sea,
He laved therein his ruddy fire, and lay
Across the twinkling ripples and the glass
A path of light unto him :—Thus without.
Within, a widow weeping in the gloom,
Mourning her sun of life already set,
And heedless of the fair young dawn of hope
Beside her. The dull chimes of the old church
Palled on her with the memory of a knell
Whose low last echoes ever boomed and throbbed
Deep in the hollow tomb within her heart,
And smitten thus, she cried, she cried aloud
To heaven—

“ Hold us, Father, by Thy hand,
Our eyes are blind to Thy fair day,
We grope and falter in the way,
We cannot understand.

“ Yesterday was calm with light,
He whom Thou gavest us to be
A type of Thy sweet love and Thee,
Made even day of night :

“ Fair was all the sunny way,
And bright the summer hours of love,
And fairer radiance from above
Fell with a constant ray.

“ Now a cloud upon our sight
Hath fallen : Thou hast borne him hence
Above the world of time and sense,
And left but void and blight.

“ Guide Thou, guard our trembling feet,
Unblind the lantern in Thy hand
And lead us to the God-lit land
Where he and we may meet.”

Then silently,
But with the tenderness of sorrow's love,
She drew her child unto her stricken breast;

Discipline.

And lo ! a long red ray broke in the gloom,
Resting upon the fair gold of his head
With warm caress ; so seemed it as the light
From hands of God in benediction spread.

H. G. B. HUNT.

DISCIPLINE.



W HAT, many times I musing asked, is man,
If grief and care
Keep far from him? He knows not what he can,
What cannot, bear.

He, till the fire hath purged him, doth remain
Mixed all with dross :
To lack the loving discipline of pain
Were endless loss.

Yet, when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content
The grief whereby I must be purified
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss
Before my soul, I cried, " Oh, spare me here !
Oh, nō—not this ! "

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

Nay then ; but He, who best doth understand
Both what we need
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed.

From "Songs in the Night."

"THE CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSAND."



ALL my spirit thirsts to see,
Lord, Thy face unveiled and bright,
And to stand from sin set free,
Spotless Lamb, amid Thy light;
But I leave it—Thou dost well,
And my heaven is here and now,
Daystar of my soul, if Thou
Wilt but deign in me to dwell;
For without Thee could there be
Joy in heaven itself for me?

Graft me into Thee for ever,
Vine of life, that I may grow
Stronger heavenward, drooping never,
For the sharpest storms that blow—
Bearing fruits of faith and truth—
Then transplant me out of time
Into that eternal clime
Where I shall renew my youth,
When earth's withered leaves shall bloom
Fresh in beauty from the tomb.

Life, to whom as to my Head
I unite me, through my soul
Now Thy quickening life-stream shed,
And Thy love's warm current roll,
Freshening all with strength and grace.
Be Thou mine—I am Thine own,
Here and ever, Thine alone;
All my hope in Thee I place;
Heaven and earth are naught to me,
Safe, O Life of life, with Thee.

W. C. DESSLER.



The Miracle at Nain.



THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

ORTH through the solemn street
The sad procession swept,
Pacing its mournful way with measured feet :
While inly wept
One mourner, in a grief
Stern as the silent years,
Which seemed to mock the common, weak relief
Of outward tears.

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Keen was her sense of loss,
An agony untold ;
For Death had seized, amid a world of dross,
Her piece of gold.

They bore her only son,
Star of her evening, fled ;
Whose lesser light recalled that vanished one
Now long since dead.

For her best loved had died ;
And, stunned from former bruise,
The widow's joyous oil of life had dried
Within her cruse.

Desert her heart, and bare ;
Like lone house on a wild ;
No voice to make blithe music on the stair—
No laughing child.

No solace from the past,
No hope in days to come,
She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast
Had struck her dumb.

But, near the city's verge,
A sudden silence came ;
The hired mourners swift forbore their dirge,
As if in shame

To mourn a lifeless clod,
With such despairing cry,
While the Redeemer—"the strong Son of God"—
Was passing by.

"He came and touched the bier."
They wait, in curious pause :
Has He the power and will to interfere
With Nature's laws?

He walked upon the waves !
His word the thousands fed !—
Is He imperial in the place of graves
Over the dead ?

The Miracle at Nain.

Then spake the royal word ;
And, quick with rushing throes,
The red life in the clay obedient heard :
The dead arose !

And spoke—just as before—
Unconscious of eclipse :
Like babe, who only knows that night is o'er
From mother's lips.

Or one who, free from harm,
From the perfidious sea
Comes home, and finds all in his father's farm
Which used to be.

No desert dream of tombs,
Nought but life's love and joy ;
As Nature has no thought 'mid summer blooms
That storms destroy.

The same through endless time,
Thus Jesus healeth now,
With "many crowns," for victories sublime,
Upon His brow.

Conqueror in each stern fight
O'er mortal sin and dread ;
And mighty, from corruption's foulest night,
To raise the dead.

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.



"I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY."



"EARTH to earth," we lay thee low,
Quenchèd torch, to moulder there—
Thee, whose light with living glow
Shone so bright and fair.

Life of earthly sort is past,
Fleshly body spent and left,
Into darksome silence cast,
All of sense bereft.

Life is gone! and gone for ever
That estate of sin and care,
Thwarting every good endeavour
Which the soul may dare.

Not by flesh shall heaven be won;
Aching temples sorrow-stricken,
Throbbing heart with grief undone,
The Spirit will not quicken.

Yet the Lord doth guard His own;
In the long eternity
Thou shalt not be left alone,
He hath need of thee.

Yea, the time shall come at last,
Quenchèd torch, and thou shalt burn
When the angelic trumpet-blast
Hails the Lord's return.

Spiritual body blest,
Rising from the lonely sod,
In the freedom thou shalt rest
Of the sons of God.

Changed into His likeness bright,
Deathly life left far behind,
Thou shalt in immortal light
Thy Redeemer find.

REV. HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

Fellowship in Suffering.



FELLOWSHIP IN SUFFERING.

“That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings.”—Philipp. iii. 10.



UMBLY, while my soul doth prove
Sweetest joys of pardoning love,
Still, my Saviour, doth it yearn
Love's deep mystery to learn,
In the shadow of Thy cross
Counting earthly gain but loss,
Breathing still its fervent plea
For a closer life with Thee,
By that high and holy thing,
Fellowship in suffering.

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O my Lord, the crucified !
Who for love of me hast died,
Mould me by Thy living breath
To the likeness of Thy death ;
While the thorns Thy brows entwine,
Let no flower-wreath rest on mine.
In Thy hands the cruel nail,
Blood-sweat on Thy forehead pale ;
Clasp me to Thy wounded side,
O my Lord, the crucified


Hands loved-clasped through charmed hours,
Feet that press the bruised flowers,
Is it aught for you to dare
That ye may his signet bear ?
In this easy, painless life,
Free from struggle, care, and strife,
Ever on my doubting breast
Lies the shadow of unrest :
This no path that Jesus trod ;
Can the smooth way lead to God ?

But when chastening stripes descend,
Welcoming as friend doth friend,
Thy dear tokens, Lord, I know,
And to Thee unerring go ;
Blessed tears flow warm and free,
Thou dost love me—even me.
Pomp and ease, and praise of men,
All are loathed and scorned then,
Since my Lord, my love, hath died,
Mocked and scourged and crucified.

By the agony and pain
Of the torture-stricken brain,
By the riches of Thy love,
Let not suffering barren prove ;
Pledge and emblem 'twould remain
Of the dark and sullen pain,
Where nor love nor good doth live,
And the blessed word "forgive"
Comes not with its subtle art,
Softening, healing, any heart.

Lifted Higher.

In the little islet, Time,
Of Eternity sublime
Standing on the sloping brink,
Let me of Thy chalice drink,
Be baptised with Thy baptism,
And be crowned with Thy love-chrisin ;
Slain with Thee in darkest hour,
Feel Thy resurrection power ;
Till where Thou art I may be,
Perfected, dear Lord, with thee !
" Christian Mirror."



LIFTED HIGHER.



ALF through our lives we sigh to Thee, and pray
For some sharp pain, some purifying fire ;
" O lift us up, dear Lord," we cry, and say,
" At any cost, O Father, lift us higher."
" The daily trials for us are far too small,
Such little steps can never lead above ;
Stretch forth Thy hand ere lower still we fall,
And lift us up with mighty raising love."
But if upon some spear-point's glittering pain—
Not half way to the height Thy cross attained—
Thou lift us up, what straightway do we gain ?
" Oh ! not for good this anguish is ordained,
" Too sharp the agony, too deep the shame ;
Can God be pleased by cries of utter woe ?
Release us, Lord, so shall we praise Thy name,
And nearer to Thee for Thy mercy grow."
But some of us may only so be saved,
May only limp to heaven, both halt and maimed,
Yet shrinking hearts forget the boon they craved,
For present ease Thy future is disclaimed.
Thou, Who didst hear both prayers, refuse this last !
Lift us up daily in a dying life,
Upon Thy holy altar bind us fast,
Nor spare to use Thy sacrificial knife,

Till we have learnt to be content and glad,
Till saved by holy, sin-consuming fire ;
The nearer heaven forbids us to be sad,
There shall we thank Thee, Father, "lifted higher."

ALICE C. JONES.



*THE LAST STATE OF THAT MAN IS
WORSE THAN THE FIRST.*

FALLEN, fallen back—

From the high vantage-ground so clearly won ;
From the new life so hopefully begun,
Fallen, alas !

Fallen, fallen back—

Past tears and penitence proclaimed a lie,
A daring mockery of God Most High ;
Fallen indeed.

Fallen, fallen back—

Christ crucified afresh, and put to shame ;
Contempt and insult heaped on that dear name ;
Low fallen now.

Fallen, fallen back—

Of yore, a lost and guilty sinner thou,
A perjured, false, black-hearted traitor now,
To thy great Lord.

Fallen, fallen back—

To sin's vile slavery and galling chain,
To the foul fiend, with all his hideous train
Thrice servant now.

Fallen, fallen back—

The joys of heaven, the crown of life resigned ;
The serpent's deadly coil around thee twined,
For evermore.

Fallen, fallen back—

O God ! O God ! in mercy shield us all
From that unutterably awful fall,
For Christ's dear sake.

SOPHIE F. F. VEITCH.

The Old Cathedral.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

EE how the shadow' falls o'er busy streets,
The soft grey shadow of the minster towers ;
Hark how the music of its chiming bells
Breathes through the city, somewhat hushing down
The tremulous throbbing of its fevered pulse.

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Ah ! just so lies the shadow, calm and deep,
Of that most grand cathedral o'er my life;
Painting its glories dimly—as the sun
Tints all the waters of the murmuring sea—
On every wave of thought for evermore !
And just so echoes all that melody,
Echoed in those long aisles, within my heart ;
Blending with earth's harsh discords, till they seem
Only at last the gentle minor notes
Of music penitential. And o'er all
The springs of poetry, and the springs of thought,
That gush through clefts of rock, barren and steep,
And down the sunny hill-sides, to the vale
Where lilies grow in life's sweet morning-time,
Breathing that subtle sense of purity,
Breathing that echo from the far-off land !

When the dawn struggles from the grasp of night,
And the first ray of sunrise tries to shine
Through the white mist of morning, as a gleam
Of golden hair shines through a bridal veil ;
When the dim vapours curl away and fade,
And the soft blush grows scarlet in the sky,
Mellowing the hoary turrets, as they stand
Darkly defined against the sapphire blue ;
When on my face the rosy shadow gleams,
And on the quiet eyes, half closed and still ;
When round the listless head, like crown of gold,
The pale hue circles with its tender touch—
One picture hangs on memory's crowded wall
Clearer than others, in the dreamy light :
A marble floor, where early sunbeams lie—
Shifting and sliding—a great flood of gold,
Tinted with ruby and with amethyst ;
And over-arching roofs, and clustering shafts,
And down beneath a table richly spread
With angels' food, beneath the veil of snow ;
And, kneeling humbly there, a little band
Of earnest worshippers. The city lies
Still in its sleep ; only these few have come
Out in the early daybreak to the church,
Hearing that voice of soft, familiar bells

The Old Cathedral.

Utter its message in the twilight hour.
Only these few ! And they seek now in prayer,
With penitent hearts, brimful of faith and hope,
The wondrous love, the blessed peace, of Him
Who made all days, and doubly hallowed this ;
And on these few that benediction sweet
Is breathed from Heaven, and from lips divine.
A dream of morning light most beautiful ;
Of music pure, that stays its seraph-wing
In the glad heart, to brighten Sunday hours,
And, perchance, whisper through all after-time.

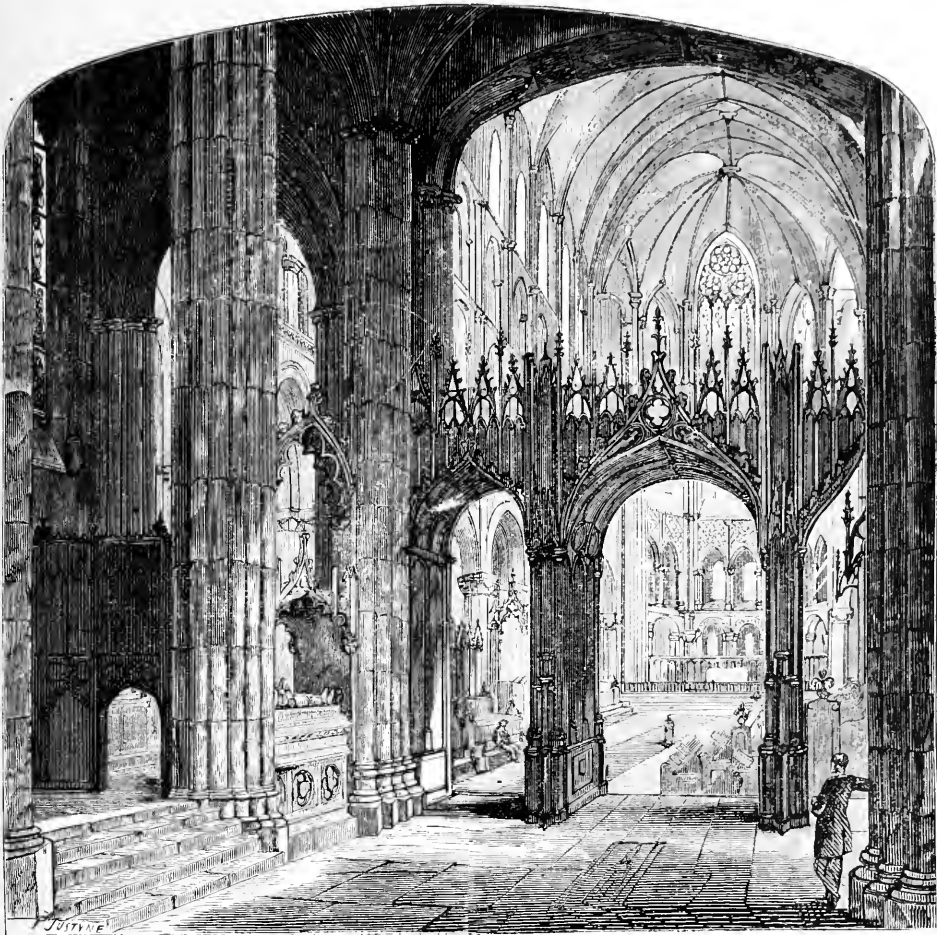
And in the noon, the rush of busy life,
When eyes are dazzled with the world's strong glare,
Or when the strife seems harder to be borne,
And hands grow heavy, and brave hearts grow faint,
Still over all the soft grey shadow sleeps !
Still over all the whispering echoes speak—
Speak with the voice of Christ's eternal love—
Bringing back hope and strength unconsciously !
And when the lull of eventide is come,
When vexing cares weigh somewhat heavily,
And the heart, wearied, would lie down to rest ;
Even in thought to kneel within the reach
Of that pure chancel light—the purple glow
That falls so softly o'er the holy Rood
When summer's sun is setting, or the fire
That streamed along the bright emblazoned roof
Of the long nave but yesternight, as I
Stood looking backward from the western door—
Even in thought to kneel, with folded hands
And bended head, joining in worship there,
Hearing the eloquent music, which can wake
From the soul's tangled harp-strings a deep thrill,
An answering voice, a breath of Eden life !
Feeling the presence near of Him who died,
And lives to succour all his suffering ones.
It is such peaceful rest ! And it remains
Through all the evening to the depth of night.
And e'en in dreams the temple walls will rise,
Shadowing the glorious Church in Paradise,
Making that transient slumber doubly sweet.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems



So, too, in time of sickness, when my brain
Was weak and wandering, I could never hear
The faint and far-off sound of service-bells
Without a thrill that shook my inmost heart ;
And while the tears came slowly welling up,
I built in fancy all the beautiful aisles
And shadowy arches of the church I loved,
Till I scarce knew but I was kneeling there.
And I have sat upon the shore alone,
Watching the sun set, where no voice of bells
Blended with that sweet voice of falling waves ;
Yet there, too, came the echoes. With the throb
Of sunlit ripples on the shingly beach,
I heard the swell and ebb of organ notes,
And the soft chime from that cathedral tower,
Which crowned an English city, far away.
So would my fancy wander as I gazed
With dreaming eyes on all the wondrous tints
That clothed the cloud-hills in that sacred hour ;
And when the wild red faded into gold,
And the rich violet became blue—then grey,
Like the soft plumage of a ring-dove's neck ;
And when the pale sky-line grew indistinct
As the bright water darkened, and the haze
Of twilight fell gently and sorrowfully ;
And when the moon touched with her virgin lips
The huge grey cliff that towered overhead,
Making the savage face grow young and fair ;
And when that pathway gleamed across the waste,
That path of purest light, which seemed to me
Tracked out for angel-footsteps—then I saw
In fancy still the old cathedral walls,
So dim, so lovely, in the hush of night !
And most I saw that sacred resting-place,
Around which flows the tide of busy life,
Above which stands the church for sentinel,
Upon which rests the gentle, stainless light ;
Upon the velvet moss and crumbling stones,
Which mark the place where the dead calmly lie—
There, where the quiet upturned face is laid,
To wait the dawn of morning patiently—
There, where the turbulent life has sunk to sleep ;

The Old Cathedral.



There, where the weary hands have ceased to strive ;
And where the passionate heart, stilled now for aye,
Shall yearn in vain for rest and peace no more !
Ay, and I think that when my heart shall count
The slow pulsations of its waning life
When wandering visions, floating in my brain,
Shall faintly shape the bright things of the past,
This dream of stately walls and solemn aisles—
Type of a great reality—will shine
E'en through the shadows that encompass death :
Earth's sweetest dream, and last !

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Ye may have seen
Within some lordly picture-gallery
The rosy hue of sunset ; seen it fall
On ancient frames, where precious gems of art
Have been enshrined for centuries, and where
The new and old, worthless and beautiful,
Hang grouped together. And you saw, perchance
One picture there taking the foremost place ;
The great creation of some poet-soul—
A marvellous work, the glory of that house ,
And it was set in panel broad and deep,
Set where no marring cross-lights ever came,
With nothing near to overshadow it.
And, as you watched, you saw the rosy tint
Flushing the canvas, making outlines soft,
And colours soft, with its most delicate touch,
To change to gold, and darken into grey :
And then you saw the shadows passing down
The long, dim vista, with wide-spreading wings
And noiseless footfall, blotting gently out
Those many ancient pictures, one by one,
Leaving the priceless favourite till last.
So on the wall of memory hangs this one
Of a most grand cathedral. Though the sun
Of early morning now is shining there,
Leaving some part in darkness ; though the light
Comes falling through the vista of new years—
Falling and falling, like a stealthy step ;
And though the blaze of noon, and its decline,
The calm clear sunset, and the passionless eve
Will bring a thousand pictures to the light
That now are wrapped in gloom ; still I believe
That this will ever stand, a peerless one—
Peerless in beauty and in sanctity :
Stand in the fullest daylight, and yet be
The last on which the evening glow shall fall.

Here, in this church, my lips have tasted life—
The life Divine of Him who gave us life ;
Here is the glorious birth-place of high hopes,
The grave of sorrow, and the resting-place
Of Christian faith and love. And when the world

The Old Cathedral.

Seems but a drift of strange perplexing clouds,
Circling, as circle evening shadows now
Around some churchyard cross, around the thing
That ever is so fearfully true and real,
Then here is light, lovely, and calm, and sweet—
A softened gleam from God's own palace gate,
Touching the wilderness way-marks one by one,
Moving about our feet to point the road,
Melting the wavering darkness, till we know
That one real thing in its reality.
O strong, rich pillars, and emblazoned walls,
And heaving arches, clasping overhead !
O stately aisles, wherein those organ-notes
Breathe out their saintly passion tremulously,
Like a persuasive voice, slow stealing down,
Through drifting shadows, out into the world !
O glorious chancel, with the shining floor,
The golden-crested roof, and marble shafts,
And that strange milk-white wall, so full of gems,
Which stands to guard the holy altar there,
All in the tender rainbow-tinted light !
O grand old minster ! it is not for things
That earth brought forth at God's almighty word,
And then herself loved so unlawfully ;
Not all the wealth of beautiful things, and rare,
That thou hast gathered up and sanctified,
Which wins this utter homage from my heart.
I know not what it is ; but 'tis not this—
Not only this. It seems to me that as
Body and soul mingle and blend in life
(Both pure and gentle, or unlovely both),
So, in some strange, sweet way, within my heart
That soul of our cathedral links and clings
For ever with the curious-sculptured form,
Making but one to me, who am but one.
And I can scarcely fashion more than this
Out of the vast and solemn mystery.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

JERUSALEM WHICH IS ABOVE.



HO can utter what the pleasures and the peace unbroken are,
Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding silvery light afar,
Festive seats and golden roofs, which glitter like the evening
star ?

There the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun at dawn
they glow ;

Crownèd victors after conflict, all their joys together flow ;
And secure they count the battles where they fought the prostrate foe.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their source their souls they steep ;
Truth by actual vision beaming, on its form their gaze they keep,
Drinking from the living Fountain draughts of living waters deep.

There all being is eternal ; things that cease have ceased to be ;
All corruption there has perished—there they flourish strong and free ;
Thus mortality is swallowed up of life eternally.

Diverse as their varied labours the rewards to each that fall ;
But Love what she loves in others evermore her own doth call ;
Thus the several joy of each becomes the common joy of all.

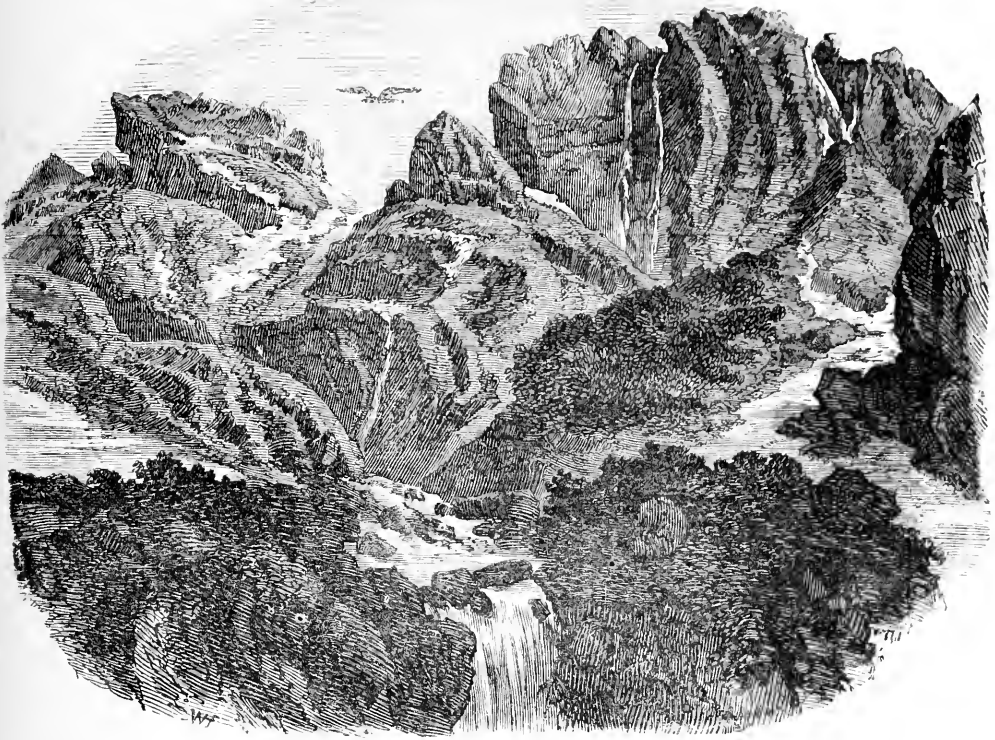
Blessèd who the King of Heaven in his beauty thus behold ;
And beneath His throne rejoicing see the universe unfold—
Sun and moon, and stars and planets radiant in His light unrolled !

Christ, the Palm of faithful victors ! of that city make me free ;
When my warfare shall be ended, to its mansions lead Thou me !
Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of Thy gifts to be !

PETER DAMIANI.



The Bereaved Mountain.



THE BEREAVED MOUNTAIN.



DOWN a mountain's face ran tearful streams apace,
With sobbing tones that seemed some grief to show ;
And if their lamentation could assume articulation,
One might hear this explanation of his woe :

“ Erewhile to me by Heaven a beauteous snow was given,
Which tenderly I cherished on my breast ;
She smiled upon me purely, and with joy I reckoned surely
That for ever here securely she would rest.

“ I thought my sturdy arms would shield her from all harms,
That my firm side a sure support would prove,
And I loved her fairy lightness and her almost spotless whiteness,
Which ever won new brightness from above.

“ For gloriously the sun from heaven upon her shone,
And in his light she grew more dazzling fair.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Ah ! I little comprehended unto what that brightness tended,
Until drearily it ended in despair !

“Beneath that heavenly ray she wasted day by day ;
I felt her from my arms begin to glide—
Felt her loosen first and quiver ; then with shuddering shock and shiver
Down yon gulf she slid for ever from my side !

“Alas ! O fearful day ! my heart, whereon she lay,
Is now a fount of ever-streaming tears,
Which flow as if to follow, could they find her down the hollow ;
But nought yon void depths swallow re-appears.

“Does all, then, end with this ? in that profound abyss
Is all my love and all her beauty lost ?
Is nothing left but steeping with vain tears her place of sleeping,
Till their course the springs of weeping shall exhaust ?

“’Tis all that I can see ; but surely it may be,
I see not yet the whole of this event :
For I think the sun was calling her, and this deep fearful falling
Was not the high installing that he meant.

“My fancy fondly dreams that his warm drawing beams
Have drawn her viewless upward to the blue,
Which impalpably contains her, where no touch of earth-dust stains her,
And in formlessness detains her from my view.

“Perchance she thus is near ; and though not e’en a tear
Down-dropping, her moist sympathy reveal,
I can fancy she may hover o’er her desolated lover
With old fondness, and discover all I feel.

“Is this, then, all the end to which my hopes may tend ?
Will this e’er satisfy my longing sore ?
Can no intense endeavour bring her back to sight for ever ?
Shall my arms enfold her never any more ?

“Alas, if this were all ! but Hope to me doth call,
Suggesting she will gather form again,
And from out the viewless ether reappear to all beneath her,
A white cloud, too high for either stain or rain.

“Still lovely to the gaze, as in departed days,
Her own old fairness clothed with glory new ;
A pure transparent whiteness tinged with soft celestial brightness,
And floating in new lightness ’mid the blue.


The Refuge.

"Then she again may rest in beauty on my breast,
Though needing its support no more. Up-bayed
As a free celestial rover, with all heaven to wander over,
She will come to me, and cover all my void.

"Then bright again will glow all tints she used to show,
Reflecting still the sun that shines above ;
And ah ! what full affection will confirm my heart's election,
In that glorious resurrection of my love !"

By the Author of "Angel Visits, and Other Poems"

THE REFUGE.

HOU who hast trod the path of mortal life,
And felt its keenest woe, its fiercest strife,
From all the evil that the way may bring,
Hide me beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

When the world's garish and deceitful light
Would dazzle and allure my feeble sight,
And round my heart its gay enchantments fling,
Hide me beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

When error steals with subtle step around,
Tuning her voice to soft persuasive sound,
O ! from her breath so cold and withering,
Hide me beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

When doubts and fears my troubled soul assail,
Let not the tempter's cruel might prevail :
Help me still firmly to Thy cross to cling,
And hide beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

Hide, not from sorrow, but from bitterness,
From rebel thoughts that hover round distress,
From sullen silence, faithless murmuring,
Hide me beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

Hide 'neath the love that led Thee once to seek
The wanderer on the mountains bare and bleak,
And brought him safely to the pastures fair
That for Thy chosen flock thou dost prepare.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Hide 'neath the might Thou hast so oft revealed,
Thy tried and tempted ones from harm to shield ;
The wisdom that can guide their steps aright,
E'en when the path seems lost in gloomiest night.

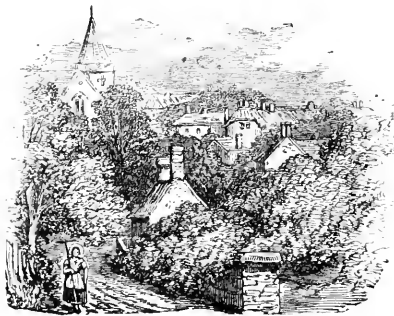
Hide 'neath the faithfulness that ne'er forsakes
The soul that in Thy name her refuge makes—
Beneath the truth that never can deceive,
The mercy ever ready to relieve.

Hide 'neath Thy glory, lest my roving eyes
The fleeting things of earth too highly prize ;
O let the shadow of Thy brightness be
A cloudy pillar of defence to me !

Then no allurements shall entice my feet
Madly to wander from their sure retreat,
Nor any storm-cloud dark and threatening
Affright me 'neath the shadow of Thy wing.

Thus, safe and blest, may I pursue the road
That leadeth upward to that bright abode
Where they who once found shelter 'neath Thy wing
Through all eternity Thy praises sing.

GERALDINA STOCK.



Agnus Dei.



AGNUS DEI.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.—
S. JOHN i., 29.



AGNUS DEI! when the heart is weary

With its load of sin—

When all without is black and dreary,

And Hope is faint within—

Faith looks up to Thee to bear

All that load of sin and care ;

Thou canst give the soul repose

From its guilt and from its woes.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Agnus Dei ! when the hour is near me,
Terrible to all,
By Thy love for sinners, hear me
When to Thee I call.
Through the darkness of that night
Be my comfort and my light.
From the victory of the grave
Thou canst rescue, Thou canst save.
Agnus Dei ! when my trembling spirit,
In that direful day,
Waits the judgment, may Thy merit
Plead for me, I pray.
On Thy sacrifice most holy
Rest I my redemption solely :
Thy precious blood my great salvation ;
Thy death my life ; Thy Cross my exaltation.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

PARADISE.

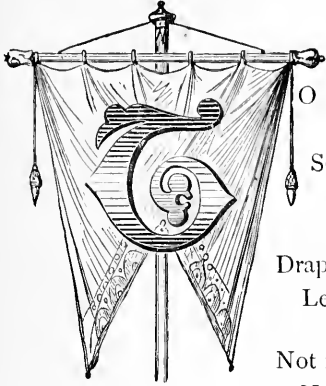


EEP not for me ;
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends.
I still am near ;
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now, too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.
A sea before
The Throne is spread ; its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

On the Death of Lord John Beresford.

*ON THE DEATH OF LORD JOHN BERESFORD, PRIMATE OF
ALL IRELAND.*



O his rest among the saints of old
That our stately primate must be laid,
Sepulchred in ever hallowed mould.
That the good archbishop sleepeth well,
Tongue and pen among the people tell ;
Drape ye the cathedral where he prayed,
Let the bell be tolled.

Not for marvellous speech or musings grand,
Not for martyr's pains—those noble eyes
Opened on a tract of golden land.
With him beauty, honours, wealth, and power,
Grew like hue and fragrance round the flower.
Stainless all in sunshine did he rise,
And in sunshine stand

Taylor's rare and altar-twining roses,
Coloured with the summer of his touch,
Ken's sweet music, with its swells and closes,
Half by angels, half by thrushes taught,
Butler's regal modesty of thought—
Ireland's princely primate had not such.
Weep where he reposes.

Grand is eloquence, and love is deep.
But for kingly quiet that to strife
Sometimes almost seemed a saintly sleep,
For the love that was so simply wise,
For the lordly presence and calm eyes,
For the eloquence of that blameless life,
Let the people weep.

Not by fourteen thousand bits of gold
Measured, but by books at resurrection
Of the just made perfect, wide-unrolled.
Ah ! it must have been a weary weight,
Fifty years of honour and of state.
Well, he need not fear the recollection.
Let the bell be tolled.

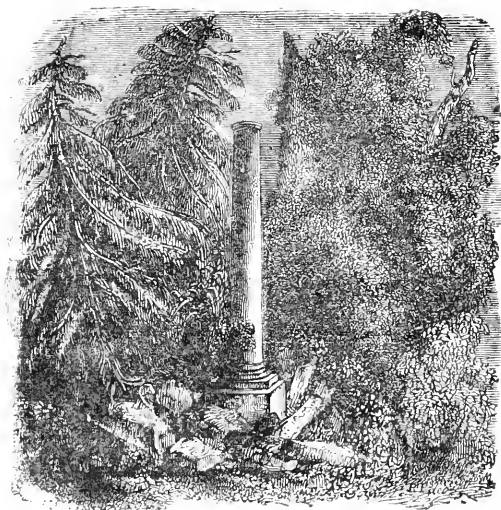
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Ah ! the great bell tolleth—bloweth never
Twice the self-same flower, but other ones.
Twice there floweth not the self-same river.
All that majesty of prayers and alms,
All that sweetness as of chanted psalms,
Round the brow, half princely, half Saint John's.
It is gone for ever.

Ah ! the great bell tolls—but through the cloud,
If we see aright, and through the mist,
Larger-eyed than erst, and broader-browed,
With his stainless lawn divinely whiter,
With a crown, and not a heavy mitre,
In the great cathedral fane of Christ,
Is the archbishop bowed.

Leave him with the Bishop of our souls,
Leave the princely old man with the blest—
Need is none of fame and her false scrolls.
Gleams are on his brow of God's own climate.
Draw the curtain round our grand old primate,
Let the angels sing him to his rest !
Ah ! the great bell tolls.

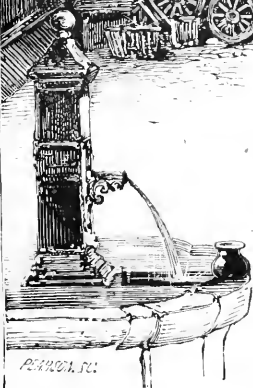
VERY REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.,
Dean of Emly.



The Mount of Expectation.



THE MOUNT OF EXPECTATION.



I KE lodgers in a mountain inn until
 The morrow, to behold the sun arise,
 We shelter on the Church's holy hill
 Till Christ's bright advent shall the world surprise.
 We find writ here, by some who opened eyes
 Early this age's morning, that a haze
 Of tears did His appearing then disguise,
 And blood-red mists soon hid Him. These His rays
 O'er-mastered ; forth he broke with unquencht blaze ;

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

But then a cloud received Him from their sight,
And up the skies He went unseen. Earth's gaze,
Since then, no rift in heaven hath shown how bright
He reigns on high : yet, 'tis we know His light,
Which lightens earth, from where He shines concealed
Behind the veil—by which we climbed this height,
Though straying oft, like sheep through many a field.
But when shall we behold the sun revealed?

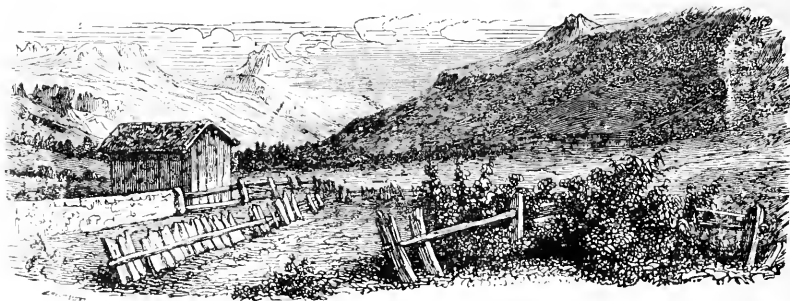
Ah ! not to-day ; the heavens are covered still.
Yet look ! some soft half-breaking gleams they yield,
With promise for to-morrow ; surely will
The sunrise all our brightest hopes fulfil.
The supper's shining vessels catch the ray
Which cheers us, talking of our journeys, till
Belike our travel-tired frames we may
Lay down, to rest in hope till morn. For they
Who sleep shall none the less its scene partake ;
A trumpet's voice will sound at break of day,
And summon them who sleep and them who wake,
To see the Sun His glorious entrance make—

First setting on the highest peaks a crown
Of golden splendour, then to vale and lake
Spreading His all-awakening radiance down,
And the whole earth with glory flood and drown.

Clouds may be round Him, tinted with His rays,
But will not hide Him ; in His old renown
Of shadeless brilliance, He shall meet our gaze,
And shine as with the light of seven days,
Which only through a veil His face had known.

Yea, shall we not behold Him in full blaze
Ascend in high mid-heaven His sapphire throne?

By the Author of "Angel Visits and Other Poems."



SUBMISSION.



FATHER ! not my will, but thine ;"
Let this be my daily prayer,
Taught me by those lips Divine ;
Taught me by affliction's Heir,
By "The man of Sorrows" breathed—
He for whom earth's thorns were wreathed.

"Father ! not my will, but Thine ;"
Choose for me my lot—my way ;
If Thy smiles around me shine,
Sorrow's night will turn to day ;
Thunder-clouds be tinged with gold,
Flowers will spring, though winds be cold.

"Father ! not my will, but Thine ;"
Help me to believe Thee true,
Though the corn, the oil, the wine,
Fail for lack of rain and dew :
When the springs of earth are dry,
Thou canst all my need supply.

"Father ! not my will, but Thine ;"
Friends may leave me all alone ;
Foes with kinsmen may combine ;
Those I love my name disown ;
Still a Father wilt Thou prove ;
Naught can change my Father's love.

Whatsoever my lot may be,
Passing through this vale of tears ;
Pain, or scorn, or penury,
Few my yet remaining years ;
Never let Thy child repine,
"Father ! not my will, but Thine !"



THE MILKY WAY.



IVER of fire or sparkling spray
That crownest day's last waves of light,
How shall I name yon starry way—
That pathway for the steeds of night?
Those gems of lustrous ray, that glance
Where planets wheel their mystic dance?

How passing fair each ancient tale
That told how milk from Juno's breast
There dropped in stars; how Isis pale,
What time she fled stern Typhon's guest,
Threw wheat-ears there, whose ruddy glow
The chase might tempt him to forego.

Fair, too, the legend how yon way
Still marks the path that flamed afar,

The Milky Way.

When the wild coursers of the Day
Dragged their rash driver in his car.
There Pluto placed the golden floor
Heroes and gods tread evermore.

Souls, too, there were that awestruck thought
The Sun cleft there an untried track
The while Thyestes madly wrought
His impious banquet—words would lack,
So still it shines in heaven's bright meads,
To warn men from like dreadful deeds.

When Science turns her crystal gaze
To Night's black vault, the Milky Way
Glitters with powdered stars, a maze
Where myriad-sparkling diamonds play:
Their bright dust cast in one long bar
Of jewelled splendour—star o'er star.

Cheering the traveller's lonely way
Yon countless clustering diamonds shine.
And sparkles separate each soft ray
With types and visions half divine;
There are who ne'er those glories heed,
Many their kindling sparks would read.

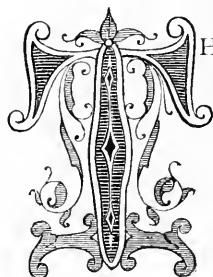
Then myriad fancies crowd the brain,
Each borrowing from yon amber blaze
That spans the night, its own quick train
Of thoughts, each melting into haze,
Till the mind weaves its web of flame—
Its Milky Way—through thoughts else tame.

So some have spread o'er earth's dull round
Of daily life celestial light;
Solace some wearied hearts have found
In musings 'neath ambrosial night.
Those star-lit skies cares charm away,
And night repairs the toils of day.

REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.



"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."



THOU that askest, "What is love?"
Look and read in Heaven above :
Sun and moon and stars agree,
Praising God, and blessing thee.
Sin may turn thy day to night ;
Never they withhold their light.
Look to earth : her thousand flowers
Gladden e'en thy wasted hours ;
And her richest fruits she gives
Still to him who thankless lives.

Thou that askest, "What is love?"
Seek thy King in Heaven above.
There our nature still He wears ;
There our human heart He bears ;
There the depths of mortal woes
He, by sweet compassion, knows :
There for man, who made Him die
Still He lifts His pleading cry ;
While his pierced hands declare
What the sinner's heart could dare.

Thou that askest, "What is love?"
Look no more to Heaven above ;
Tell not what thy mind believes ;
Boast not what thy heart receives.
Learn of Jesus, that to give—
Not to gather—is to live.
Give, like Him, thyself to God ;
Shed, like Him, thy grace abroad ;
Then each passing hour shall prove
What it is like God to love.

REV. L. TUTTIETT, M.A.



The World

A PRAYER.



EACH me, O Lord, to follow Him who trod
With loving zeal the pathway to His God ;
Help me to rest my faith on Him alone,
Who died for my transgression to atone.

Wean my rebellious heart from earthly things,
Show me the Fount whence living water springs ;
Teach me to feel that when afflictions come,
They're sent in love, to turn my thoughts to Home.

So may I live, that in my daily race
The things of God may hold the highest place.
So may I die, that death to me may be
The opening dawn of immortality!

N. LAMBERT.

THE WORLD.

"And when He is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."—JOHN xvi. 8.



THE world is wise, for the world is old ;
Five thousand years their tale have told ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be :
Why is it? why is it? O answer me !

The world is kind if we ask not too much ;
It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the touch ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be :
Why is it? why is it? O answer me !

The world is strong, with an awful strength,
And full of life in its breadth and length ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be :
Why is it? why is it? O answer me !

The world is so beautiful, one may fear
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be :
Why is it? why is it? O answer me !

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The world is good in its own poor way,
There is rest by night and high spirits by day ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be :
Why is it ? why is it ? O answer me !

The Cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,
And the earth is peopled with holy things ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be :
Why is it ? why is it ? O answer me !

What lackest thou, world ? for God made thee of old ;
Why, thy faith hath gone out and thy love grown cold ;
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood that thou lackest, thou poor old world !
Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen old world ?
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the love of dear Jesus is little to thee.

Poor world ! if thou cravest a better day,
Remember that Christ must have His own way ;
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee



The Temptation in the Wilderness.



THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

FIERCELY on Salem's towers and hills
The hot sun striketh down,
The feverish pulse of summer thrills
The desert bare and brown ;
As, spirit-guided, through the languid air
Moves one sad Form, apart for fasting, strife, and prayer.

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Nature hath no foreboding voice,
No battle trumpets blow ;
The heedless sons of men rejoice ;
The mornings come and go ;
But in that desert deadlier conflict nears
Than where the chariots roll, or glance the glittering spears.

The lists are spread. In solemn tryst,
In God's eternal plan,
'Tis here the Satan tempts the Christ,
As once he tempted man ;
And shall he triumph, as on Eden's field ?
Will here the mightier Adam cast away His shield ?

Why gaze we with such wistful eyes
That keenest strife upon ?
Why sing we, when to nether skies
The baffled fiend has gone ?
For us the fight is won, the victory wrought,
Whose issues stretch beyond the loftiest reach of thought.

Our hearts, forlorn and troubled, need
A tender priest and true,
Mighty with God to intercede,
But kind and human too ;
And Christ, in this his desert hour, reveals
The arm of conquering strength, the heart which warmly feels.

Vainly he tells of wound or scar
Who ne'er took sword in hand,
Idly he speaks of ocean's war
Who sees it from the strand.
The "visage marred" begets the sense of pain,
Our own tears give the power all other tears to explain.

So, Jesus ! in this school of scorn,
Though Thou wert Son Divine,
The whispered sin, the troubling thorn,
The thought of shame were Thine.
"Tempted in all points," be Thy name adored
For this true humanness—our Brother, Saviour. Lord !

Loving and faithful ! we require
Nothing apart from Thee,

The Temptation in the Wilderness.

Anointed by this chrism of fire
Our true High Priest we see ;
And boldly venture through life's 'wildering maze,
Brave because Thou, O Christ, didst tread the self-same ways.

When perils round us threatening hang,
Or arduous duties press,
And yielding flesh would 'scape the pang,
Or make the trouble less,
By coward means ; we think of Him who bore,
And spurned the unhallowed thought in song before.

When oft the harassed soul around
Presumption spreads her snares,
And captive leads the spirit, bound
With chain of needless cares—
"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord ;"—this word of power
Our souls shall weapon through the dark, deceitful hour.

And when the Tempter, bolder grown,
Suggests the atheist lie,
And bids us at his Moloch-throne
To pay our homage high ;
Humble, but dauntless, through our Lord's defence,
We speak the words rebuking—"Satan, get thee hence."


Most grateful, in the desert lone,
The rock its shadow flings ;
Most gentle, where the grass is mown,
The dew its coolness brings :
And, after struggle, to the wearied breast
Earth hath no paradise so sweet as perfect rest.

So, when the demon-thoughts are fled,
Angels come trooping down
To fan the brow, and lift the head,
And bring the palm and crown ;
We see the vision, hear the approval given,
The Master smiles "Well done"—and in that smile is heaven.

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.



LONGINGS.

EARY, Lord, of struggling here,
With this constant doubt and fear ;
Burdened by the pains I bear,
And the trials I must share—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the rest that's found in Thee.

Weakened by this wayward will
Which controls, yet cheats me still ;
Seeking something undefined
With an earnest, darkened mind—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the light that breaks from Thee.

Fettered by this earthly scope
In the reach and aim of hope,
Fixing thought in narrow bound
Where no living truth is found—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the hope that's fixed in Thee.

Fettered, burdened, wearied, weak,
Lord, Thy grace again I seek ;
Turn ! oh, turn me not away—
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray,
That I never more may flee
From the rest that's found in Thee.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.



"Steer Straight for Me."



' STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME.'

A SACRED BALLAD.

THE lines of cliff are long and sheer,
That horn the little haven in ;
Their two bluff fronts are each a pier,
Where rolls the tidal wave between.
And hard the port would be to win,
When night was dark and winds were high ;
Still harder when the fog was in,
For helmsman with no compass by.
Sunk reefs on either hands, with points
Sharp splintered, starting timber joints,
And driving jagged spear-heads through
The stoutest oak that ever grew ;
Whilst vain the hope to swim ashore,
With that steep breastwork right before.

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Near by the beach a hovel stands,
Whose rotting woodwork, clouted panes,
Bespeak the owner's thriftless hands,
His homeless life, his squandered gains.
He has a daughter young and fair,
With locks that should be golden hair ;
With eyes that should be tender sweet ;
With tattered dress and shoeless feet ;
Her tiny hands already hard
With toil that bringeth small reward.
And harsh and gross might be the mind
Such soiling contact could endure,
Had some soft influence, left behind,
Not kept the orphan spirit pure.
Lovely she showed, though trouble-worn,
As daisy peeping on a lawn,
That, with pale face and pinky cheek,
The mower's pity seems to seek,
And ask, upon that sky of green,
That one white star should still be seen.

The mists were gathered in the bay,
Her father's craft was out at sea ;
The night was wearing half away,
The watcher watching fruitlessly.
Far out along the rocks she ran,
Till where a narrow ledge of sand,
Warned that the sea deeps here began,
The utmost point for boat to land.
Piercing, she called with might and main,
The wet-lipped cliffs sobbed back again,
And round half-smothered echoes flew,
Where fog profound hid form from view,
And ever, ever seemed the cry
Of stifled spirits struggling by.

Next stooping down, as she did watch
The boatmen, far their voice to sway
Along the billows, that could catch
The nearer tones and lend them way,
She piped her childish treble out
Into a shriek. Was that a shout

"Steer Straight for Me."

Of answer ? or, within her ear,
Did hopeful fancy cheat her fear ?
Thick, muffled, oh ! it still must be
Her father's. Then, " Steer straight for me ! "

Thus called she from her beacon-stand,
Whilst his strong lungs hoarse answer made ;
The prow has struck upon the strand,
She, sobbing, on his breast is laid.
The man is broken all to tears ;
His fellows say, " The girl is good,
And shrewd, and old beyond her years ;
Her mother's spirit in her blood."

The cottage window now is glazed,
The cottage door fits closely up,
At eventide their hymn is raised,
At morn their common prayer of hope.
Her hair is combed, each golden tress
Burns with a new-found loveliness,
Her slight, tall form more woman grown,
Her cheeks with roses freshly sown,
Her simple dress both plain and neat,
Nor shoeless now her dainty feet.

But she was frail and delicate.
Those first three years of orphan state
Her mother's seal upon her set—
A father's care was all too late.

* * * * *

Adown the window hangs the blind ;
A mourner at the hearthstone sits,
Whilst round and round the moaning wind
Wails out its dirge in gustful fits.
He rose and went ; he could not bear
To hold his lonely vigil there.
Old passions slumbered in his breast,
Old impulses of strange unrest ;
The angel of his better mood
Was gone, and he no more withstood.

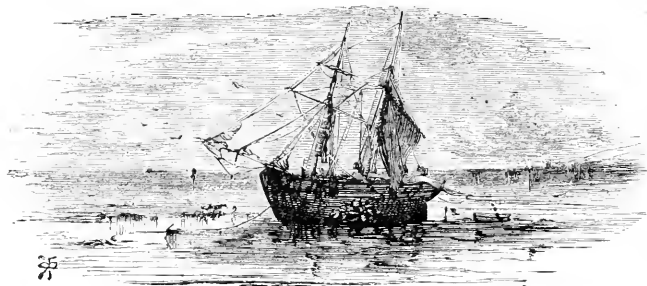
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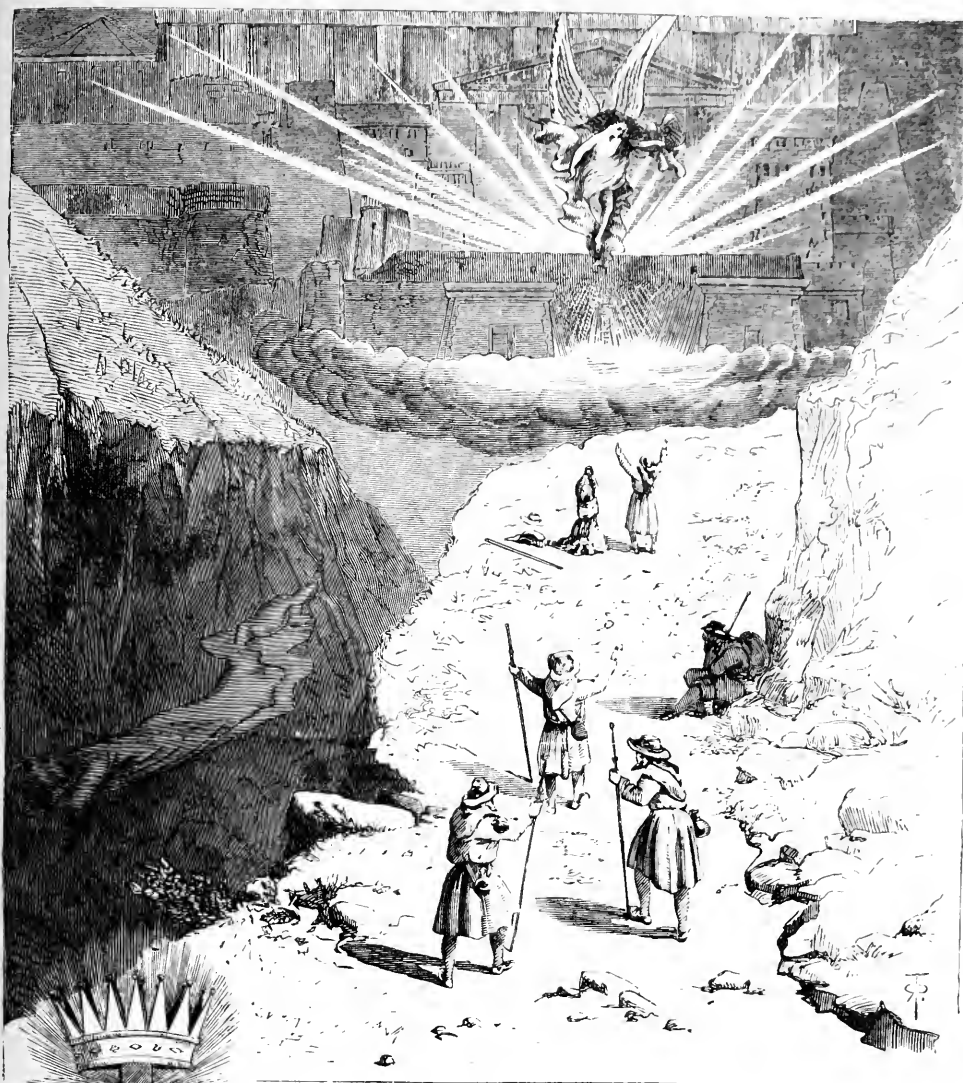
O piteous wreck of wasted days !
O sunk in earth's foreshadowed hell !
Shall angel ever sing, " He prays !"
Or, Christ forgiven, all be well ?
As flutter of a wounded bird
Hath even sportsman's pity stirred ;
As echo of an ancient hymn,
At vespers from the chancel pealing,
Hath touched the tyrant coarse and grim,
Into his better spirit stealing ;
So those two spirits from the skies
Still gaze on him with wistful eyes,
And in his heart of hearts they say,
" My husband"—" Father"—" Haste away !"
Yea, one whose words he needs must hear,
" Steer straight for me, O hither steer !"

" In fogs that rise from seas of sin,
Waters of death, so cold and deep,
Folded their misty robes within,
I float alone and weep !
I cannot see a hand's-breadth round,
I cannot hear a single sound !
The haven may be near or far,
How shall I cross the harbour bar ?
O Jesu, Thou art ever near,
And morn will break, and mists will clear,
As when, that morn in Galilee,*
Thy toil-worn ' children' steered to thee."

WILLIAM JOSEPH SMITH, B.A.

• John xxi. 1—14





NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

HE loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost,
 Because we miss them from our outward road?
 God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
 Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
 "Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
 That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing,

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With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore ;
And God Himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And call we this a loss? Death makes no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust.
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,
Take up the song where they broke off the strain,
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown ;
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

"Lyra Cælestis."

JERUSALEM.



BRIGHTER than the sun,
Than the silver moon more fair,
Height, by saint and martyr won,
Climbed through want, and woe, and care—
Oft, methinks, I see thy gates,
Each a pearl of purest ray ;
Hear the jubilee which waits
Those who walk thy golden way ;
View thy walls, as crystal clear,
Built with gem and precious stone ;
Bring thy visioned glories near,
Catch the radiance of thy throne ;
Pause to hear the central psalm,
Rising round the fount of love,
Where the white robe and the palm
Grace that host all hosts above :
And should earth come gliding in,
Such brief moments' bliss to blight—
Strong temptation, dream of sin,
Cloud of sorrow, shade of night—

Christmas Carol.

Still thy brightness o'er me shed,
Draws to heaven the silent prayer—
O thy paths of peace to tread !
Least and lowest—only there !

W. MACILWAINE, M.A.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.



CAROL, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully ;
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's Nativity.
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men ;
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas come again.

Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow ;
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow.

Gather them for Jesus ;
Wreath them for His shrine ;
Make His temple glorious
With the box and pine.

Wreathe your Christmas garland
Where to Christ we pray ;
It shall smell like Carmel
On our festal day ;
Libanus and Sharon
Shall not greener be
Than our holy Chancel
On Christ's Nativity.

Carol, carol, Christians !
Like the Magi, now
Ye must lade your caskets
With a grateful vow :

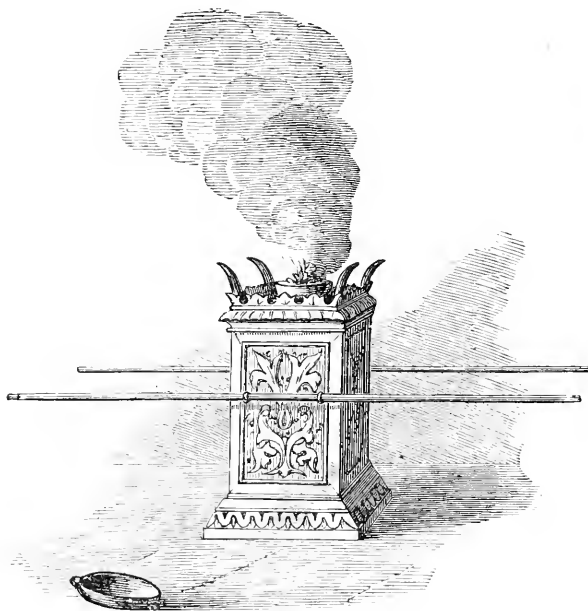
The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Ye must have sweet incense,
Myrrh, and finest gold,
At our Christmas altar
Humbly to unfold.

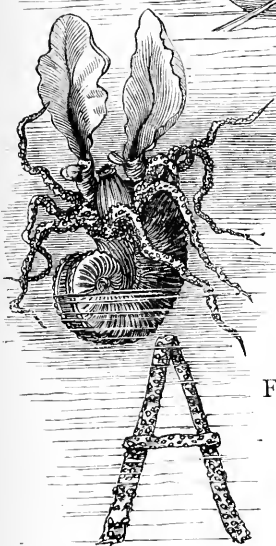
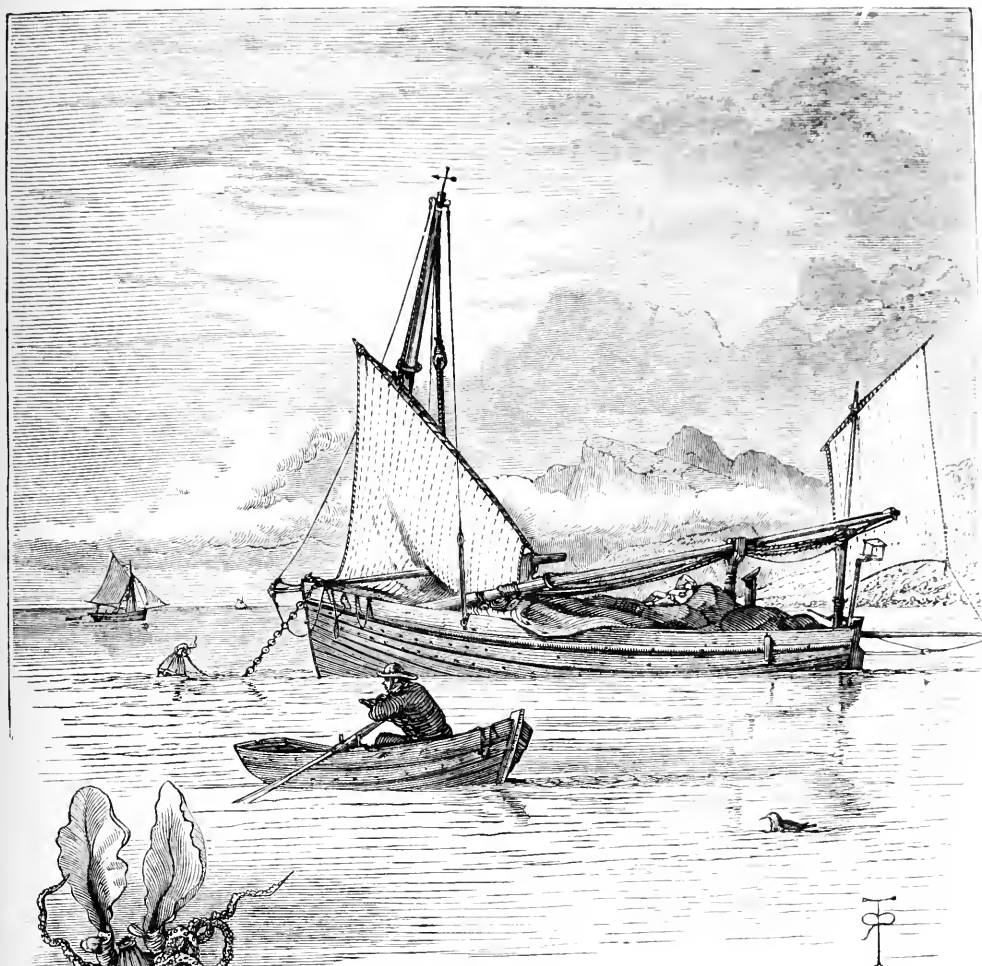
Blow, blow up the trumpet,
For our solemn feast ;
Gird thine armour, Christian,
Wear thy surplice, Priest !
Go ye to the altar,
Pray—with fervour pray—
For Jesus' second coming,
And the latter Day.

Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light !
And to live as lowly
As Thyself with men ;
So to rise in glory
When Thou com'st again.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D.D.,
Lord Bishop of Western New York.



The Close of the Apocalypse.



THE CLOSE OF THE APOCALYPSE.

FTER the wild winds roaring all the night,
A little bird's sweet singing at the dawn ;
After the great white horse's tramp along
Froth-palsied shores, the ripple's pleasant chime ;
After sea-winds that like a hammer smite
The shrouds, a murmuring in them as of leaves,
Of leaves about a sunny cottage home—
Of rustling leaves, or silver sliding rain :

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O sweet, sweet, sweet, is quiet after such,
Songs after storm, and ripples after surge,
And humming in the sails when breezes lull.
After the seals a silence up in heaven,
After the trumpet blasts a truce of God,
After the vial's *consummatum est*,
After the wails and fires of Babylon,
The Requiescat of these restless hearts,
New heaven, new earth. and no more curse at all.

VERY REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

A D V E N T.



HERE is a holy time

That comes with shadows of the darkened days,
With wintry winds that their wild voices raise,
As with a funeral chime.

It comes, with sounds of bells

That peal, like memory's echoes, from the tower,
Beneath whose walls, in sacred, watchful hour,
The Advent music swells.

It comes to weary hearts

Beneath the burden of the past year bending,
To bring the promise of the joy unending,
And peace that ne'er departs.

To bid the drooping eye

By tears long-dimmed look upward to the Home :
Whence shall the second Advent mighty come,
In glorious majesty.

Until, from sorrows here,

The spirit turns to visions far away,
And earth re-echoes with the heavenly lay—
Once heard by mortal ear.

Until we see again

The wondrous rising of the Eastern star ;
The shepherds watching on the hills afar,
Beneath the Angels' strain.

Advent.

Until at Bethlehem,
We, trembling, seem to bow in rapture wild
Before the "Son unto us given"—the Child,
The Branch of Jesse's stem.

So, Advent thoughts must throng
Upon the spirit, in the holy time,
When Advent voices speak of things sublime,
Of Heaven's unceasing song ;

And of that scene, more dread,
A lightning gleam, eternal fate revealing,
A trumpet's sound, through earth and ocean pealing,
A waking of the dead.

A bliss unfelt, unknown,
When past the sleep of death, past every fear ;
He whom we long have looked for shall appear
Upon His Father's throne.

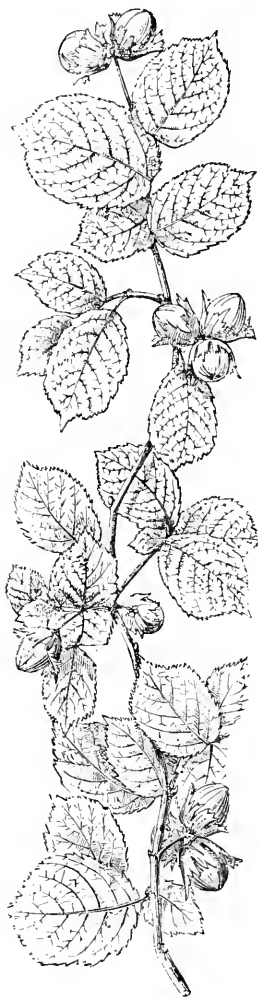
Shall it not quickly come ?
Jesus, Thy Church, with earthly griefs oppressed,
Waits ever watching for the peaceful rest
That is in Thine own Home.

And till that Home we see,
Its visioned glory Faith beholds afar,
A light to guide us, like Thine Advent star,
To heaven's reality.

AUGUSTA CAROLINE HAYWARD



NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

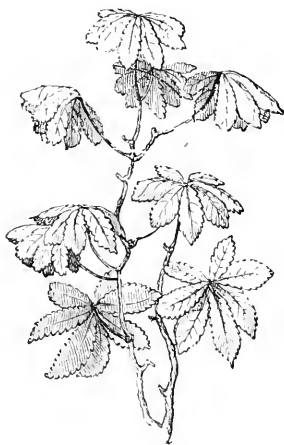


NOTHING but leaves ; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life ;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves ; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair ripened grain ;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds.
We sow our seeds—lo ! tares and weeds ;
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves ; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past :
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day—
We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves ?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before Him, humbled, mute,
Waiting the words He breathes,
“ Nothing but leaves ! ”



Waves, Waves, Waves.



WAVES, WAVES, WAVES.



AVES, waves, waves,
Graceful arches lit with night's pale gold,
Boom like thunder through the mountain rolled,
Hiss, and make their music manifold,
Sing, and work for God along the strand.

Leaves, leaves, leaves,
Beautified by Autumn's withering breath,
Ivory skeletons carven fair by death,
Float and drift at a sublime command.

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Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts,
Beating wave-like on the mind's strange shore,
Rustling leaf-like through it evermore—
O that they might follow God's good hand!

VERY REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

"IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION."

(S. JOHN xvi. 33.)



Y Saviour said, "Take up thy cross
And follow Me where I may lead ;
Count every earthly treasure dross,
And losing, find thy life indeed !"

I raised my burden ; it was light :
Alas ! how heavy it has grown !
O toilsome way ! O cruel height !
Lord, can I bear my cross alone ?

My foes, unnumbered and unseen,
Press madly round me day and night ;
I have no friend on whom to lean ;
I sink in sorrow and affright !

O blessèd voice ! I hear Him say,
"Lo, I am with Thee till the end ;
Thy strength shall fail not through thy day,
And I am thy eternal Friend."

The burdens of the world He bore,
And shall I shrink from bearing mine ?
Alone He walked in anguish sore,
But me upholds with love divine.

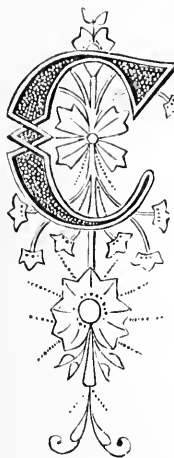
His grace can smooth the roughest road ;
The way He hallowed I will take :
How heavy, yet how light the load
That I must bear for His dear sake !

Through tribulation though He lead
He maketh self-denial sweet ;
My life I lose each day indeed
To find it at my Saviour's feet !

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

The Child Set in the Midst.

THE WOUNDS OF JESUS.



CHRIST now for me doth intercession make ;
Whether by words I know not, but I know
He bears the scars of wounds which for my sake
He suffered, when for me His blood did flow ;
Nail-prints in both His feet, and both His hands ;
The spear-wound, where the soldier pierced His side ;
Upon His back the shameful scourging brands ;
The thorn-scars on His brow, all glorified :
Full well I know He bears them—each a sign
That He for me fulfilled the law's demands,
Bore all its curse, giving His life for mine,
That I might live, and, more, in glory shine.
To intercede with God, full well I know
Christ only needs those precious wounds to show.

ALFRED GOODHART.

THE CHILD SET IN THE MIDST.

(S. MARK ix. 36.)



HERE is a child of mystery,
Whose name I do not know ;
But his little footsteps haunt me,
Like music, wherever I go.
His face sleeps soft in the twilight
Of the old solemn years ;
The shade of the cross is o'er him,
With its eternal tears.

For the Eyes of infinite sorrow
Looked on him clear and mild,
He in earth's strife and battle,
A soft and humble child.

The features innocent, beautiful,
The golden waving hair,
The glance of peace and purity,
Arise before me there.

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Earth shrouds in tender silence
The little spot she gave ;
The heaping dust of silence
Lies on that unknown grave.

I know not how Life dealt with him,
If her face was stern or mild,
As she drew from her mystic bundle
The lot of my favourite child :

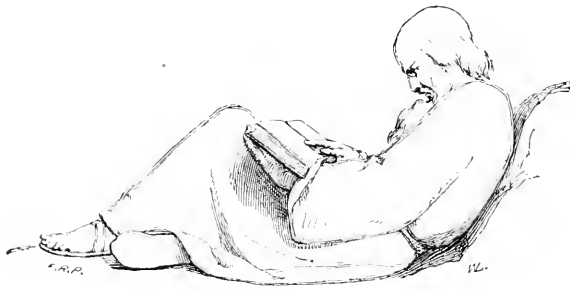
If he faded back like a sunbeam
Into the realms of day,
Or if he trod with sorrow
A yet diviner way.

I know that the lips of the Holiest
Have comforted them that mourn ;
That the Hand of eternal Pity
Holds forth the crown of thorn

But I like to think of him passing,
Like a clear early star,
Into that quiet region
Where the infant angels are.

I like to think of his little feet
Climbing the heavenly stair,
Of his eyes in their wondering meekness,
Waking in glory there.

And the same soft music steals o'er me,
When I think of that little child,
As breathes from the lips of the lilies
On which the Saviour smiled.





THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BRIGHTEST of days in His sorrowful story,
 When there came such a voice from the excellent glory,
 "My beloved!—my Son!"
 A foretaste of triumph; a banner outflaying,
 Emblazed with a crown, ere by sharpness of dying
 The battle was won.

O sweetest of hours, when in luminous vision
 Their senses were steeped in that splendour Elysian,
 The thrice-blessèd Three!

Who, heavy with sleep, on the rough mountain heather,
 Sank in weakness of earth, but were strengthened together
 Heaven's brightness to see.

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Transfigured before them, the dead and the living,
His glory primeval, inherent, outgiving,

He grew to a God !

While the holy departed, as angels attendant,
On either side one, in like glory resplendent,
Stood there on the sod.

Can this be the Man who, with scorning and scourging,
Shall pass through the street, while the multitude, surging,

“ Away with Him ! ” cry ?

Shall mount the sad hill with his mocking pursuers,
Where, on either side one, He, with bold evil-doers
Is lifted to die ?

Be it far from thee, Lord ! In Thy glory and terror
Redeem Thy lost sheep from their darkness and error,
From thralldom and foe ;

Thy standard uprear, till, as floods overflowing,
The tribes of the Lord, in a mighty o’erthrowing,
To victory go.

O foolish and blind ! slow of heart in discerning
That He whom ye serve, all earth’s vanities spurning,

Must conquer through loss :

Not so those bright strangers, who, lowly conversing,
Listen long to their Lord, the Great Prophet, rehearsing
His tale of the Cross.

Far other their end—he, the ancient Lawgiver,
Laid to sleep by the Lord—or Who, parting the river,

Ascended in fire ;

But their dawn in His light, ever brighter outpouring,
Must fade—as e’en now, to their Paradise soaring,
They meekly retire.

Still in rapturous awe would His chosen ones linger,
But, lo ! one bright touch from that glorified finger

Unlooses the spell ;

Heaven fades, and their thoughts all too swiftly are gliding
Back to life’s common cares, as the ocean subsiding
With tremulous swell.

*"Abide in Me, and I in You" **

Like a single bright star, for one moment outshining,
Then hidden, for mists all the firmament lining,
That vision was given ;
But the light of that Cloud still their souls overshadowing,
And the sound of that Voice from their hearts never fading,
Was their beacon to heaven.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.

"ABIDE IN ME, AND I IN YOU."



THAT mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me !
Weary with striving and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee !
From this good hour, O leave me never more !
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin ;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand Divine ;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

Abide in me : there have been moments pure,
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the Divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be :
I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

MRS. H. E. STOWE.

EASTER.



FIRST-FRUIT of the holy dead,
Incarnate God enthroned on high !
Thou, once the bleeding Victim led
To death—now risen—no more to die !
Our dearest in the grave we lay
Asleep in Jesus—sacred dust,
Safe to the great redemption day
Thine own to Thee, O Lord, we trust.

Thine ear shall hear, where'er they be,
A deep still voice from out the sod ;
Yea, heart and flesh do cry to Thee,
E'en from the grave, O living God !

And not in vain. Thy work of might
Shall build again the Spirit's shrine,
Like Thine own form of purest light,
Among the sons of God to shine—

In incorruption, glory, power,
Forth at the trumpet-sound to spring,
New-born in that celestial hour,
And in His beauty see the King.

Lord, keep us till the morning break—
Till in that last high Easter-tide
Thy many sons to glory wake,
In Thy full likeness satisfied.

Now glory to the Father be,
Who brought our Shepherd from the dead ;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee ;
And glory to our Risen Head !

REV. HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

Ascension Day



ASCENSION DAY.

"The immortal mind craves objects that endure."—*Wordsworth.*



SUMMER, with a royal splendour
Robing now the joyous earth,
Lures in vain the loyal spirit
Musing of its higher birth :
More it sighs for bliss eternal
In this hour of brightest mirth.

Not the world, with all its treasure,
Can our growing hope fulfil ;

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Not the best we can accomplish
Worketh half the good we will ;
Human love, its largest granting,
Only leaves us craving still.

So Thou teachest, Heavenly Father,
Where alone our life can be ;
Faintly thus our glorious birthright
Through this earthly veil we see,
And in spirit struggle upward
To our home and rest with Thee.

So Thou drawest, blessèd Saviour,
All Thy members evermore
To that everlasting kingdom
Whither Thou art gone before ;
We, in heart and mind ascending,
Learn its glories at the door.

REV. L. TUTTIETT, M.A.



Action.

HYMN FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.



T his Thy banquet, Lord of all,
May less than angel dare to sup ?
The crumbs that from Thy Table fall,
Unworthy we to gather up.
Yet O too poor to turn away,
Too glad to own Thy gracious claim,
We stay because Thou biddest us stay,
Despite our garb of want and shame.
Before Thine altar, kneeling low,
We bare our sinful hands to Thine ;
O holy Lord, Thy pity show,
And cleanse us with Thy Touch divine !
Fill Thou these empty palms with food—
The Bread Thou broughtest from above ;
This Cup with Thy most precious Blood—
The Wine of Thy atoning love !
The hunger and the thirst we plead
No meaner Feast could satisfy ;
O Saviour, in our utter need,
Thou, Thou must feed us, or we die !

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

ACTION.



T is not they who idly dwell
In cloister grey, or hermit cell ;
In prayer and vigil, night and day,
Wearing all their prime away,
Lord of Heaven ! that serve Thee well.
Action still must wait on thought ;
Life's a voyage rough, though short ;
We must dare the sorrow-wave,
Many a sin-storm we must brave,
Ere we reach our destined port.

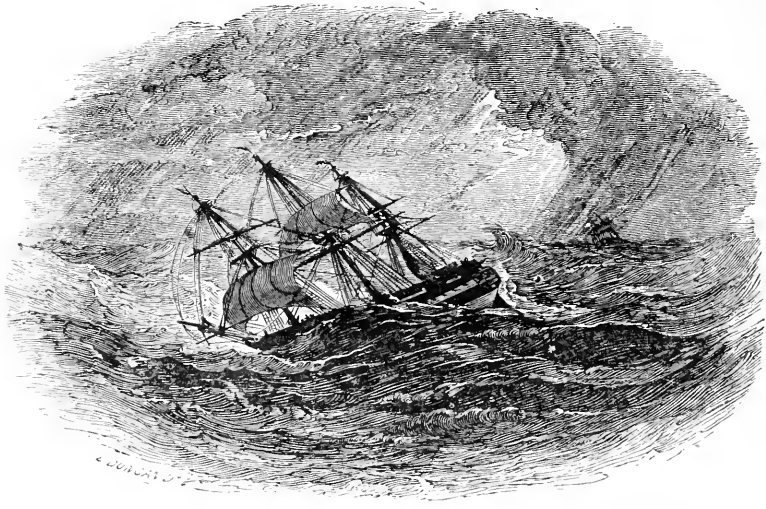
The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Sitting listening on the shore
To the ocean's restless roar —
 Never launching on the main,
 Can the merchant hope to gain
Wealth, to swell his treasure store ?

Vain it were to watch beside
The pits where we our talents hide ;
 We must face the noise and strife
 Of the market-place of life,
That our trustiness be tried.

Where our Captain bids us go,
'Tis not ours to murmur "No."
 He that gives the sword and shield,
 Chooses, too, the battle-field
On which we are to fight the foe.

Though, where'er we look around,
All we see is hostile ground ;
 Where our upturned eyes above
 Recognise His banner, Love,
There it is we should be found.



Gideon's Fleece.



GIDEON'S FLEECE.

"And Gideon said unto God, Let me prove, I pray Thee, but this once with the fleece."—JUDGES vi. 39.



ALL night long on hot Gilboa's mountain,
With unmoistened breath, the breezes blew ;
All night long the green corn in the valley
Thirsted, thirsted for one drop of dew.

Came the warrior from his home in Ophrah,
Sought the white fleece in the mountain pass,

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As he heard the crimson morning rustle
In the dry leaves of the bearded grass.

Not a pearl was on the red pomegranate,
Not a diamond in the lily's crown,
Yet the fleece was heavy with its moisture,
Wet with dew-drops where no dew rained down.

All night long the dew was on the olives,
Every dark leaf set in diamond drops ;
Silver frosted lay the lowland meadows,
Silver frosted all the mountain tops.

Once again from Ophrah came the chieftain,
Sought his white fleece 'mid the dewy damps,
As the early sun looked through the woodlands,
Lighting up a thousand crystal lamps.

Every bright leaf gave back from its bosom
Of that breaking sun a semblance rare ;
All the wet earth glistened like a mirror,
Yet the fleece lay dry and dewless there.

Type, strange type, of Israel's early glory,
Heaven-besprinkled when the earth was dry ;
Mystic type, too, of her sad declining,
Who doth desolate and dewless lie,

When all earth is glistening in the Presence
Of the Sun that sets not night or day,
When the fulness of His Spirit droppeth
On the islands very far away.

Dream no more of Israel's sin and sorrow,
Of her glory and her grievous fall ;
Hath that sacrament of shame and splendour
To thine own heart not a nearer call ?

There are homes whereon the grace of Heaven
Falleth ever softly from above—
Homes by simple faith and Christian duty
Steeped in peace, and holiness, and love :

Churches where the voice of praise and blessing
Droppeth daily like the silver dew,
Where the earnest lip of love distilleth
Words, like water running through and through.

Gideon's Fleece.

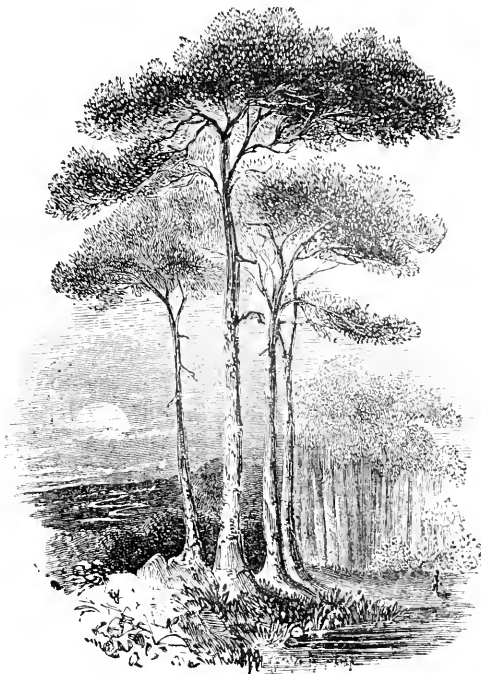
There are children trained in truth and goodness,
Graceless, careless in those holy homes,
There are hearts within those Christian temples,
Cold as angels carved upon the domes.

Places are there sin-defiled and barren,
Haunts of prayerless lips and ruined souls :
Where some lonely heart in secret filleth
Cups of mercy, full as Gideon's bowls.

Where some Christ-like spirit, pure and gentle,
Sheddeth moisture on the desert spot,
Feels a tender Spirit, in the darkness,
Dewing all the dryness of his lot.

Christ ! be with us, that these hearts within us
Prove not graceless in the hour of grace ;
Dew of heaven ! feed us with the sweetness
Of Thy Spirit in the dewless place.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER



RESIGNATION.



HY will be done—my murmurings are o'er,
Beneath Thy chastening rod I meekly bow ;
My heart was cold—but it is warmer now,
And breaks no more.

Thy hand hath torn my idol from its shrine,
That this weak heart might worship Thee alone ;
And I rebel not—though my hope hath flown—
The will was Thine.

I could have chosen any other cross,
And clasped it to my breast, a welcome woe,
Hadst Thou but spared me this more crushing blow—
This bitter loss !

Yet, this affliction draws me nearer still
To Him who sent it, doubtless for my good,
Reminding me, as sorrow ever should,
That 'tis His will.

For, lo ! He hides the floweret—fragile thing—
Deep in the ground, its every beauty wrecked,
Yet raiseth it, with fairer colours decked,
In the glad spring.

Thus, though He bow my stricken soul to earth,
Oppressed with anguish, and with clouds o'ercast,
He can upraise it, granting it at last
A heavenly birth.

Then wherefore should my weeping eyes be dim ?
This cross but draws me nearer to my God,
And tells me that, though thorny be the road,
It leads to Him.

ANNIE LAMBERT



The Legend of the Aspen.



*LEGEND OF THE ASPEN.**



DEER the forests of Judæa

Gaily early morning played,
When some men came armed with axes
Deep into the forest shade.

Passed by many a tree majestic,
Cypress grove and olive wood,

* It is said that the wood of the Aspen-tree furnished the cross on which our Saviour was nailed, and that since the time of the Crucifixion its leaves have never ceased to tremble.

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Till they came where in the thicket
Fair and proud the Aspen stood.

“ This will serve : we choose the Aspen—
For its stem is strong and high—
For the cross on which to-morrow
Must a Malefactor die.”

In the air did listening spirits
Shrink those men to hear and see,
And with awful voice they whisper
“ Jesus 'tis, of Galilee !”


The Aspen heard them, and she trembled,
Trembled at that fearful sound,
As they hewed her down and dragged her
Slowly from the forest ground.

On the morrow stood she trembling
At the awful weight she bore,
When the sun in midnight darkness
Darkened on Judæa's shore.

Still, when not a breeze is stirring,
When the mist sleeps on the hill,
And all other trees are moveless,
Stands she ever trembling still.

For in hush of noon or midnight
Still she seems that sight to see,
Still she seems to hear that whisper,
“ Jesus 'tis, of Galilee !”

DEAD HANDS.

HEY were so kindly raised to bless
Me, in my utter helplessness,
And, blessing, on my head would press.

It seems so strange they cannot move ;
Hands that were ministers of Love—
That they such solemn stillness prove.

Dead Hands.

Yet I remember many a deed
They willing wrought with utmost speed,
Which when they moved I did not heed.

Dear hands ! now prove ye perfect peace ;
Your work is done, and now shall cease
All labour—giving way to ease.

Yet I must weep, for everywhere
I find some trace, some product rare,
Fashioned beneath their skilful care.

Dear hands : they wrought so many things
That every room some memory brings :
To everything some memory clings.

And now, so calm and still they rest,
Folded across that silent breast,
Where never more shall be unrest.

And yet, dear hands, they loved me so,
I cannot bear to let them go :
Methinks they should not be laid low.

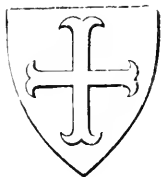
And yet He knoweth best who gave
These hands to me, my youth to save
From a far deeper, sadder grave.

I love them well, and so doth He ;
They will not cease His care to be,
When I their form no longer see.

For other work some other day—
In His own wondrous, perfect way,
He will call forth the sleeping clay.

Dear hands—dead hands, ye then may press
Your palms on mine in fond caress—
O'er me once more be raised to bless !

L. FAGAN.





THE DEATH OF JACOB.



USHED is the song, the tribesmen all are blest,
According to his blessing, every one—
But still the old man's spirit may not rest,
Until he charge each son.

Not where the Pharaohs lie, with incense breathed
Round awful galleries—grim with shapes of wrath,
Hawk-headed, vulture-pinioned, serpent-wreathed,
Hued like an Indian moth,

The Death of Jacob.

But lay him where, from forest or green slope,
To Mamre's cave the low wind beateth balm,
Chanteth a litany of immortal hope,
Singeth a funeral psalm.

Then slowly upward did the cold death creep
From foot to face, with its strange lines of white,
Like foam-streaks on a river, dark and deep,
Lashed by the winds all night.

And then the feet were gathered in the bed,
The silver stairs were all astir with wings—
Whatever lauds are sweetly sung, or said,
Or struck on plausive strings,

Whatever harmony conch or trumpet rolls,
From angels swelled, addressed to entertain,
With gratulation high, those purged souls
For which the Lamb was slain.

We die, but no unearthly breezes bless,
Blown from futurity, the passing soul ;
Through tangled mazes of our consciousness
No prophet sunlights roll.

Yet as what time the softly floating mist
Hangs o'er the hushed sea and the leafy land,
Nature, a passionless pale evangelist,
Takes pen and scroll in hand,

And, looking upward, writes beneath the sea
A colourless story, beautiful but dim—
So Jacob saw the Lord in mystery,
And darkly sang of Him.

But unto us He comes in fuller light,
His pale and dying lips with woe foredone—
No need to seek through many a day and night
By starlight for the sun !

So come, O Shiloh ! with the thorn-crowned head—
Come with the fountain flowing forth abroad—
Bring faith the sacred Eucharistic bread,
Give her the wine of God.



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Come, with the opened arms for sin to see,
The sacramental side for sinners riven—
O in the hour of death we climb by Thee
Up to the gate of heaven !

Like a tall ship that beareth slow and proud
A fallen chief—for pall and plume in motion,
The death-dark topmast and the death-white shroud
Drift o'er the silver ocean.

Silent the helmsman stands beside the wheel—
Silent the mariners in their watches wait—
And a great music rolls before the keel,
As through an abbey gate.

Like that tall ship, a grand procession comes
Up, from old Father Nile, to Hebron's hill ;
But no dead march is beat upon the drums,
And every trump is still.

Heartsore and footsore with the march of life—
Soldier of God, whose fields were foughten well—
Resteth him from the cumbrance and the strife
World-wearied Israel.

Twelve harps of life are round that stringless lyre,
Twelve living flowers are round that withered one
Twelve clouds with his red sunset all on fire
Are round that sunken sun.

Those twelve brave hearts are tolling evermore,
For every heart beats like a muffled bell, .
And still they ring "Thy march of life is o'er—
O weary soul, rest well !"

Still it sails onward, where the Red Sea fills
With snowy drift of shells his coral bowers,
Up through the wondrous land of rose-red hills
To that of rose-red flowers :

The land where aye, through many a purple gap,
The wanderer sees a mountain-wall upspring ;
And ever in his ear the wild waves flap
Like a great eagle's wing.

The Death of Jacob.

Meet battlement for the race that dwells alone !
Music to match, monotonous and grave,
The tongue whose dark old words are all its own,
Pure as the mid-sea wave.

Ever I walk with that funereal train—
The stars shine over it for tapers tall,
And Jordan's music is the requiem strain,
Drawn out from fall to fall.

Come thou, O south wind ! with thy fragrance faint.
Bring from those grand old forests, on thy breath,
Balm for the mummy, lying like a saint,
Upon his car of death.

Bear him, ye bearers ! lay him down at last
In still Machpelah down by Leah's side—
On that pale bridegroom shimmering light is cast
Laid by that awful bride.

Rests he not well, whose pilgrim staff and shoon
Lie in his tent—for through the golden street
They walk, and stumble not, on roads star-strewn,
With their unsandalled feet ?

Rests he not well, who keepeth watch and ward,
In sweet possession of the land loved most,
Till, marshalled by the angel of the Lord,
Shall come the heaven-sent host ?

Who has not felt, within some churchyard spot,
When evening's pencil shades the pale-gold sky,
“Here, at the closing of my life's calm lot,
Here would I love to lie :

“ Here, where the poet thrush so often pours
His requiem hidden in green aisles of lime,
And bloody-red along the sycamores
Creepeth the summer-time ;

“Where through the ruined church's broken walls
Glimmers all night the vast and solemn sea,
As through our broken hopes the brightness falls
Of our eternity ?”

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But, when we die, we rest, far, far away ;
Not over us the lime-trees lift their bowers,
And the young sycamores their shadows sway
O'er graves that are not ours.

Yet he is happy, wheresoe'er he lie,
Round whom the purple calms of Eden spread ;
Who sees his Saviour with the heart's pure eye,
He is the happy dead !

VERY REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

E A S T E R E V E .



WHILE in the evening gloom the clouds are weeping,
And moaning winds along the earth are sweeping,
Above the clouds in the pure azure height
Shines full the glory of unbroken light.

So on this day, while in the solemn gloom
Our eyes are bent upon the new-made tomb,
Our spirits mount on wings of faith and love,
To the pure Paradise of God above.

What dreams of blessing in our souls arise,
Remembering Jesus said, "In Paradise
To-day thou shalt be with Me"—yes, to-day—
Showing how near the cross the bright land lay.

So in each loving heart are strangely blent
Sorrow and blessing, joy and deep lament ;
While scenes of yesterday in mind we keep,
And muse on Jesus in His calm death-sleep.

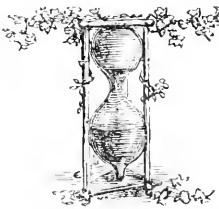
"Twixt sorrow past and joy that is to be,
There is a bond of tender sympathy ;
And both together now go hand in hand,
Till Easter light spread over sea and land.



Evensong.



EVENSONG.



THE sun has set : the shadows darken slowly
O'er the cloud-mountains that were bathed in light ;
And, Lord, to thee, with spirit meek and lowly,
I kneel in prayer to-night.

I thank Thee for my "daily bread"—the sorrow
And the gladness Thou hast given me this day—
The sweet rich gifts which, through a long to-morrow,
Deep in my soul will stay.

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I thank Thee for the grace that aye restrainèd
My passionate will when it was bent for wrong—
That fed the soul-lamp when the light had wanèd,
And made the weak hands strong.

I thank Thee that the gentle voice of pleading
Made itself heard amid the whirl and strife—
E'en when I walked my wilful way unheeding—
Telling of light and life.

That in the sad hour of my soul's affliction,
When I looked backward as from parchèd lands,
The "gracious rain" of heavenly benediction
Fell still from outstretched hands.

And O ! no earnest hope, no true endeavour,
Has been unanswered or unblessed by Thee ;
Thou, Lord, who carest for Thine own for ever,
Hast cared indeed for me !

I think of all the blessing and the sweetness
Which made the burden of this day so light ;
How my home-ties are still in their completeness
Wound round my heart to-night ;

How Thou hast had my treasures in Thy keeping,
And yet hast spared them to be mine—still mine ;
How o'er the beds where my loved ones are sleeping,
Thy folded wings will shine.

And, O my God, I cannot thank Thee duly !
No word or deed which Jesus' love will take
Can span the measure of one blessing truly !
Forgive— for Jesus' sake !

ADA CAMBRIDGE.



Death.

D E A T H.



WEET Saviour! take me by the hand,
And lead me through the gloom:
O it seems far to the other land,
And dark in the silent tomb.

I thought it was less hard to die,
A straighter road to Thee,
With at least a twilight in the sky,
And one narrow arm of sea.

Saviour! what means this breadth of death,
This space before me lying;
These deeps where life so lingereth,
This difficulty of dying?

So many turns abrupt and rude,
Such ever-shifting grounds;
Such a strangely peopled solitude,
Such strangely distant sounds?

How carefully Thou walkest, Lord;
Canst Thou have cause to fear?
Who is that spirit with the sword?
Art Thou not Master here?

Whom are we trying to avoid?
From whom, Lord, must we hide?
O! can the dying be decoyed
With the Saviour at his side?

Deeper!—dark! dark! but yet I follow;
Tighten, dear Lord, Thy clasp!
How suddenly earth seems to hollow;
There is nothing left to grasp.

I cannot feel Thee—art Thou near?
It is all too dark to see;
But let me feel Thee, Saviour dear,
I can go on with Thee.

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What speed !—how icy smooth these stones !
O might we make less haste ?
How the waves echo back my moans
From some invisible waste !

May we not rest, dear Help ? O no,
Not on a road so steep !
Sweet Saviour ! have we far to go ?
O how I long to sleep !

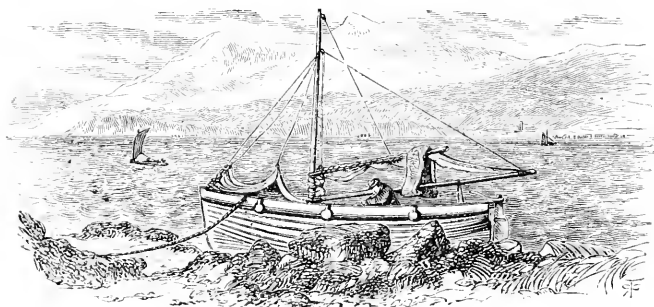
Loose sand, and all things sinking !—hark,
The murmurs of a sea !
Saviour ! it is intensely dark,
Is it near eternity ?

Can I fall from Thee even now ?
Both hands, dear Lord, both hands !
Why dost thou be so deep, so low,
Thou shore of the Happy Lands ?

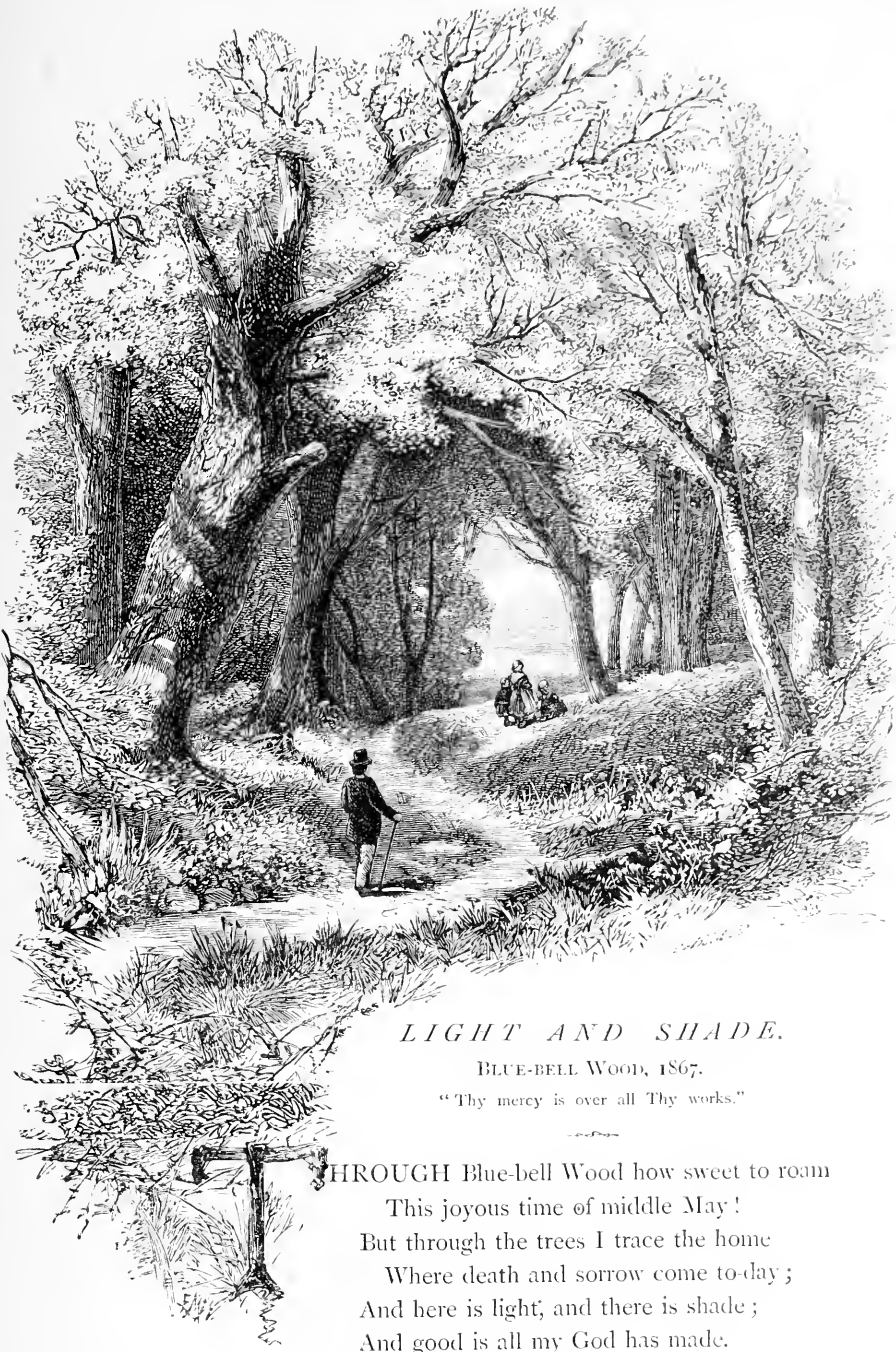
O death is very, very wide,
A terrible land and dry :
If Thou, sweet Saviour, hadst not died,
Who would have dared to die ?

Another fall !—surely we steal
On toward Eternity !
Lord, is this death ? I only feel
Down in some sea with Thee.

F. W. FABER, D.D



Light and Shade.



LIGHT AND SHADE.

BLUE-BELL WOOD, 1867.

"Thy mercy is over all Thy works."

THROUGH Blue-bell Wood how sweet to roam
This joyous time of middle May !
But through the trees I trace the home
Where death and sorrow come to-day ;
And here is light, and there is shade ;
And good is all my God has made.

The wild birds sing from every tree ;
The wild flowers breathe their tale of love ;

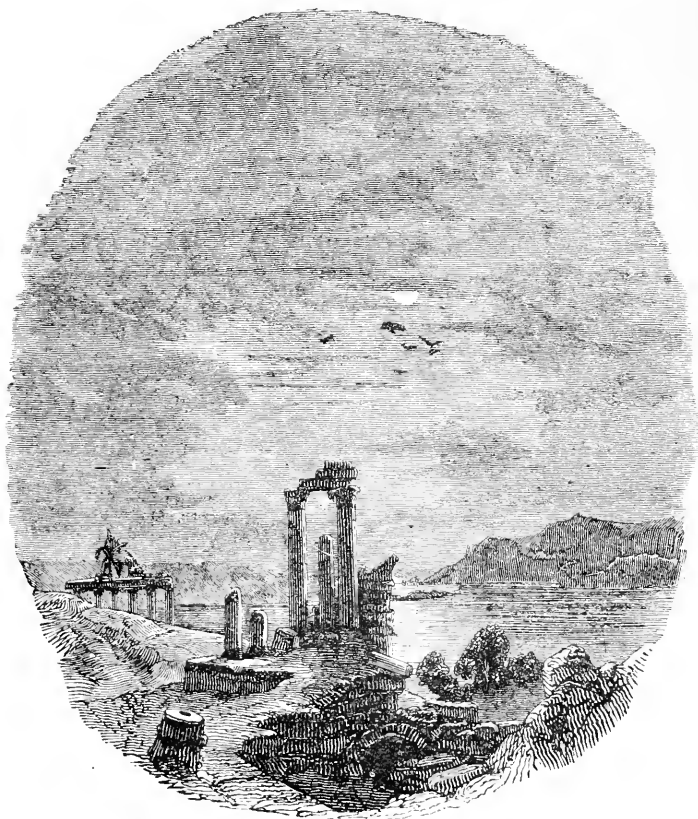
The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

But summer wanes—and where will be
These glories soon of field and grove?
The flowers must die, and I may live;
And good is all my God shall give.

The sky above is overcast;
The blackbird flies to screen her brood;
The hawthorn bloom is falling fast,
For O! the northern blast is rude;
And some must rise and some must fall,
And God is bending over all.

The sun returns! the breeze is still!
The rain-drops shine on flower and blade;
The merry children come to fill
Their laps with posies, soon to fade;
And they may live, and I may die,
And o'er us all a Father's eye.

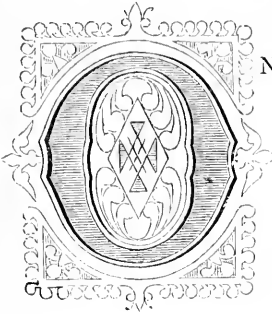
L. TUTTIETT, M.A.



Only Waiting.

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged Christian, who was so poor as to be in an almshouse, was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "ONLY WAITING."



ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose foot I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away ;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.



THE time for toil is past, and night is come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain.
Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light, and worthless ; yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

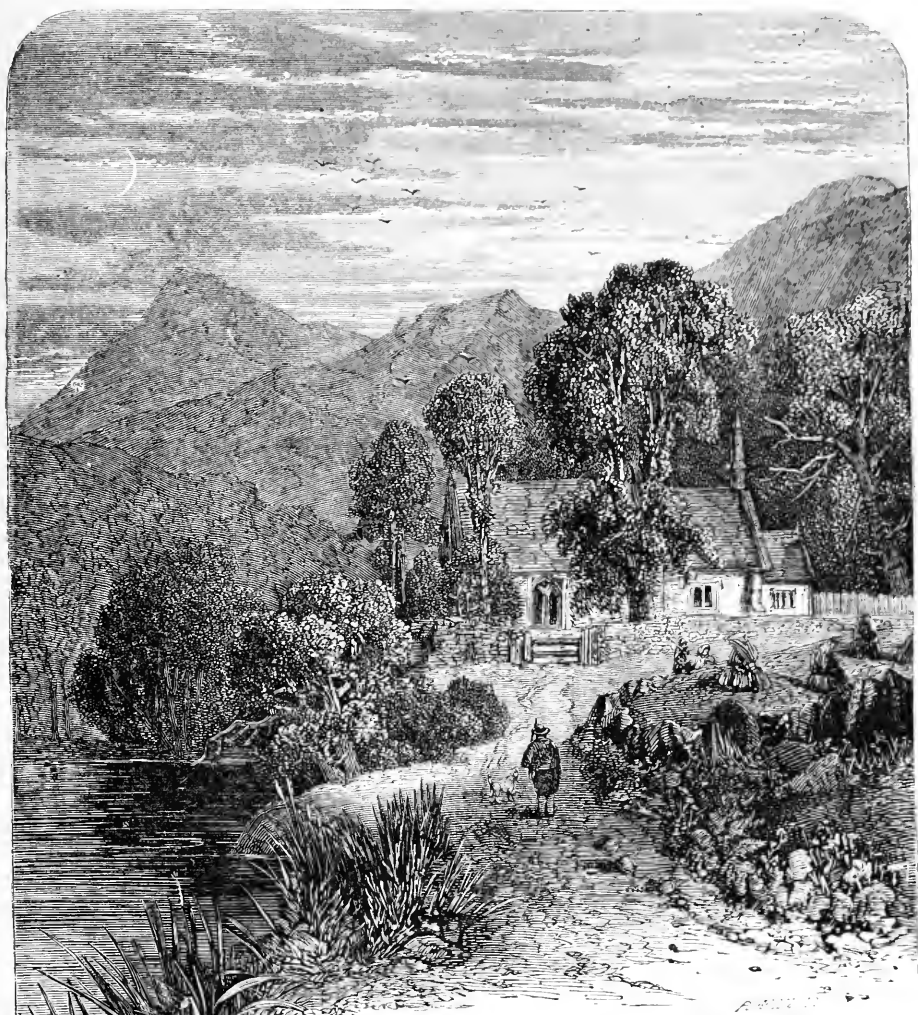
Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves ;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
Master, behold my sheaves.

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim nor value nor utility ;
Therefore shall fragrantcy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do ;
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.



Vespers.



VESPERS.

SHADOW in a sultry land !
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, unfolding like the night
Brings quietude and rest,
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed !

From aimless wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro ;

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The wave of being mingles deep
Amid its ebb and flow ;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know ;

That which the garish day had lost
The twilight vigil brings ;
While softer the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings—
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings !

Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O day, with golden skies !
Serene above its fading glow
Night, starry-crowned, arise !
So beautiful may Heaven be,
When life's last sunbeam dies !

C. M. P.



THE WELL IN THE DESERT.

WEET Well, whose crystal waters rise
Where sand around, like ocean, lies ;
By thy fair banks the palm trees spring,
And birds can rest their weary wing,
Leaf-shaded from the burning skies.

White bones are bleaching all around,
In that hot desert without sound,
That mighty ocean without tide,
Where men and beasts in crowds have died,
That iron-ribbed and thirsty ground.

The pilgrim falls upon his knees
With joy when first thy shade he sees ;

What Might Have Been.

And when beside thy bank he stands
And sees around the burning sands,
Thanks Him Who hid thee in the trees.

So in this barren desert, where
Hot sands are stretched out, wide and bare ;
May we with joy those Trees descry
That spread their branches to the sky,
And save us from the world's despair :

So drink sweet draughts, in joy or woe,
That from the Altar ever flow ;
So faithful, loving, thankful dwell
Beside the ever-springing Well,
Beneath the Trees that round it grow.

H. A. RAWES, M. A.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



WHAT might have been—but for the scornful gleaming
Of those dark eyes, one moment, long ago,
That chilled love's rising flame, and with a blow
In utter ruin laid hope's happy dreaming.

What might have been—but for the cold pride steeling
To stubborn silence, though the heart might break ;
And choosing rather to the grave to take
The deadly wound, than bend to seek the healing.

What might have been—but for the thoughtless jesting,
Which sent a barbèd arrow to the heart,
To fester deep, and with its cruel smart
Destroy the peace and joy that there were resting.

What might have been—but for that moment's madness,
When sore temptation, all undreamed of, came,
Fanning to fury passion's smouldering flame,
And shading all life's purest joys with sadness.



What might have been—but for the idle dreaming,
Which let the golden hours unheeded fly ;
The priceless present, all unrecked, slip by,
Till o'er the wasted past sad tears were streaming.

What might have been—what is—O sharply stingeth
The oft-drawn contrast that the words recall ;
Telling of worse than wasted lives of all
O'er which “ what might have been ” the sad knell ringeth.

What is—what shall be—for all erring mortals,
Who humbly turn to seek their God at last ;
Light for the future—pardon for the past—
And Angel welcomes at the heavenly portals.

SOPHIE FRANCES FANE VEITCH

The Three Songs of the Bride.

THE THREE SONGS OF THE BRIDE.

(Expectans Expectavi.)



MAIDEN, clothed in purple,
Sat on a fenced hill ;
Her face, I saw, was hidden,
And her fettered hands were still.
She sat beneath a palm-tree,
With a veil upon her head ;
While a voice came forth from Horeb,
As the deserts round her spread.

A rock stood up beside her,
Amidst those thirsty sands ;
She sat beneath its shadow,
With her head upon her hands.
Then I listened to her singing—
Her voice was low and faint ;
And thus towards the morning,
I heard her make her plaint :—

“ I am waiting for my Loved One,
As the long dark years go by ;
I am waiting for my Loved One,
Till His star is in the sky.
My sight is always failing,
My eyes with tears are dim ;
And my heart is faint with waiting,
But I only wait for Him.

“ I am waiting for my Loved One,
But His step I cannot hear ;
And I ask the stars above me
To tell me He is near.
I look upon the mountains,
But His feet I cannot see,
Nor the promised light which telleth
That my Love doth come to me.

“ My heart is cold and empty,
Which He alone can fill ;
Once I thought I heard Him coming
By the lightning-girded hill.

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There only came the thunder,
And His written words on stone ;
Then passed away the glory,
And I was left alone.

" I waited 'midst the coverings
Of scarlet, white, and blue ;
And when upward the great Temple
In its noiseless beauty grew,
Then a symbol of His presence
In that Temple made a home ;
Now I wait before the curtain,
But my Loved One doth not come.

" So I sit beneath this palm-tree,
And my eyes are dim with tears,
As I look out for His coming,
Through the twilight of the years.
And I turn from every other,
For He alone can be
The golden-girdled Husband,
Whom God hath given to me."

Thus she waited for her Loved One,
Thus she veiled herself for Him ;
The day-spring had not risen,
And she sat in twilight dim.
I stood beside the palm-tree,
I heard the north wind blow,
As she sorrowed for her Loved One,
And her voice was faint and low.

* * * * *

In widow's weeds a maiden
Sat waiting for her Love ;
Above her grew an apple-tree,
And in it sat a dove !
The villages were round her,
The vineyards of the King ;
Through the dark-green olive-gardens
The birds were on the wing.

She was waiting for her Loved One ;
All her love grew more and more,

The Three Songs of the Bride.

As her wistful gaze was fastened
On the cedar-boarded door.
She was clothed in white and purple,
With a presence full of grace ;
Her veil was off her forehead,
Still I could not see her face.

Then I wondered how this maiden,
With her bright and yellow hair,
Could be sitting in her sorrow,
In widow's mourning there.
So I listened to her singing,
Where the vines and palm-trees meet ;
Thus she sorrowed for her Loved One,
And her voice was low and sweet :—

“ I am waiting for my Loved One,
I am waiting for His day ;
He came to me at midnight,
He came, but went away.
He came, and once He called me,
With His hand upon the door ;
I only saw Him pass me
On the thorn-strewn purple floor.

“ My Loved One came : one moment
His light upon me shone.
I rose to see His beauty,
He had turned, and He was gone.
He came, and went away again,
He went, but doth not stay ;
He will come again to find me
In the brightness of the day.

“ I cried about the city,
‘ O watchmen, can ye tell
The footsteps of my Loved One,
Or the place where He doth dwell ?’
The watchmen answered roughly,
And took my veil from me :
So I wandered late and early.
But my Love I could not see.

“ I am waiting for my Loved One ;
O weary hours, go by !



I am waiting for His coming,
Till His cross is in the sky.
He will not leave me always,
He will come again at last ;
I am waiting for His coming,
Till the winter all be past.

“ He hung upon the apple-tree,
When His eyes with blood were dim,
To drag me from the darkness,
So I keep myself for Him.
For when He hung uplifted,
And the thorns were round His head,
He brought me to the bridal,
And I to Him was wed.

“ He stayed but for a moment ;
I looked, and He was gone :
But I love Him more than ever,
Though He left me thus alone.
For though He hastened from me,
Yet He also came to stay ;
Now He dwells upon His altar,
And He doth not go away.

“ I am waiting for my Loved One,
For He hath gone afar ;
I have promised to expect Him,
Till the rising of His star.
Yet He always is beside me
In the shadows of this night ;
I am waiting for my Loved One,
In His beauty and His light.”

Thus, sorrow-crowned, she waited,
With her heart all full of love ;
A virgin-wife and widow,
Whilst above her moaned the dove.
As she sat beneath the apple-tree,
I heard the south wind blow ;
Thus she sorrowed for her Loved One,
And her voice was sweet and low.

* * *

In heavenly light, a maiden
Sat at her Loved One's side ;

The Three Songs of the Bride.

While He gazed with love upon her
In a glory, deep and wide.
I looked—her robes were ruddy ;
I looked—and they were white ;
Then they burned in mingled beauty,
With a blaze of golden light.

I had wandered through the deserts,
With footsteps upward turned ;
When this glory flashed upon me,
When this fiery splendour burned.
The sea of glass, fire-mingled,
In its quivering brightness shone ,
There the crystal stream was flowing,
And there stood the sapphire throne..

The gates of pearl were open ;
The lily-beds were fair ;
And the bride, in burning raiment,
Sat with her Loved One there.
Through my soul astonished, fainting,
Through my senses dull and dim,
I saw the King in all His beauty,
And His sister crowned with Him.

There dark nights and days of anguish,
Grief, and death could come no more :
Shade of sorrow dims no faces
On that radiant, deathless shore.
Faithful she had been in Egypt,
Then the loneliness was past ;
From her plaintive, patient waiting,
He had brought her home at last.

She had waited for her Loved One
Till He called her, till He came ;
Till He set upon her forehead
Her turret-crown of flame.
I looked upon the Bridegroom,
On the ransomed gleaming throng,
As she sang and praised her Loved One,
And her voice was sweet and strong :—

“ He hath brought me from the darkness,
He hath bought me with His blood ;



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For me He made a pathway
Through the dark and stormy flood
He won me by His dying,
He gave for me His life ;
He brought me up from Egypt,
To be His virgin-wife.

“ He hath given me all my graces—
I have nothing of my own ;
He hath made me as His sister ;
He hath set me on His throne.
I stood beside the Red Sea,
I saw its waters part ;
Now His arms are ever round me,
Now my head is on His heart.

“ I waited for my Loved One
Through the long and dreary days ;
When my prayers could scarcely find Him,
And I knew not how to praise.
I waited for my only One
By the manger and the tree,
And by His holy sepulchre,
Till He rose and made me free.

“ I waited for my Loved One
In the black and pitchy night ;
When the sable veil was round me,
And I could not see the light.
I waited for my only One,
In the deep heart-breaking gloom ;
Through the lonely darkened valley,
Through the shadows of the tomb.

“ I waited for my Loved One,
Till this promised day had come ;
I waited by His altar,
Where He dwelt as in His home.
There the tabernacle's glory
Was a glory from above,
With the beauty of my Loved One,
In the knowledge of His love.

The Three Songs of the Bride.

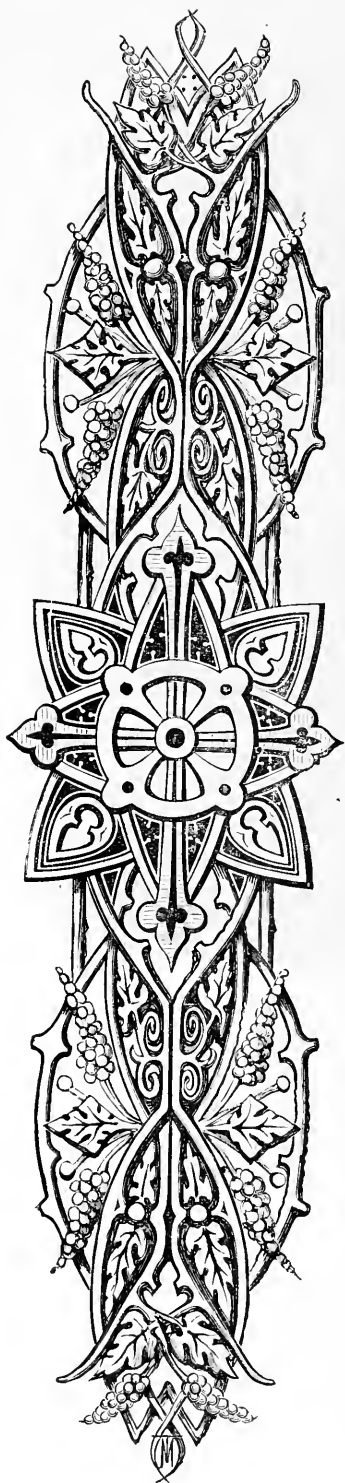
" I saw Him come from Bozrah,
With raiment dyed in blood ;
In the morning, on the mountain,
In His loveliness He stood.
In His dying and His rising,
My Love was still the same ;
But His blood-stained, seamless raiment
Shone like a burning flame.

" In the wine-press, at the vintage,
He was still Eternal God ;
Though thorns were strewn around Him
In the way on which He trod.
He turned not back, nor faltered
Till the vintage all was gleaned ;
I loved Him through that sorrow,
And upon His heart I leaned.

" He went down to the harvest,
With His sickle sharp and bright ;
And I watched Him in His reaping,
In His weakness, and His might.
Now all His wheat is garnered
Beneath this starry dome ;
And He makes for all a banquet
In this ceaseless harvest-home.

" My eyes were dim with watching,
When I waited in the night ;
Now they are dim with gazing
On the brightness of His light.
On this beauty of my Loved One
Now I gaze for evermore ;
And with all my heart upon Him,
Ever as I gaze, adore.

" I drink in all His beauty,
As on His heart I lie ;
As there burneth in my memory
The day when He did die—
When He did die to save me,
And bring me home to this;



This fulness of His presence
In this thrillingness of bliss.

“ I drink in all His beauty,
All my heart to Him is bowed ;
All my heart is faint with loving,
With the love that once I vowed.
I knew not when I vowed it,
What one day it would be ;
In this bridal never-ceasing,
In this fire of charity.

“ I drink in all His beauty,
As on His heart I lie ;
One thrilling joy is with me—
That He is ever nigh.
In His heart a torrent floweth ;
All my love is perfect now,
As I gaze upon my Loved One,
With His crowns upon His brow.

“ As I lie amidst these splendours,
His strong arms round me fold ;
He gives me all His treasures,
All His silver and His gold.
But purer, stronger, brighter
Than this fiery crystal sea,
Is the love with which He loves me—
Is the love He gives to me.

“ Thus for Him I ever waited,
Till He made me all His own ;
Then at last He brought me to Him,
Then He set me on His throne.
Now He kisses me and loves me,
My God, and spouse Divine ;
He has married me for ever,
I am His and He is mine.”

Thus she sang her heavenly anthem,
Sitting at her Loved One's side ;
Rapturous, fainting, crowned, exulting,
Sceptred as His sister-bride ;
On His heart, and in His kingdom,
Where old things are passed away—

The Three Songs of the Bride.



MAGDALEN TOWER, OXFORD.—Page 334.

Where the eternal hills are lighted
By the everlasting day.

Ever drinking in His beauty,
Thus she sang of love and grace ;
Sang of triumph, sang of glory,
Looking in her Loved One's face.
There her song kept ever rising,
By the piercèd hands and feet ;
All the Bridegroom's love was round her,
And her voice was strong and sweet.

REV. H. A. RAWES, M.A.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

MAY MORNING ON MAGDALEN TOWER, OXFORD.



HAT do we, up so early, this May morn ?
Hath Health, the huntress, from some neighbouring hill
Blown such a blast of her enchanted horn,
That Youth forgets his slumber ? Gathering still,
Quick eager forms the solemn pathway fill :
Pass Magdalen's portal, scale her endless stair :
Still spiring upward, like the lark, until
Bursts on the sense the fresh cool matin air,
And cheerful speech of friends already gathering there.

And O ! the rapturous beauty of the scene !
Silent and calm as some far fabulous shore
Where never barque of mariner hath been !
Yet full of ancient life, and mapped all o'er
With holy memories of the days of yore.
Dear home of towers, and spires, and musical chimes,
And groves, and gardens !—lovely evermore,
Yet far, far lovelier than at other times,
When first the bright-eyed Sun his orient pathway climbs.

But turn !—while we are dreaming, there hath grown
A crowd about us. Lo, a tuneful choir,
White-robed, bare-headed—all eyes one way thrown :
As erst men waited till the eastern fire
Kindled the tremulous chords of Memnon's lyre.
And hark !—that well-known plaintive prelude o'er—
Five pulses of the clock !—which scarce expire
Ere soft as dew, amid the silence, soar
Seraphic sounds aloft, and this the strain they pour :—

To Thee, O God the Father—Thee,
All worship, praise, and glory be !
Thy hand bestows our daily bread,
And that wherewith our souls are fed.

To Thee, O Jesu—Thee, the Son—
To Thee, alone-begotten One—
Who for our sakes didst not abhor
The Virgin's womb—our hearts we pour.

May Morning on Magdalen Tower, Oxford.

When Thou upon Thy Cross wast laid,
To God a willing offering made,
The hope of life first dawned below—
Our joy, our only Saviour, Thou !

To Thee, O Holy Ghost—by Whom
The Babe was born of Mary's womb,
Both God and Man—to Thee we raise
The hymn of everlasting praise.

O Three in One, Who didst devise
Such pathway back to Paradise ;
This mystery of Love be sung
In every age by every tongue !

Ah, you should hear it chanted !—for the strain

Grows weak and powerless fettered down to song—
Like a swift eagle prisoned with a chain,

Which else had soared the rolling clouds among.

Trust me, once heard, 'twould haunt thy memory long.

That calm sweet strain ! And oft, when Sundered far.

Brought low by sorrow, or oppressed by wrong,

'Twould soothe thy spirit—like the evening-star—
Foretaste of what sweet things the songs of angels are !

Now ring out all the bells a merry chime ;

While the hoarse horn croaks forth, a league below,

The note which doubtless seems the true sublime

To urchins straining might and main to blow.

Ring out, glad bells ! and let the sleepers know

That, while they slept, we watched the month of May

Twine the first garland for her virgin brow.

Then bid them rise, for 'tis the prime of day ;
And lo, the young Month comes, all smiling, up this way !

J. W. FURZON, M.A





THE GUEST.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock : if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."—REV. iii. 20.



WECHLESS sorrow sat with me ;

I was sighing wearily !

Lamp and fire were out : the rain

Wildly beat the window-pane.

In the dark we heard a knock ;

And a hand was on the lock ;

One in waiting spake to me,

Saying sweetly,

" I am come to sup with thee ! "

The Guest.

All my room was dark and damp ;
"Sorrow!" said I, "trim the lamp ;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face ;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock ;
In the dark I found the lock :
"Enter ! I have turned the key—
Enter, stranger !
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door, He came,
But I could not speak His name ;
In the guest-chair took His place,
But I could not see his face !
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for thee,
Lo ! my Master
Was the Guest that supped with me !

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.



THE CITY OF REST.

"And the name of that city is Rest."



BIRDS from out the east ! O birds from out the west !
Have ye found that happy city in all your weary quest ?
Tell me, tell me, from earth's wandering may the heart find glad
surcease ;
Can ye show me as an earnest any olive-branch of peace ?
I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin, and toil, and care ;
I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless prayer.
O birds from out the east ! O birds from out the west !
Can ye tell me of that city, the name of which is Rest ?

Say, doth a dreamy atmosphere that blessed city crown ?
Are there couches spread for sleeping softer than the eider-down ?
Does that silver sound of waters, falling 'twixt its marble walls
Hush its solemn silence even into stiller intervals ?
Doth the poppy shed its influence there, or doth the fabled moly
With its leafy-laden Lethe lade the eyes with slumber holy ?
Do they never wake to sorrow, who, after toilsome quest,
Have entered in that city, the name of which is Rest ?

Doth the fancy wile not there for aye ? Is the restless soul's endeavour
Hushed in a rhythm of solemn calm for ever and for ever ?
Are human natures satisfied of their intense desire ?
Is there no more good beyond to seek, or do they not aspire ?
But weary, weary of the ore within its yellow sun,
Do they lie and eat its lotus-leaves and dream life's toil is done ?
O tell me, do they there forget what here hath made them blest,
Nor sigh again for home and friends, in the city named the Rest ?

O little birds, fly east again ! O little birds, fly west !
Ye have found no happy city, in all your weary quest.
Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may stray,
And still, like you, the human soul must wing its weary way.
There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's bound,
Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals found.
We are but children crying here upon a mother's breast
For life and peace and blessedness, and for eternal rest.

Sunday Worship.

Bless God ! I hear a still small voice, above life's clamorous din
Saying, " Faint not, O weary one, thou mayest enter in ;
That city is prepared for those who well do win the fight,
Who tread the wine-press till its blood hath washed their garments white.
Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall there oppress thy weeping eyes with stupefying power.
It lieth calm within the light of God's peace-giving breast ;
Its walls are called Salvation, the city's name is Rest."

SUNDAY WORSHIP.



DAY of days ! with heaven's own radiance shining,
Blest Sabbath ! welcome is thy hallowed rest ;
Thy influence, elevating and refining,
Gives life its purest zest.

Thou comest weekly with the balm of healing,
Like good Samaritan, in love divine ;
Over our wounds of sin and sorrow kneeling,
To pour in oil and wine.

The bliss of Eden is again perennial,
And peace and purity resume their sway ;
And in His garden, bright with flowers millennial,
God walks on this sweet day.

Prelude of heaven in sanctified affection,
And loving unison which never dies,
To-day we antedate the resurrection—
The dead in sin arise.

Amidst the candlesticks, all bright and golden,
To-day Christ walks in royalty and might,
The broken-hearted sinner to embolden,
And turn his gloom to light.

On Sunday shines the ever-fiery column
Which shields the pilgrim Church from all her foes ;
In splendour yet more terrible and solemn
The flaming pillar glows.

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So on the Sabbath, from heaven's glittering portal
Came down the tongues of fire and rushing wind,
The glorious mystery of life immortal
Revealed to all mankind.

And so again, wrought out of earth's confusion,
And jarring elements, o'erruled for good,
And the almighty power of truth's diffusion,
This world shall be renewed.

And then the Sabbath will be universal,
And Christ shall reign in triumph all His own ;
And all our Sabbath songs be a rehearsal
For worship round the throne ;

Where the Church militant in countless millions
Shall join the Sabbath of the Church above,
And walk the golden floor of heaven's pavilions,
For ever lost in love.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.



Hiding in God.



HIDING IN GOD.

“Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence.”—Ps. xxxi. 20.

NOT from the work appointed us to do
Our Maker hides us ;
Not from the suffering of mortal woe,
That oft betides us.

But whoso treadeth where the Saviour trod,
Where duty guideth,
Fearful of nothing but the power of God,
His Maker hideth.

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He walks amid the furnace-fires alone,
Yet well attended ;
For lo ! there stands beside him God's own Son,
To earth descended.

Thousands and tens of thousands smitten lie
Breathless around him ;
Safe in the secret place of the Most High,
Death hath not found him.

Quiet in God—the ever-present seal
Of faith unspoken,
Believing faces, infant lips, reveal
Its nameless token ;

A gift bestowed upon the poor oppressed,
To kings forbidden ;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings to rest,
Securely hidden.

To bear for them the cross, as if for Thee,
Strengthen me ever ;
Among Thine hidden ones, O number me,
Now and for ever !

"MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS."

(SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 16.)



HE holds me fast, taken in His pure embrace
I rest in peace ;
Flows on my weary heart His softening grace,
And troubles cease.

Though cold the storm, and fierce the blasting wind,
I do not fear ;
For in His breast a covert safe I find,
No storms come near.

He shields me tenderly, my Spouse, my Love,
He guides me on
To mansions fair prepared for me above,
Where is He gone.

Holy Week.

He feeds me lest I faint, or fall, or die.

With Food from heaven ;

He His own Self in wondrous mystery

To me has given.

He draws me to Himself, I needs must go,

I cannot stay ;

No earthly tie must bind me here below,

But far away,

Where, 'mid the countless throng of angels bright

And spirits blest,

He reigns, my God and King, my sole delight,

I long to rest.

HOLY WEEK (1866).

JOHN KEBLE, VICAR OF HURSLEY, FELL ASLEEP ON MAUNDAY THURSDAY.



HE Lenten days have come with deeper warning,
The Lenten words with deeper meaning speak,
And earthly sorrow mingles with the mourning
That overshades the Church's Holy Week.

While kneeling thousands, looking on the Passion,
Watch where, in that deep gloom, a friend has passed ;
Not wholly sad that Death, in "old, old fashion,"
Has led the servant to his Lord at last.

It was a fitting time, cries the sad yearning—
A fitting time for him to leave our side ;
His last earth-look upon the Cross was turning,
In quiet homes He waits for Easter-tide.

But we must mourn ; he has so long been leading
Our weary steps through the world's pathway dim,
And vanished years, in mists of time receding,
Shine with so many memories of him !

So many dreams of hope and joy departed,
So many thoughts of one long loved and dead,
Come to the desolate and broken-hearted,
Gathering around the words that he has said.



His songs were blended so with Advent glory,
With Christmas joy, and our Epiphany !
And now, we see the light of Easter story,
Not the less bright for this death-memory.

E'en brighter—that for him life's dream is broken
By fuller dawn than we may see awhile ;
That in his ear his Master's voice has spoken—
That he has seen the "sunshine of His smile."

One friend the less, we cry, in hushed repining,
One star the less in earth-horized skies ;
But one more light through gloom of Hades shining
But one friend more at rest in Paradise.

AUGUSTA CAROLINE HAYWARD.

Autumn.



AUTUMN.

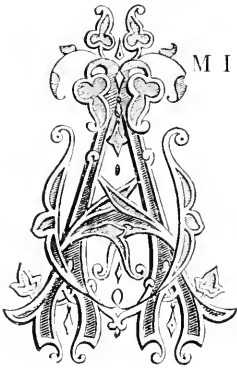
AUTUMN, thou art most rich in pensive joy
To them that read thee rightly. Thou hast hope
In deep serenity of sadness hidden—
Life in thy gentle death. The seed hath fallen
To its dark resting-place in the mouldering sod,
Its own small spark of life within it glowing

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We know not how—that unseen quickening power
Lodged there by Him whose least regarded work
Is past our understanding. Canst thou tell,
Thou that hast sought with weary and subtle toil !
By what still-working silent spell it draws
Unto itself all needful elements,
And weaves them into fabrics passing art,
Yet toils not, neither spins? How meekly there,
With what glad quietness in the dreary time,
Do these abide their rising from the earth !
Therein is wisdom that thou well may'st learn.
Bow down, O man ! for God is in this place ;
“ This is none other than the gate of heaven ! ”

REV. H. G. TOMKINS, M A

GOOD FRIDAY.



M I a stone and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee ;
Not so fallen Peter, weeping bitterly ;
Not so the thief was moved :

Not so the sun and moon,
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon—
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more,
And smite a rock.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I Sleep, but my Heart Waketh.

I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH.



THOU stoodest softly knocking all last night,
Until the falling dew-drops filled Thy hair ;
Earth's dream, alas, was then surpassing bright—
Most exquisitely fair !

Thy voice came stealing to me through the door—
“Open to me : I come to save and bless ;
As my feet glide along thy heart's cold floor,
Thou shalt feel tenderness

“And love around thee, deeper far than earth
Can give unto thee in her hour of pride :
I will sit down beside thee on thy hearth,
While thou art satisfied.”

E'en through my sleep, my dream, I heard and rose,
And went the door-leaves widely to unfold ;
Ah me ! Thou hadst withdrawn Thee at the close,
As my sad heart foretold.

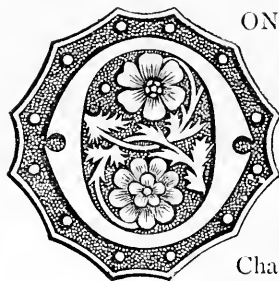
I seek Thee, O my Saviour, all the morn,
Eve followed, half in dark and half in light,
Searching some lone print from Thy feet fresh born,
To guide my steps aright.

Yet still I find Thee not, and, pleading, say,
“Forgive the wildness of my heart's earth-dream ;
Reveal Thyself unto me in the way,
With the sun's rising beam ;

“And, entering my opened portals, be
For evermore my heart's beloved guest,
Ruling its passion-storms with majesty,
Stilling its fears to rest.”

MARY E. LESLIE.

QUI LABORAT ORAT.



ONLY Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal, mortal strife
Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, Divine ;
Chastised each rebel self-centred thought,
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart ;
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as 'Thou art ?—

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
In thought's abstracted forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
In ways unworthy Thee.

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;
And if in work its life it seem to live,
Shall make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack when, while the work it plies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition start.

But, as Thou wilt, give or e'en forbear
The beatific supersensual sight ;
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humble prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, M.A.

Joy Cometh in the Morning.



JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

LOSE not the window, mother, for the evening is still and fair,
And the breeze, like the hand that has vanished, is stroking each
wave in my hair;
Let me watch till the glow of the sunshine, till the voices of daylight
cease,
And the holy purple twilight comes down like God's blessing of peace.
Yes, it cometh to me like an angel, and calmeth the throbbing of pain,
And stilleth the passionate yearning for the days that come never again;

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And its shadows are ever haunted with a form I have loved of yore,
And it wakeneth to life the music of a voice from the farther shore.

Dream I then of another twilight that is gathering o'er my life,
Of the peaceful rest that awaiteth the ending of mortal strife ;
Of the spirit that watcheth my coming, of the form in its ocean bed,
Of the final Easter triumph, when the sea shall give up her dead.

Ah ! mother, in vain are you hiding the gathering tears in your eyes ;
Were they dry, I could read the anguish in their sorrowful depths that lies.
Though your lips have no motion, your prayers, I know, without ceasing, ascend,
And I mourn that your hopes and your watchings can have but the grave for an end.

O mother ! whose loving protection has gladdened each day from my birth,
And whose teachings of faith and submission shall soothe my last hour on earth ;
Fain would I live till thy sorrow for thy child who must leave thee shall cease—
Till thou, too, canst utter the prayer, " Let thy servant depart in peace."

See there ! where yon little vessel on the silvery wave doth ride !
Stranded high on the beach, it waited long time for the high spring-tide ;
Now, as if fearing again to be left without life or motion,
With all its white sails set, it hastes to the bosom of ocean.

I, too, have been stranded, mother, on the beach, 'neath the morning sun,
While to a long, low, dreary ebb, the tide of life hath run ;
But the high tide cometh, I feel its pulse vibrating along the shore,
And with silent joy I'm waiting to float on its breast once more.

But not again may I idly rock on the wave-kissed edge of the shore ;
Ah ! no, to the open sea I haste by a path untried before.
But the perilous track shall be lightened up by the ray of my guiding star,
And the prayers of those I shall leave awhile, shall follow me from afar.

. . . There, the shadows creep on, for the day-god is seeking his ocean bed,
And the red sky grows grey and sombre, like a life from which hope has fled.
I hear the last note of the blackbird, 'midst the whispering thrill of the trees,
And over the ocean sweepeth the mourning sigh of the breeze.

I can see the grey church-towers rise through the deepening shade ;
I have lived in its sacred presence, let me rest 'neath its blessed shade.
When Holy Church there keeping high festival, with care
The Altar spreads, in union my spirit shall be there.

That hour is coming soon, mother ; the dawning east is bright :
Finished the days of mourning, joy comes with the morning light.
I am leaving thee, mother, well knowing that she who has taught the way,
With footsteps glad and unfaltering, shall tread it herself one day.

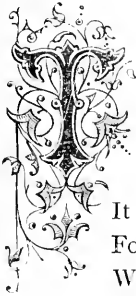
PHILIP ELEN.

S. Michael's, Coventry.

S. MICHAEL'S, COVENTRY.

"Dugdale mentions this church as being first named in the time of King Stephen, who came to the throne in 1135 A.D., and in whose reign it was given, by the name of the chapel of S. Michael, to the monks of Coventry by Ranulph, Earl of Chester. The tower was commenced in 1373, and completed in 1394.

"The tower and spire of S. Michael's Church, taken together, present one of the finest examples of early perpendicular architecture, and of the steeples which rise from the ground it has no superior in England, taking its height in proportion to its base. Salisbury and Norwich steeples are higher, but their height is less apparent, from the great breadth of the base from which they rise. The entire height of tower and spire is 303 feet; the length of the church is 303 feet, and the greatest breadth 127. The interior of this majestic structure, which is the largest parish church in England, consists of nave, chancel, and four aisles. The long lines of tall and graceful columns, supporting arches of vast span, together with the noble range of venerable clerestory windows and the fine oaken-ribbed roof, form a glorious and impressive piece of church scenery."—*Taunton's "History of Coventry," pp. 131, 134.*



HEY tell us that the ages long gone by
Were dark and dim, with only light of stars;
That truth and freedom were but left to die
Within strong prison bars.

It may be so; and yet, for loftiest thought,
For rare self-sacrifice and plenteous gold,
With willing hearts for God's high service brought,
They were brave days of old.

Look at this glorious building! how it stands
Midway 'twixt earth and heaven; a stately pile,
Where faith may worship with uplifted hands
Within its solemn aisle.

I gaze at early morning, when the light
Streams through the eastern windows, strong and fair,
Scattering its coloured glories, wondrous bright,
Along the marble stair.

I gaze at noontide, when the golden glow
Flushes with life each arch and column high:
I rest beneath its shadow, and I know
It makes heaven seem more nigh;

At even, when the moonbeams, cold and clear,
Strew with weird phantoms all the silent floor;
And in the stillness nave and aisle appear
More marvellous than before.

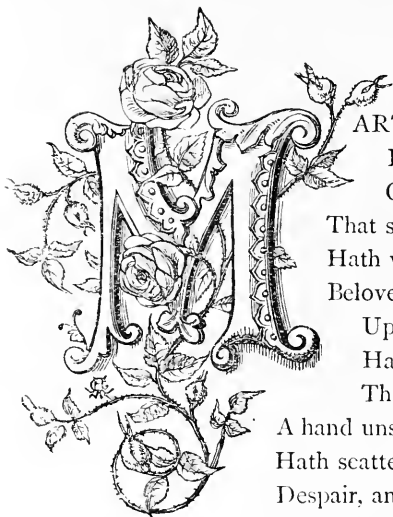
O wealth of beauty! Joy perpetual!
Vision of splendour! with thy shadowy spire,
Meet type and emblem of the jasper wall,
And of the heavenly choir.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Fair temple of our God ! long may'st thou stand,
The shrine of Jesus, storehouse of His grace,
Until we reach the bright and perfect Land,
And see Him face to face.

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.

FORSAKEN.



ARTYRS through fire and steel
Have felt the tracking of the steadfast eye
Of faithful friend or kind disciple nigh
That strengthened them ; beside the cruel wheel
Hath woman waited, wiping from a face
Beloved the damps of anguish ; kings, in chase
Upon the mountains held from day to day,
Have leaned on peasants scorning to betray
The baffled hope, the head discrowned—nay,
A hand unseen upon a tyrant's tomb
Hath scattered flowers : so strong above disgrace,
Despair, and death, rise human hearts ;
King, Martyr, Malefactor—is it said of whom
That all forsook him, all forsook and fled,
Save of One only ? Human love forsakes,
Yet is not all forsaken ! He that takes
This drear pre-eminence of woe, alone
Forsaketh never—never ! He hath known
That pang too well ; O Saviour, with Thine own
Too little seemed it for Thy love to share
All bitter draughts, so hast Thou bid this cup
Pass from our souls for ever, drinking up
Its wormwood and its gall, our lips to spare.

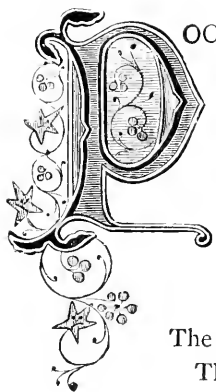
DORA GREENWELL



The Dead Child.



THE DEAD CHILD.



OUR child !—ah, nay !—no pitying word !

Thy sleep is lovely as it seems !
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard
The rapture of thy blissful dreams !

Thou hast not known, thou shalt not know,
Or anxious morn or weary day,
Lone eve, or watchful night of woe—
False hopes, that glitter to betray.

The bitter gibe, the angry taunt,
That pass so lightly from the ear,

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Yet the torn heart like spectres haunt,—
Thou hast not heard, thou shalt not hear.

The hollow mask of hearts unkind,
Hiding with open brow and free,
Indifference, scorn, or hate behind—
Thou hast not seen, thou shalt not see.

Those smiling lips just oped to speak,
Yet silent, utter (O how well!)—
“Your earthly language is too weak
The transports of my home to tell!”

Whether some spirit, erst of earth,
Dwell with thee in thy joyous rest;
Or guardian, given thee at thy birth,
Enfold thee to his plummy breast;

Or—bliss all blessedness above!—
He Who once said, “Forbid them not,”
O’ershade thee with His hand of love,
From sin’s dark stain and sorrow’s blot—

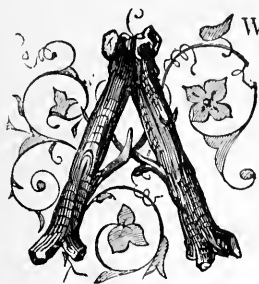
There is a light upon thy face
I never saw in those glad days
When, in thy mother’s soft embrace,
Thou triedst thy fond and sportive ways.

With Bethlehem babes, in Bethlehem’s Child,
Sleep on, from fear and anguish free:
Such slumber sound and undefiled
Who would not sleep, to wake with thee?

THE REV. H. THOMPSON, M.A.



RECOLLECTION.



WAVE-WORN boulder, with green sea-moss wrapping
A silken mantle o'er its jagged sides ;
And silvery seething waters softly lapping
Through gulfs and channels hollowed by the tides :

A lime-cliff overhead, o'erhanging grimly,
A dash of sunlight in its breast of snow ;
The white line of the breakers, stretching dimly
Along the narrow sea-beach down below :

The grey waste of the waters, with one slender
Glimmering golden ripple far away ;
The haze of summer twilight, sweet and tender,
Veiling the fair face of the dying day :

The measured plash of surf upon the shingle,
The ceaseless gurgle through the rocks and stones ;
No sound of struggling human life to mingle
With those mysterious and eternal tones :

No sound—no sound—a hungry sea-mew only
Breaking the stillness with her little cry ;
And the low whisper, when 'tis all so lonely,
Of soft south-breezes as they wander by :—

I see it all ; sweet dreams of it are thronging
In full floods back upon my weary brain ;
To-night, in my dark chamber, the old longing
Almost fulfils its very self again.

The dying sunbeams, on the far waves glinting,
Come like warm kisses to my lips and brow ;
Soothing my spirit, and its sad thoughts tinting
With tender shades of golden colour now.

Alone and still, I sit, and think, and listen,
Looking out westward o'er the darkening sea ;
My seat the boulder where the spray-drops glisten,
The tall white cliffs my regal canopy.

And, as I sit, the fretting cares and sorrows,
Weighing so heavy, when the work is done,

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The gloomy yesterdays and dim to-morrows,
They slip away and vanish one by one—
Slip backward to the world that lies behind me,
Ever by sinful footsteps overtrod ;
And in this unstained world leave nought to bind me—
This sweet world, filled with the peace of God !

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

CHANGE.



HE paling stars, the slowly fading light,
The russet tints, the withered falling leaves,
The wind's faint breath, the ever rippling sea,
Which softly moans a low sweet threnody,
Until the mournful moon-kissed autumn night
Doth rain her tears upon the golden sheaves,
Unto my soul do speak until mine eyes
With sympathetic sorrow overflow.
And yet, beloved ! why should I sadly weep ?
In every breeze that softly sinks to sleep,
Where fairies 'mid the flowerets come and go ;
In every crested wave that soft doth break
Upon the shore in faint melodious sighs—
Of Change, and not of Death, doth Nature speak.

JAMES BOWKER.



"Launch Out into the Deep."



"LAUNCH OUT INTO THE DEEP."

(S. LUKE v. 4.)



ON the Lake of Galilee,
Whose waves now gently sleep,
The fishers through the weary night
Their fruitless vigils keep ;
In vain they watch, and with their nets
The barren waters sweep,
Until they hear the Saviour's words—
"Launch out into the deep."

O stirring words of living power !
Ye speak to every heart ;
Ye bid all selfishness away,
And slothful ease depart.
Where'er there is a soul to cheer,
Where'er the mourners weep,
There bear the healing balm of love—
"Launch out into the deep."

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O watchword brave for those who sail
Across the sea of life ;
Steer far away from every rock
With awful dangers rife.
Leave all the shallows, and the reefs
Far in the distance keep ;
Strike boldly right amidst the waves—
“Launch out into the deep.”

Thus shall our course be safe and sure ;
Our Master will be nigh,
To nerve with strength the faltering heart,
To dry the weeping eye.
And when we near Eternity,
Ere comes the last long sleep,
His words will break upon our ear—
“Launch out into the deep.”

H. W. JONES, M.A.

THE STORY OF REDEMPTION.

NO tale of love or sorrow hath there been
Like the great poem of the Life of God
Incarnate, dwelling in the world of men,
In act, from Nazareth to Olivet.

There are and have been depths of human grief
Given to many in the weary way,
And heights of human gladness, given to few ;
Thus the bright sunshine and the evening shade
Encircle us with an alternate clasp
From dawn of reason till the broken snare
Sets free the captive bird. With lengthened years
Come deepening lengthening sorrows : griefs unknown
Raise their pale faces, new acquaintances,
Dark-veiled, black-robed ; new for a little while,
Then old acquaintances. So withered hands

The Story of Redemption.

Tear off the fruitage of our joy ; and then,
With weird-like fingers, branches dry and bare
Point to the wintry sunset : and the day
Goes down in mist and tears. The wise decrees
(To doubt this would be worse than bitterest death),
Loving and just, fulfil themselves, and bring
A lesson, many-sided, many-voiced,
Part grief, part gladness, blessed in the end.
Unfathomed depths of human sorrow are,
Have ever been, and will be till the day
That comes peace-laden to the weary world.
In lonely ways, in ways of pain, in fear,
In sharp and piercing sorrow, suffered once,
Then past, in wearing sorrows day by day
Slow-dropping from the eaves, in paths of woe,
Weary and heavy-laden to their rest
The wanderers onward pass. The daylight comes
And goes, the night lit brightly up with stars
Hangs overhead from heaven, sweet-voiced, bright-eyed,
Bringing forgetfulness or waking pain ;
And onward pass the exiles to their rest.

A deeper Sorrow veils the purple sky ;
A sweeter Voice cries out entreatingly
Amidst the midnight storm ; a Face of love,
Marked with deep furrows of a life of pain,
Rises in mournful beauty through the Dark ;
A Heart more loving in the wintry wind
Is torn with anguish. Sweeter, stronger far
Than any voice of earth, though sweet it be,
And far more plaintive, comes this Voice Divine
Out of the lowest deeps. Incarnate God
Comes to His world in life-long agony,
Shines brightly on it through a rain of tears,
Seeks up and down it for the lost, then dies
To prove His love. No sorrow like to His
Hath ever been, or can be. Centuries
Have come and gone and found it not : the sun
Looking on many lands sees not its like ;
The moon amidst the sorrows of the night
Has never lighted up so dark a woe.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.



He came upon the Mountains, and His way
Was tracked with blood. Morning and
evening light

Hung in a mingled glory round His Head ;
The dew lay on Him, and the drops of
night

Gleamed from His golden hair. At Nazareth
Hidden He lay in darkness for a while,
Till His light shone in Bethlehem ; then
went

A weary pilgrim in the Desert-way,
Slowly with bleeding feet amongst the
thorns,

Past Tabor's splendour to the darkened
height

Of sorrow-stricken Calvary ; then lay
Hidden again in darkness, in a cave
Rock-hewn and new, until the Winter passed
And the Rain ceased ; and then in risen
strength

Was seen by many, till on Olivet
They saw Him go, then saw Him not again.

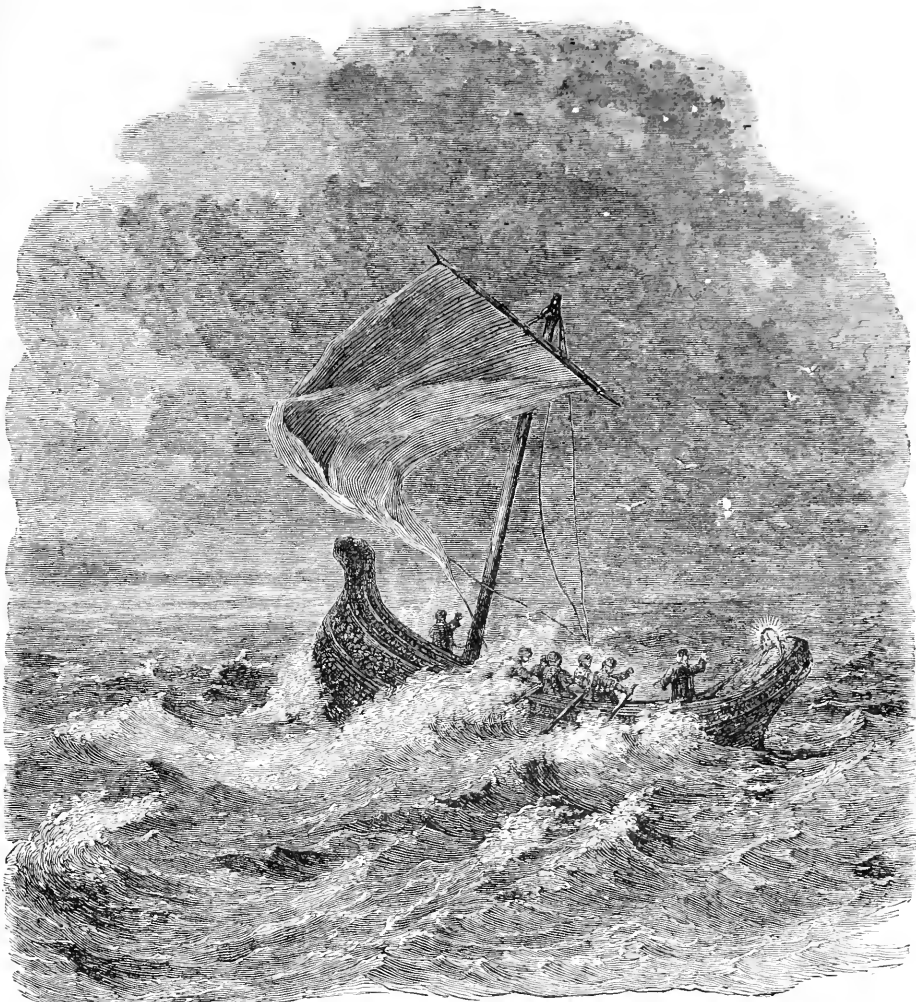
This is the Tale, stranger than tales of
earth,

More wondrous than all stories ever told,
A Tale of darkness, sorrow, victory,
Heroic patience, tenderness Divine,
Divine compassion, deathless changeless
love.

REV. H. A. RAWES, M.A.



Gennesareth.



GENNESARETH.

"Quia insurgunt fluctus potest turbari navicula, sed quia Christus orat non potest mergi."—S. AUGUSTINE.



HE sacred Head is resting on the pillow,
The weary limbs in calm repose are laid;
The bark is tossing on the seething billow,
The toil-spent mariners are sore afraid.

Doth He not hear the dreadful tempest howling?
Doth He not feel the showers of drenching spray?

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Doth He not see the demon faces scowling
With rage and fear to lose their destined prey ?

He sees not, hears not ! Are His rapt thoughts soaring
Onward and upward to a glorious throne,
Where myriad saints and angels round adoring,
With loud acclaim one mighty Victor own ?—

Or backward to a lowly cottage dwelling,
Where, bending o'er her wondrous Infant's bed,
A maiden-mother's heart with joy is swelling,
Not all unmingled with prophetic dread ?

Is the scene changed ? A garden—One is kneeling
Beneath the ancient olives' deepening shade ;
Lanterns and torches ! footsteps nearer stealing ;
The apostate's kiss—the Holy One betrayed !

A judgment-hall ! loud voices, "Crucify Him !"
"Away with such a fellow from the earth !"
"Release Barabbas ! Him ! Him ! We deny Him—
No King of ours ! We better know our worth !"

The sentence ! Cruel, wicked hands again have bound Him ;
Again a storm of voices in His ear ! *
He wakes—not foes, but timid, trembling friends are round Him :
"Master, we perish, and Thou dost not hear !"

O coward cries ! weak, faithless hearts betraying !
"Why did ye doubt !" Then to the storm, "Be still !"
But who is this, such mighty power displaying
That even the winds and waves obey His will ?

Master and Lord, again, with wild commotion,
Around Thine ark the waters rage and roar ;
While out into the world's tempestuous ocean,
Dragging our anchors, drift we from the shore.

And sleep'st Thou still ? Nay, from Thy throne uprising,
Soon wilt Thou chide the winds and waves to rest ;
While, timid friends and scornful foes surprising,
Thine Ark thou guidest to the haven blest.

F. W. HARRIS, M.A.

* S. Mark iv. 37.

The Peace of Faith.



THE PEACE OF FAITH.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said far down, beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest !
There is a temple, sacred evermore ;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

O Rest of rests ! O Peace serene, eternal !
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never ;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, for ever and for ever.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.





THE HOME ABOVE.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

HY Father's house ! Thine own bright home,
And Thou hast there a place for me !
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.
I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall,
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

"Come unto Me."

I know that Thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring 'Thine own to dwell with Thee,
And waitest to receive me there !

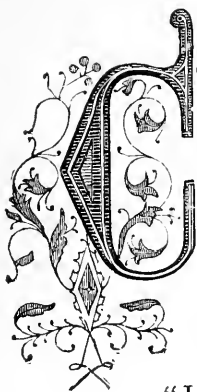
Thy love will there array my soul
In Thine own robe of spotless hue ;
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
On Thee, with raptures ever new !

O welcome day ! when 'Thou my feet
Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er ;
A Father's warm embrace to meet,
And dwell at home for ever more !

REV. RAY PALMER, M A.



"COME UNTO ME."

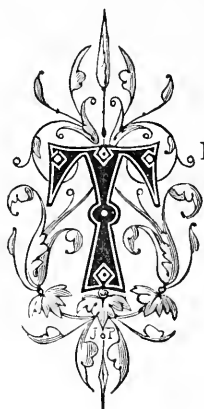


COME unto Me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest !

"Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground ;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned :

"Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn

"There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed :
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."



MISERERE DOMINE.

THOU, who look'st with pitying eye
From Thy radiant home on high,
On the spirit tempest-tost,
Wretched, weary, wandering, lost;
Ever ready help to give,
And entreating, "Look and live!"
By that love, exceeding thought,
Which from heaven the Saviour brought;
By that mercy which could dare
Death, to save us from despair;
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
We adore, implore, entreat,
Lifting heart and voice to Thee—

Miserere Domine.

With the vain and giddy throng,
Father! we have wandered long;
Eager from Thy paths to stray,
Chosen the forbidden way;
Heedless of the light within,
Hurried on from sin to sin;
And with scoffers madly trod
On the mercy of our God!
Now to where Thine altars burn,
Penitently we return:
Though forgotten, Thou hast not
To be merciful forgot;
Hear our suppliant cries to Thee—

Miserere Domine.

From the burden of our grief
Who but Thou can give relief?
Who can pour salvation's light
On the darkness of our night?
Bowed our load of sin beneath,
Who redeem our souls from death?
If in man we put our trust,
Scattered are our hopes like dust!
Smitten by Thy chastening rod,
Lo! we cry to Thee, our God!

Miserere Domine.

From the perils of our path,
From the terrors of Thy wrath,
Save us, when we look to Thee—

Miserere Domine.

Where the pastures greenly grow,
Where the waters gently flow,
And beneath the sheltering Rock
With the Shepherd rests the flock—
O let us be gathered there,
Under Thy paternal care ;
Love, and labour, and rejoice
With the people of Thy choice,
Till the toils of life are done,
Till the fight is fought and won,
And the crown with heavenly glow
Sparkles on the victor's brow !
Hear the prayer we lift to Thee—

Miserere Domine.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.



DYING, AND YET LIVING.



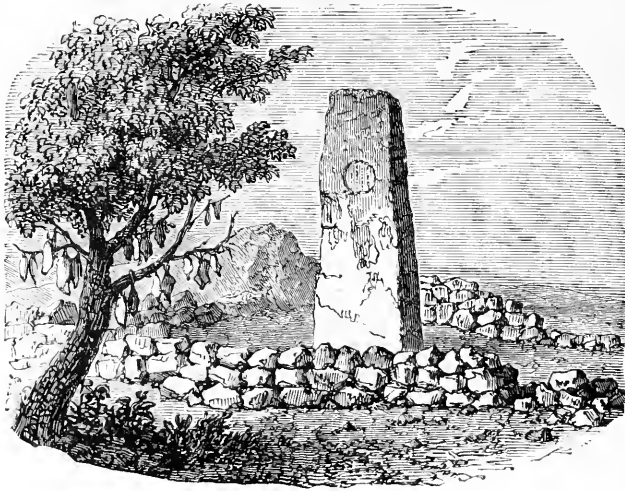
HE died—yet is not dead !
Ye saw a daisy on her tomb :
It bloomed to die—she died to bloom ;
Her summer hath not sped.

She died—yet is not dead !
Ye saw her jewels all unset ;
But God let fall a coronet
To crown her ransomed head.

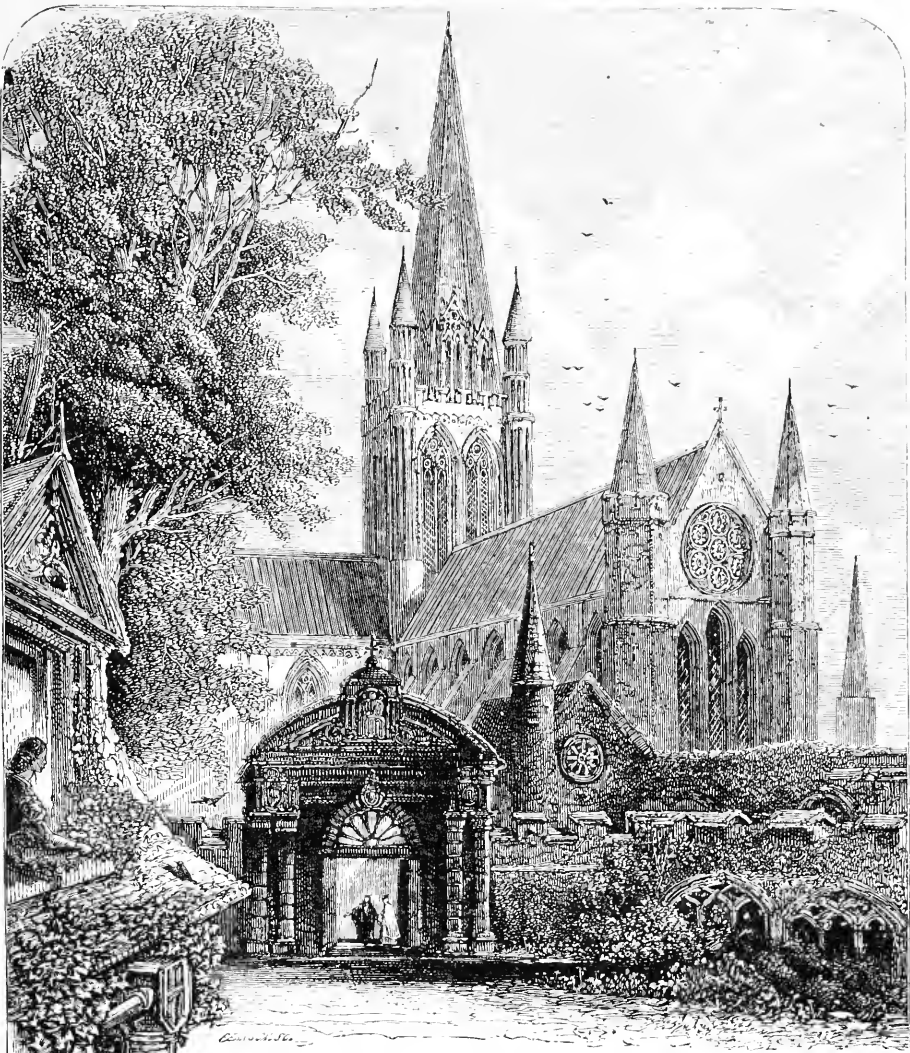
She died—yet is not dead !
Ye saw her gazing toward a sky
Whose lights are shut from mortal eye ;
She lingered—yearned—and fled.

She died—yet is not dead !
Through pearly gate, on golden street,
She went her way with shining feet :—
Go ye, and thither tread !

THEODORE TILTON.



The Old House in the Close.



THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CLOSE.

ON HEARING THE CATHEDRAL CHIMES FROM A NEW AND MORE DISTANT HOME.

WEET Minster bells ! sweet Minster bells !
What magic in your music dwells,
Speaking of joys that might not last,
A voice, an echo of the past !
For at your measured cadence day by day,
Softer by reason of the lengthened way,
Now, one by one, in living pictures come,
Old recollections of my former home.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Here, the scene of nursery pleasures,
 Infant sports and childish tears ;
There, the room where learning's treasures
 First informed our willing ears ;
Health, and wit, and love united,
 Here to bless the cheerful board ;
There, sweet music, pleased, delighted,
 We unlocked thy sacred hoard.
Fain would I sing the garden's praise,
 Its twilight hour, its sunlit days,
The favoured haunt for childhood's play,
 And day-dreams of a later day :
Nor can my heart forget to dwell
 Upon my own loved attic cell,
Where Minster roof, and tower, and sky,
 Were all that met my sobered eye,
Save when, high perched on turret tall,
 Or building near, or buttressed wall,
Two starlings, each returning spring,
 Received my joyful welcoming.

Sweet Minster bells ! sweet Minster bells
 Your distant chimes awaken spells,
Speaking of joys that might not last,
 A voice, an echo of the past !

And O ! if a register then had been made,
 And all been recorded with truth,
Of the feats that were done, and the words that were said,
 In the sparkling bright freshness of youth,
Of all that we laughed at, and all that we loved,
 And the friends that so loved us again,
A heart-stirring history sure it had proved
 Of mirth, and of bliss, and of pain.

But hush the strain, 'tis over now, and, strange as it may seem,
Realities have now begun—the past was but a dream ;
On what awaked us from the dream 'twere bootless here to dwell,
The annals of such solemn times too sacred are to tell.
To duties new my fainting heart strove to be reconciled,
For I was mistress in the house where once I was a child.
Of that united band of hope that once had numbered seven,
Three have but found new homes on earth, and two, we trust, in heaven ;

The Exile's Lament.

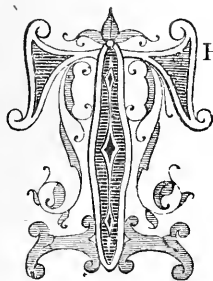
And rooms in early years devote to each familiar name,
Were dull, and chill, and tenantless, and yet they were the same ;
While gown and surplice idle hung upon the closet wall,
Of him whose death the latest was, and bitterest grief of all.

Yet once again, sweet Minster bells !
Ye wake from memory's inmost cells
Visions of joys that might not last,
A voice, an echo of the past !

To scenes of former griefs and joys still fondly would I cling ;
The fibres of my heart were twined around each lifeless thing :
So have I seen some full-grown tree deep-rooted in the soil,
With firm tenacious hold resist the sturdy woodman's toil.
Now heavenly meaning can I trace in this my change of home,
That former things shall pass away, and all things new become.
But let our hearts' affection strike deep roots within the veil,
And we no longer need to fear the blows that may assail,
And thus may reach a home above, removing by-and-by
Into a House not made with hands, eternal in the sky.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.



THE past days rise before my mind, and ever and anon
The brightest memory of them all is the church of sweet Saint
John,

Where I, a tiny babe, in pure white chrisom robes was brought
By loved departed ones, whose care Baptismal waters sought.

A gladsome child, I came with them beneath the blossoming trees,
And when the bells rang happy peals, borne on the summer breeze,
And when in sombre autumn the withered leaves fell brown and
sere,

And when the earth her snow garb wore at the dying of the year.

That church was strangely beautiful, with its carved and fretted spire,
And the clustered pillars and groined roof of the broad and open nave ;
But fairer far than all the rest was the bright and flower-wreathed choir—
Before its altar reverently to kneel once more I crave.

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Emblazoned on the windows was many a sacred story,
Upon the walls the passion-flower, the corn, the vine were traced ;
And ever at the eastern end, resplendent in a glory,
The sign of our redemption vast, the cross itself, was placed.

Ah ! often at still daybreak, when the matin bell was ringing,
And sometimes at the compline, when the evensong was read,
We seemed to hear the angels with low voice sweetly singing,
And round us stole the presence of the happy sainted dead.

For in the quiet churchyard most peacefully were sleeping
Our loved ones who'd departed in the holy faith and fear ;
For them we made no hopeless wail, no loud and bitter weeping,
They were but garnered sheaves of corn, they walked with Christ whilst here.

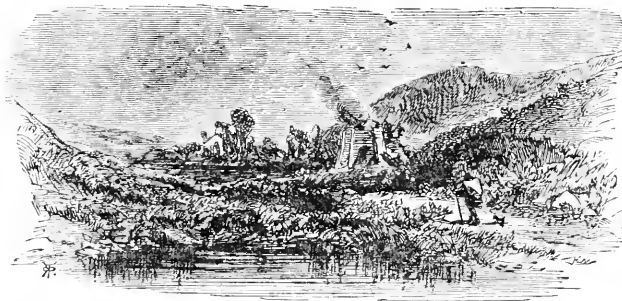
But now for me the chant is hushed I heard so grandly swelling,
Though on my ear the echo floats of the solemn vesper hymn ;
My aching heart on bygone scenes and strains is vainly dwelling,
Until regretful memories make my sad eyes grow dim.

Ah ! well he saith in Holy Writ, the prophet Jeremie,
“ Weep not ye sorely for the dead, and make no bitter moan,
For better, sweeter far than death is exile to the free ;
Then weep for him who journeyeth in heaviness alone.”

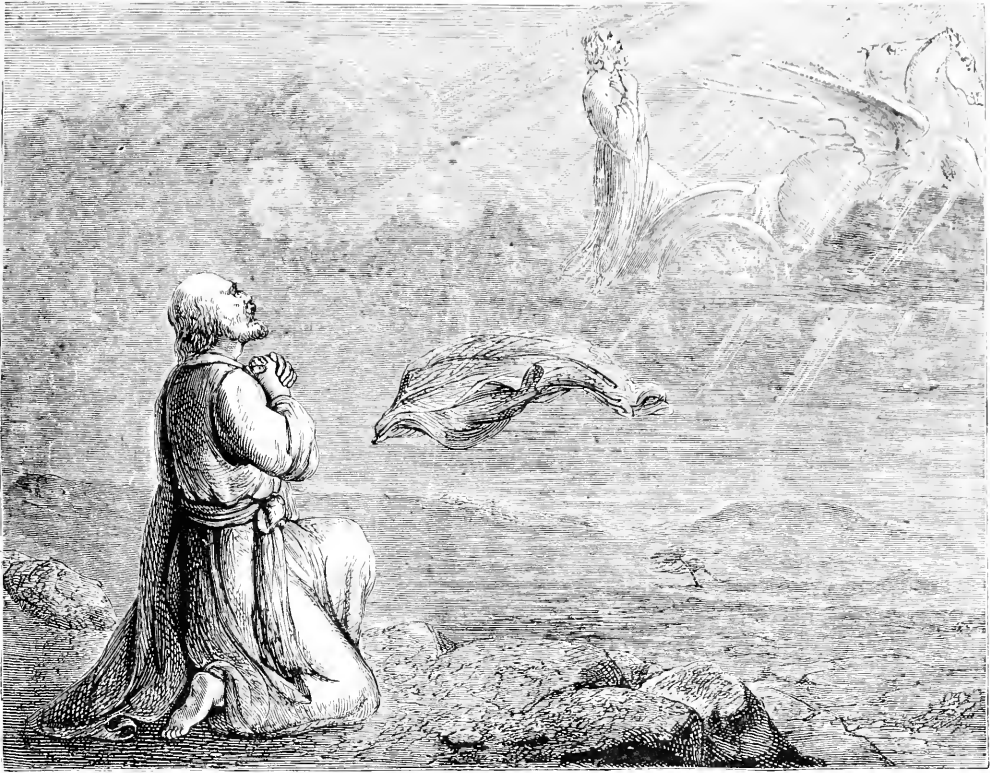
Rest, troubled heart, our Israel's God will be thy constant guide,
And though thou'rt far from home and friends and all thou lovest beside,
The Church's brotherhood prevails—before her altar stair
Thou mayest in union mystical be knit still with them there.

Remember, when thy heart dies down upon a foreign strand.
His love who promises a shadow e'en in a weary land,
And where no water is His grace the freshest springs supplies :
Then “ Sursum corda ” be thy song, and lift thy drooping eyes.

E JOHNSON.



Ascension.



ASCENSION.



SUN of joy whose dawn we trace,
Revealed in mighty saints of old,
Grant us the fulness of that grace
Which they with feebler light foretold.

As Moses brought from Sinai's height
The law divine inscribed on stone,
Write Thou Thy law in living light
On hearts which Thou hast made Thine own.

Sharp was the strife, and fierce the foe ;
And Thou wast left to fight alone :
But Thou hast laid the mighty low,
And well Thou fillest David's throne.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

O Prince of Peace, All-glorious, Wise,
 Arrayed in jewels, shrined in gold,
To Thee we lift our fainting eyes,
 And pant Thy glory to behold.

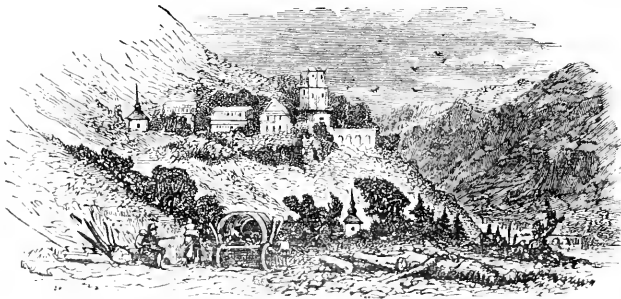
Elias true, we watch Thee rise
 From this sad world to mansions blest ;
Reward, we pray, our longing eyes,
 And let Thy mantle on us rest.

O great High Priest, the veil conceals
 Thy sacred Form from Israel's sight :
But as Thy heart our misery feels,
 So Thou our prayers with Thine unite.

Like jewels on the Mercy-seat,
 With ruby light Thy Blood-drops shine ;
And Cherub wings o'er-shadowing meet
 Where Truth and Peace can thus combine.

But when wilt Thou return to call
 Thy people tarrying round the door ?
Display the Holiest free to all,
 And blissful sights unseen before ?

O when shall types and figures end
 And herald stars, and dawning light ?
When shall Thy sons with Thee ascend,
 And faith and hope be lost in sight ?



The Priest's Farewell.

THE PRIEST'S FAREWELL.



UNSET stole upon the chancel windows,
Softly fell the golden tints and red,
Casting o'er the pavement glowing shadows,
Lighting with an aureole that fair head.

Meekly stood he, with his pale hands folded
Whilst he spake, till many eyes grew dim—
Spake of "Christus consolator ;" bade them
Lift their weary, world-worn hearts to Him.

"Hear me, Jesus ! In this earthly vineyard
I have borne the burden of the day ;
I have toiled and waited, as Thou knowest :
Must my labours, Lord, be cast away ?

"But this sheep-fold ! O my well beloved,
Listen to your dying pastor now.
Never more my feeble words shall teach you,
Death has set his seal upon my brow.

"For the Master's voice doth gently call me,
In His merciful, all-seeing love.
Soon shall I behold Him in His beauty,
In the home that is prepared above.

"Come unto Him, ye the heavy laden,
Burdened sore with grief and aching care,
He will give you rest, the Man of Sorrows ;
In your weariness the Lord will share.

"On the border-lands, ye elders, treading
With faint, trembling limbs, and failing breath,
Lean on Him, whose glorious victory
Took for ever the last sting from death.

"And, ye young, whose eager hearts are beating
To the clamour of the untried life,
Ask of Him the armour and the weapons :
Ye will sorely need them in the strife.

"Careless worldly ones, on whom scarce heeded
Solemn words have fallen all in vain,

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Let the thought break in upon your revels,
Christ, in power, will come to earth again :

"Not as, once of old, the Meek and Lowly,
Whose dear blood for sinful souls was shed,
But with angels throned in awful glory,
Christ the righteous, Judge of quick and dead.

"I may never see ye more, beloved,
Till the heavens and earth shall pass away,
And I pray my flock may, at the right hand,
Shine as stars unto the perfect day.

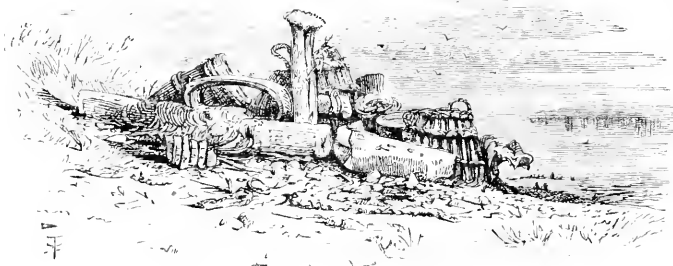
"With what holy joy, what mystic rapture
Shall we listen to our Saviour's voice,
Should He bid us in the Father's kingdom
Share His glory, and with Him rejoice."

Quiet were the sweet tones of the preacher,
Silently he knelt in prayer awhile,
Tenderly he blest his sorrowing people,
Then in snow-white robes passed up the aisle.

Sadly gazed they on his wasted figure ;
They might never hear his words of love,
No more listen to his earnest warnings,
He was very near his rest above.

But some strove to follow in his footsteps ;
So that, having fought the steadfast fight,
They might rank amidst Christ's faithful soldiers,
In that land of endless love and light.

E. JOHNSON.





OVER THE RIVER.

VER the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones, who've crossed to the further side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight grey and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me !

Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale :
Our darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—
Over the river, over the river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail :
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart,
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for sound of the boatman's oar :
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land ;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

N. A. W. PRIEST

Sychar.

S Y C H A R.



OD speaketh wondrously to men—His ways
 Suit not our thought,
Confounding all our wisdom—what we raise
 Smiting to nought.
His works are great—the laws His hand that guide
 Who search, may trace ;
His word is greater—clouds and darkness hide
 His rules of grace.
God's ways are not as ours ; we strive and cry
 With hurrying feet,
Lifting our voice to every passer-by
 Loud in the street.

But He who made the ear, and knows who yearned
 His voice to heed,
Seeks out unlikeliest haunts, and undiscerned
 Lets fall the seed.

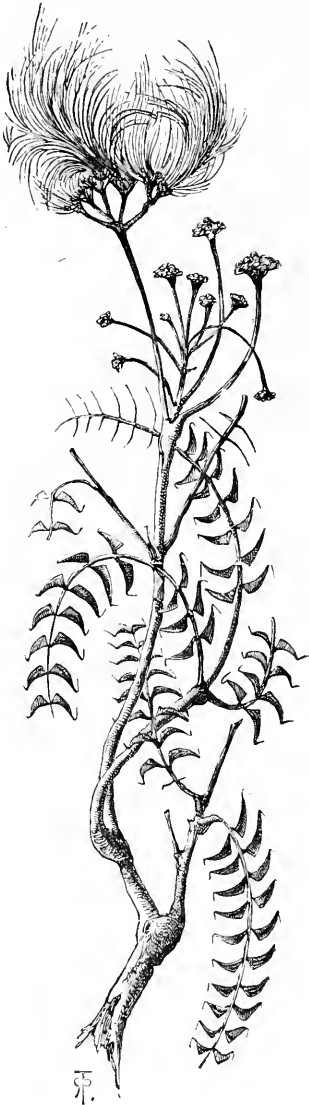
His common truth as sunlight, air, or dew,
 Wide he imparts ;
But choicer utterance keeps for chosen few,
 Or single hearts :
Speaking to high and low—the prophet crowned,
 Saint in his cell,
A child in dreams, a simple woman found
 Beside a well.

And I have longed (how oft !) in musings tender
 Such truth so taught
In humble rhymes, but as I can, to render,
 Not as I ought.

Sweet tale of Christ ! methinks, of all the stories
 That hold expressed
In human light the shadow of His glories,
 I love thee best.

Thy quiet noon, thy path of mercy planned,
 Are but a part,
A holier corner of a holy land
 Hid in my heart.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.



Thy fields to harvest white, or in green prime,
My feet ne'er trod,
Yet oft in pilgrimage of thought I climb
The hills of God ;

And, while I gaze, I see Him yet once more
By Joseph's ground,
Hungred and lone, but not as heretofore
With angels round.

I see Him, not in grandeur pacing slowly
The waters wide,
But, wearied with His journey, sitting lowly
By the road side.

I hear Him, not amidst the fire and thunder
Speaking His law,
But passing common courtesies, to her wonder
Who came to draw.

And we may wonder yet, who find Him first
Asking our loves,
With heaven no commerce sharing, till His thirst
Some kindness moves.

When shall Thy Church, Lord Christ, in fulness taste
That living water ?
Our slower feet rebukes by eager haste
Samaria's daughter.

We quaff, but think some stolen stream is sweet,
And thirst again ;
Full many a mile we walk, with weary feet
Toiling in vain.

For oft we take the gift, but lose the Giver
Out of our thought,
As one who counts, in praising of the river,
Its source as nought—

As one who, holding in his hand some token
Of absent friend,
Prizes for grace or use, not love unbroken,
Its truer end.

And thus we lie to times and places bound,
Our faith enslave ;

Sychar.

Except the holy vestments wrap us round,
Christ cannot save.

Back to the mount with fire and blackness burning,
Our steps we trace,
The dear-bought lesson of the Cross unlearning,
Fallen from grace.

O loveliest of all valleys ! not for singing
Of thousand birds,
Not for the orange flower its fragrance flinging
O'er flocks and herds

After their manner feeding : not for store
Of figs, oil-olive, honey, corn and wine ;
But for the echoes sounding evermore
Of words Divine.

Deep was that well—but deeper far the fountain
Unsealed there :
“ Not at Jerusalem, nor in this mountain
Rises the prayer

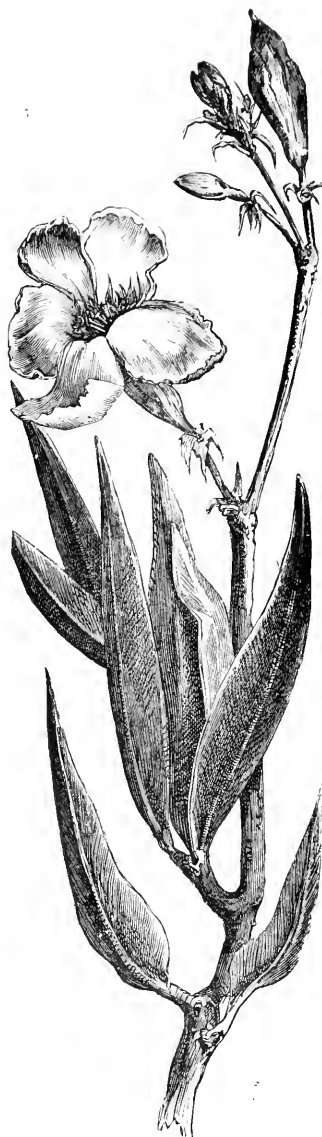
“ Purer or sweeter than from hill or valley
In every clime ;
From grove or shrine, from field or mart or alley
Peals the same chime.

“ With not unequal favour, where in truth
And spirit bend
High, low, bond, free, Jew, Gentile, age or youth,
Waiting the end,

“ ‘Till earth is all one temple, man one priest,
And life one prayer.”
What wonder if, by Heaven’s own voice released
From earthlier care,

She left her cruse behind, no more desiring
Those nether springs,
Heart-smitten, God-confronted, late aspiring
To higher things ?

And blessed above women shall she be,
Who asked no sign,
Yet heard what scribes heard never, “ I am He,”
From lips Divine.



The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

And thou who read'st this tale, to thee is spoken
One truth yet more ;
Deem not of other world from this off-broken
As sea from shore ;

See God with man in kindly converse sit,
As friend with friend ;
Hear heavenly notes with nature's music knit,
Reaching one end.

Eternity itself is nought but time ;
Death cannot sever
One life in two ; the present passing chime
Is that For Ever.

The very stars are ours ; those seas of gloom
In wide expansion
Are but dark stairs that lead from room to room
In the same mansion.

The universe is one—yon round of blue
Hath nowhere ending :
The world we cannot see with that we view
Is always blending :

Above, the rush of angel's wing : below,
The children playing :
Around, each common, homeliest thing we know,
Each trivial saying,

And yet, beside, the miracle of prayer ;
The sudden vanishing of friends ;
God's voice and hand and footstep everywhere
In what transcends

Our highest thought—the subtle maze of life ;
The mystery of the flower and tree ;
The order struggling slowly out of strife ;
All that we see.

Look round—thou viewest the living crowds, the light,
The earth, the sky ;
All more than these, perforce, with spell-bound sight
Thou passest by ;

But if thine eyes, as at some prophet's prayer,
Sudden were free,

The Kingdom of God.

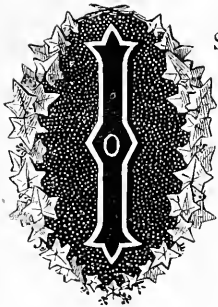
What sights upon the many-peopled air
Thou then shouldst see !

And death may be that dark and unknown thing,
Such calm and simple change,
In the same world, at home, as birds on wing,
Freely to range,

Discerning all to eye and ear before
Quite hid or dimly shown ;
Heaven at our side ; and, 'midst the nations' roar,
Christ on His throne.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.



SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street—
That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;
That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish—all are sorrows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way.
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's home at last.

And, ere thou leave them, say thou this—
Yet one word more : They only miss
The winning of that final bliss

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.



Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

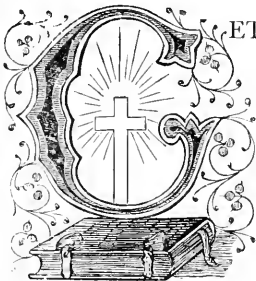
Despite of all which seems at strife,
With blessing and with curses rife,
That this is blessing, this is life.

THE MOST REV. R. C. TRENCH, D.D.,
Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

Tempted like as we are.



TEMPTED LIKE AS WE ARE.



ET thee hence, Satan !” At His withering look
Hell’s tottering kingdom to its centre shook ;
While from the myriad angel hosts on high,
Burst forth loud shouts of praise and victory.
’Gainst man the fiend had tried his worst in vain,
And hope for ruined man shone forth again.
Dismayed, undone, the baffled tempter fled,
In lowest hell to hide his bruised head ;

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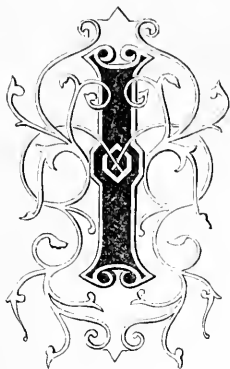
Crippled his power, his reign of darkness o'er,
The kingdoms of this world his own no more.
Yet not unscathed the Conqueror in the strife,
Who there had won for unborn millions life ;
Crushed was the foe beneath His conquering tread,
But bruised the Victor's heel by that foul head.
As man, not God, He fought in that dark hour,
And braved alone the tempter's utmost power ;
The woman's seed—the virgin's mighty Son—
As man had fought, as man the victory won ;
Wielding that sword alone which man can wield,
Quenching the fiery darts with man's own shield.
And still as man, with fasting faint and worn,
His inmost soul by that fierce conflict torn ;
Alone He stands upon the mountain now,
Cold drops of anguish on His suffering brow,
Sadly foreshadowing that tremendous night,
When drops of blood should start in deadlier fight.
Alone? No, not alone, for swift draw near
Bright angel forms, to strengthen and to cheer ;
To minister to all His wants and woes,
And soothe His weary form in calm repose.
Mysterious ministry ! What mortal power
Can lift the veil that shrouds that hidden hour ?
The king who rules creation with His rod,
Wonderful—Counsellor—and the mighty God—
A sorrowing man, by sore temptation tried,
By angels strengthened on the mountain side—
Only His own the glorious truth can read
Of that fierce conflict, and that hour of need ;
And thence gain strength in trial firm to stand,
Grasping the Spirit's sword with dauntless hand ;
In faith that He who bruised the serpent's head,
Will succour those for whom His blood was shed ;
Himself watch o'er them, till the conflict cease,
Then gently soothe, and bid them rest in peace.

SOPHIE F. F. VEITCH.



Pray for Me.

PRAY FOR ME.



BEG of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
For my need is very sore ;
Not for gold and not for silver do I ask you,
But for something even more :
From the depths of your hearts' pity let it be—
Pray for me !

I beg of you whose robes of radiant whiteness
Have been kept without a stain ;
Of you who, stung to death by serpent pleasure
Found the healing angel pain :
Whether holy or forgiven you may be—
Pray for me !

I beg of you calm souls whose wondering pity
Looks at paths you never trod ;
I beg of you who suffer—for all sorrow
Must be very near to God—
And the need is even greater than you see—
Pray for me !

I beg of you, O children—for He loves you,
And He loves your prayers the best—
Fold your little hands together, and ask Jesus
That the weary may have rest,
That a bird caught in a net may be set free—
Pray for me !

I beg of you who stand before the altar,
Whose anointed hands upraise
All the sin and all the sorrow of the ages,
All the love and all the praise,
And the glory which was always and shall be—
Pray for me !

I beg of you—of you who through life's battle
Our dear Lord has set apart,
That, while we who love the peril are made captives,
Still the Church may have its heart,
Which is fettered that our souls may be set free—
Pray for me !

I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
For an alms this very day ;
I am standing on your doorstep as a beggar
Who will not be turned away ;
And the charity you give my soul shall be—
Pray for me !

A. A. PROCIER.

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN.

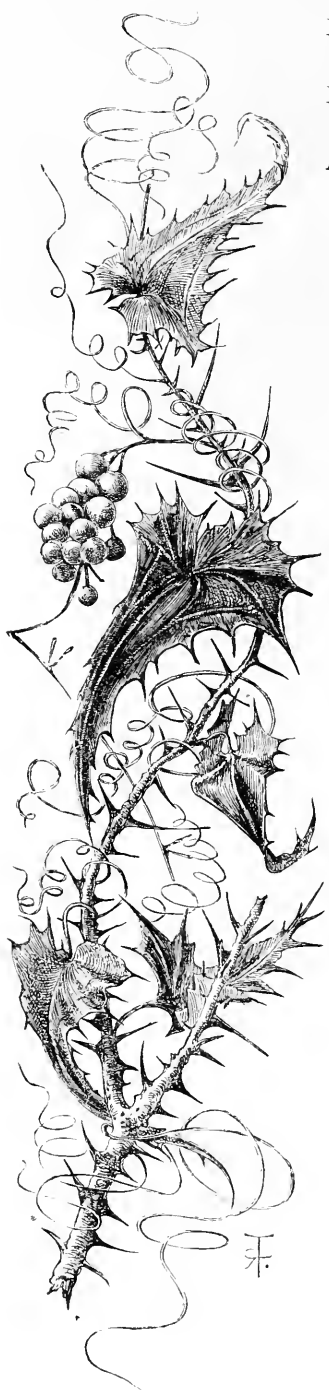
STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear ;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

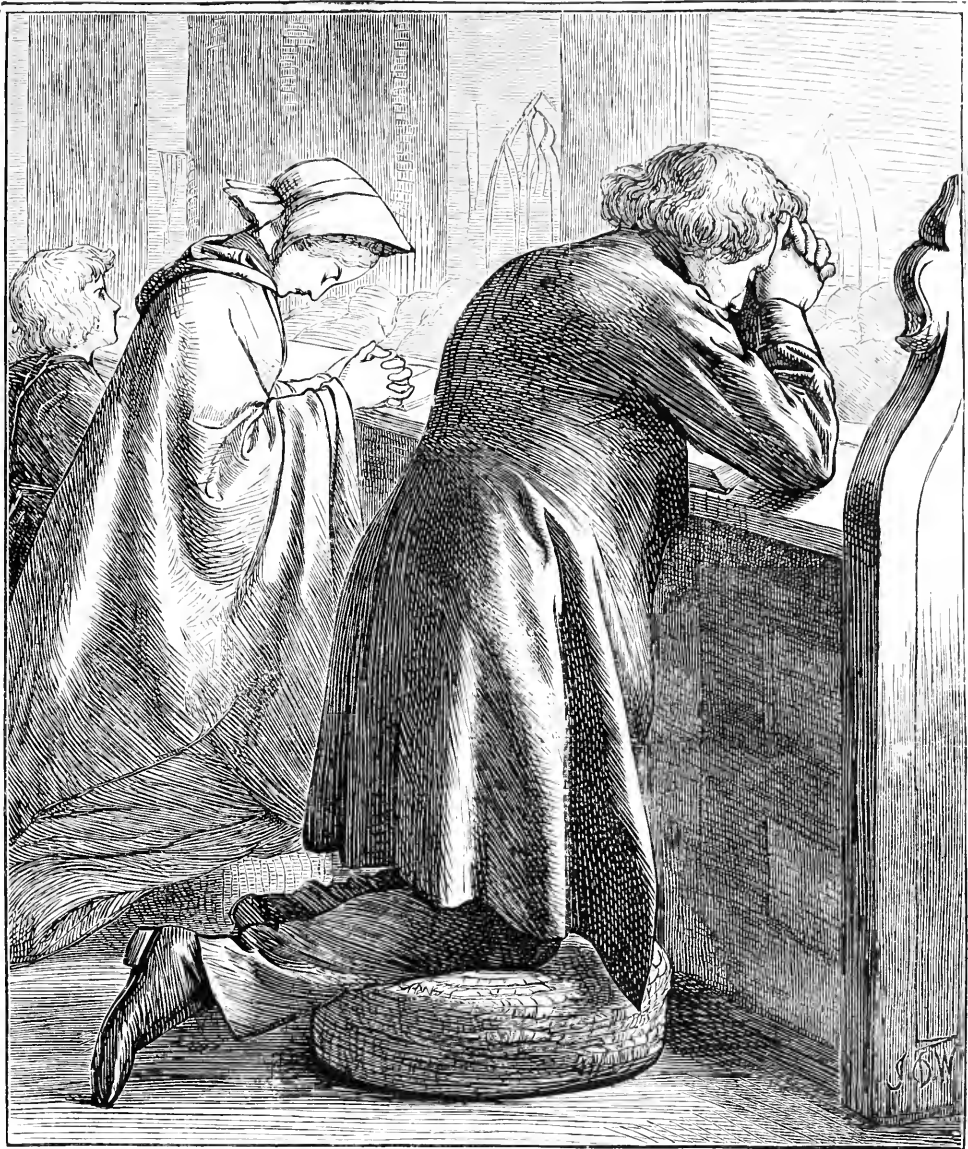
Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home.

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven,
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own !
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home !

F. T. PALGRAVE, M.A.





THE LORD'S DAY.

DAIL ! sacred day of earthly rest,
 From toil and trouble free ;
 Hail ! quiet spirit, bringing peace
 And joy to me.

A holy stillness, breathing calm
 On all the world around,

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease ;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

I haply wander through the wood,
Along the prattling stream,
The happy insects as they hum,
All happier seem

The sweet low song of nightingale
Sounds sweeter still to-day,
The sun shines out from 'mid the clouds
With brighter ray.

The trembling breeze that softly blows
From many a sunnier shore,
More softly seems to blow to-day,
Than erst before.

On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light Divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

I join the quiet, thoughtful crowd,
That throngs the house of prayer,
And, kneeling on my knees, I reap
A blessing there.

I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To Thee, their Great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise.

From choir to battlement and tower
The solemn anthem rolls,
Ascending with the hidden fire
Of ransomed souls.

All earthly things appear to fade,
As rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

A Morn of Joy.

For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing (when songs on earth have ceased)
With saints above.

Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

REV. GODFREY THRING, M.A.

A MORN OF JOY.



ERE, in the old church porch we meet again
After long years ! it seems like some sweet story
For us whose paths so long apart have lain,
To stand together in June's early glory.
Fair looks the land about us, o'er the scene
Float some light mists, the summer's airy gauzes ;
And strangely solemn, coming in between
Our talk, the old church bells fill up the pauses.

I have come hither very sore of heart
On many a bygone Sunday, praying only
For strength to bear my cross, and do my part
In life, although my way were dark and lonely :
And God has sent His Comforter, until
The weary mind of half its load was lightened,
And I walked homewards through the woodpaths still,
With quicker step, and eyes by hope new brightened.

Now the old grief is ended. But I take
My present happiness with grateful quiet,
Yet in past years I know such bliss would make
Each pulse within me beat in rapturous riot ;
But those wild days are gone, and better far
Is this deep sober gladness, calmer, purer
Than the outpourings of youth's first hopes are ;
Those joys may be more ardent—these are surer.

The Illustrated Book of Sacred Poems.

Let us thank God together, we shall feel
More fitted for this happier existence,
If at its opening side by side we kneel
And see past troubles in the bygone distance ;
And He who gave us His unfailing care
Through trying years, and held us in His keeping,
Will teach us in humility to bear
The morn of joy, as the long night of weeping.

Listen ! the organ's swelling waves of sound
Summon the worshippers to prayer and praises ;
The place whereon we stand is holy ground,
For here the dead sleep on beneath the daisies ;
While we, the living, bless Thee, gracious Lord,
With feeble lips and utterance faint and broken :
Thou wilt despise us not ! we oft have poured
Into Thine ear heart-breathings never spoken.

This day shall never be forgotten. When
This mortal shall have put on the immortal,
And the freed spirit, all untrammelled then,
Escapes the limits of Life's narrow portal—
As now we enter thus the church to-day,
We ask, while faith and love our souls embolden,
To pass as calmly from Time's shadows grey
Into Thy gates, Jerusalem the golden !

SARAH DOUDNEY.



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